JUNE
1938

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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ERNEST FIENE

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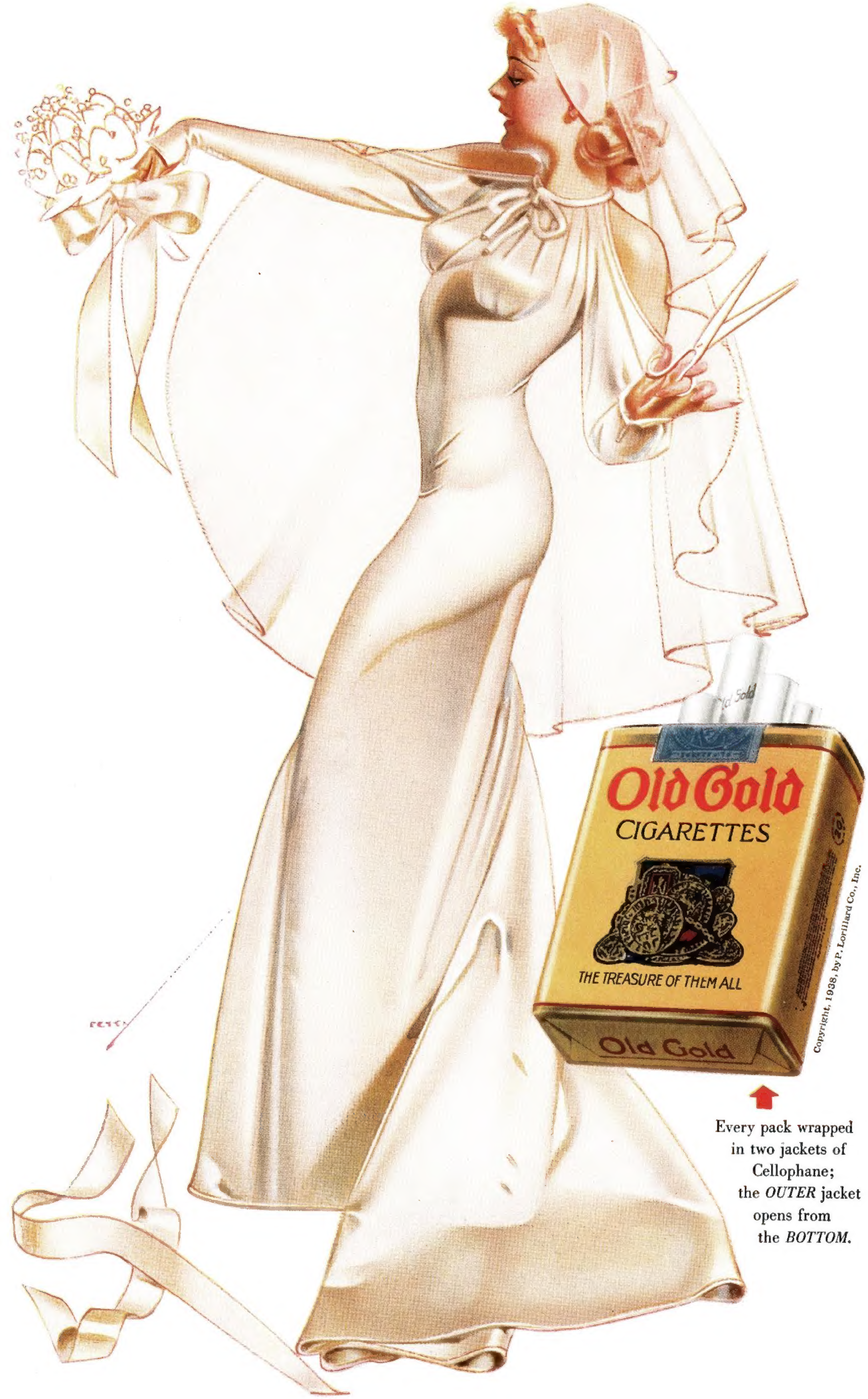

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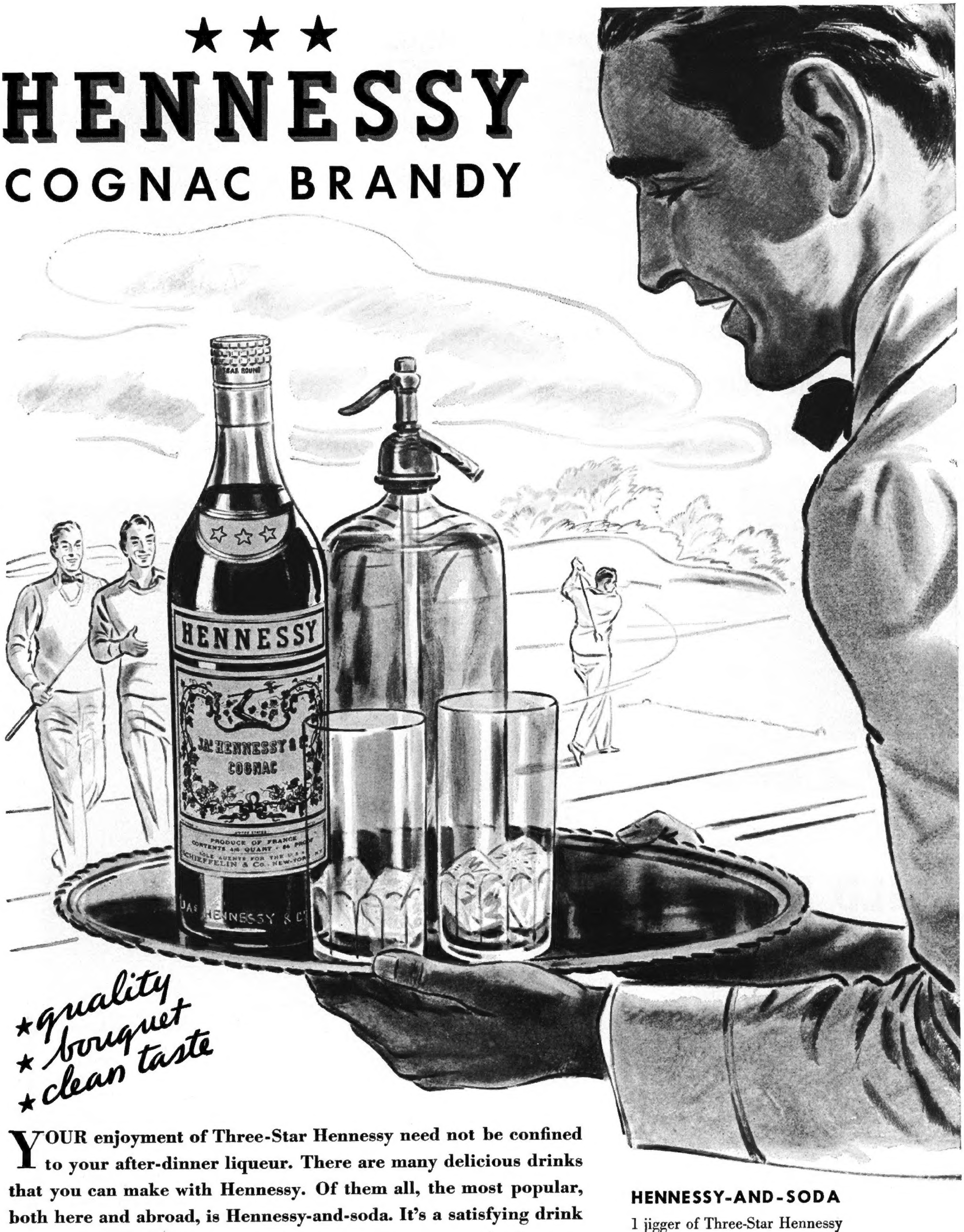
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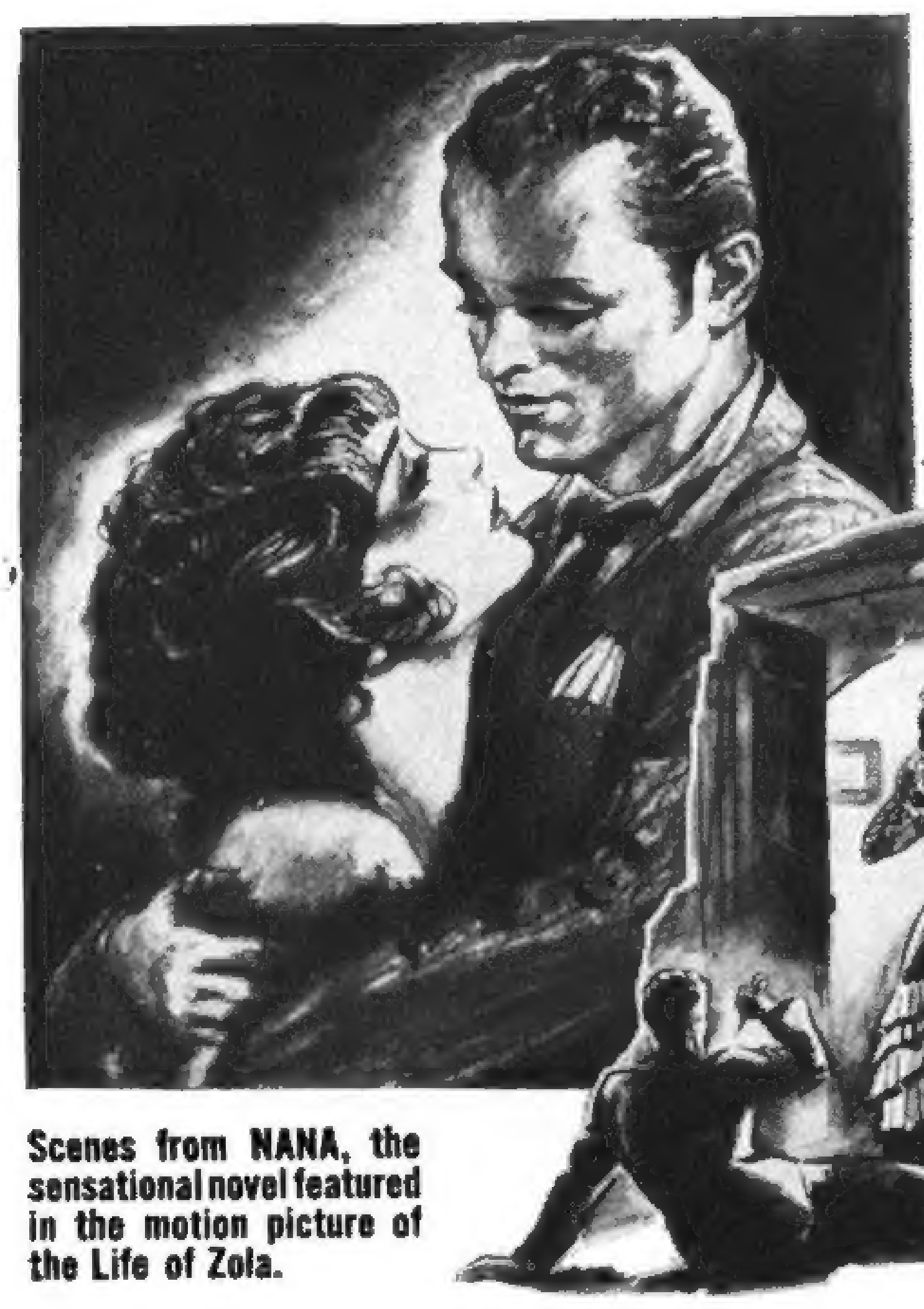

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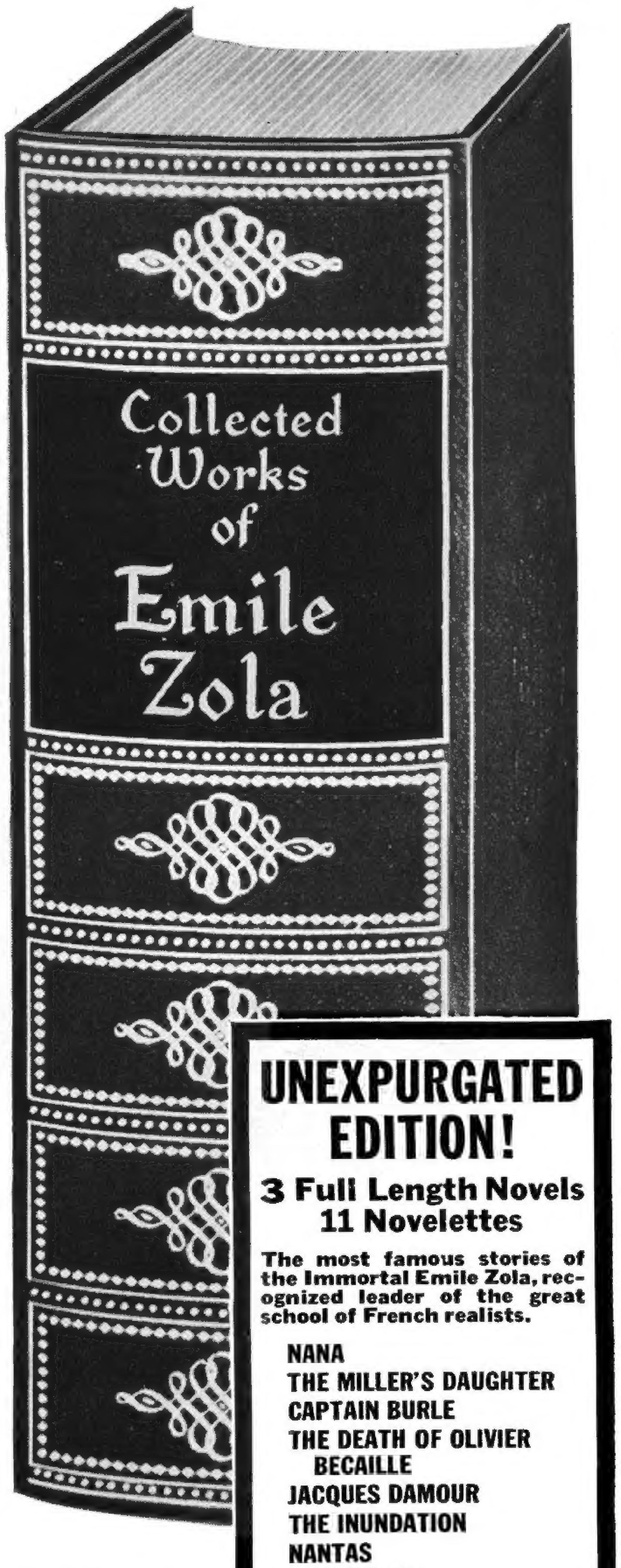

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Edited
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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
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Art Director: ERIC LUNDGREN

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

First Call for Father's Day

Don't break the news to Father, because we want it to come as a surprise. But next month we give Father's Day both barrels—gift pages and everything. Of course, that shouldn't really have quite the startling impact of a bombshell. After all, if anybody climbs on the Father's Day bandwagon and waves both arms, it ought to be the Magazine for Men. That's logical enough. Sure, you say, but why should anybody particularly want to clamber aboard that battle-scarred vehicle? Well, you know what the Second Stooge said to the First Stooge. The First Stooge says, "Why do you always answer a question with another question?" And the Second Stooge says, "Why not?" It's a sensible answer, so if you want to argue the point, we say why not give Father's Day a hearty if belated boost?

No mother ever sends the flowers back with a nasty note to the effect that she didn't raise her son to be a segment of the mass market. She puts them in a vase as a legitimate symbol of her son's or daughter's measure of devotion—even, or especially, if it happens to be a one-three hundred and sixty-fifth measure. It may all smack of being artificially superinduced but it works. Father's Day will work, too, when enough people quit shadow boxing a nonexistent opponent. It's easy to be cynical about it, to say that it's too late to do anything about Mother's Day now but they won't make a slave to other people's traditions out of you a second time. That they got you going but they won't get you coming. That just because they high pressured you into a helpless state of maternal devotion is no reason why they should be allowed to put anything over on your paternal instinct.

Who's putting what over on whom? Does Father get rooked? No, he gets something for nothing and there's no reason why it shouldn't actually be a welcome addition to his personal possessions. What's more to the point, you can't tell us that Father doesn't get a more or less articulate kick out of that necktie he gets for being a father and this is Father's Day. Nor will it get you anyplace to contend that the donor thereof doesn't enjoy a smug glow of self-satisfaction. Human nature simply is not proof against these reactions. The mind may suggest to both parties that the degree of spontaneity is something less than one hundred per cent, but the mind has very little to do with it.

Ah, but it's all so commercial, you say. There are vested interests at work, boring from within. A lot they care if we beat up on the old man every day in the year except one, so long as that one day is June 19th and we say it with something that carries their label. Very well, let's admit that you're a tough customer, that nobody can fool you, no siree. But it's a lot easier for a person to fool himself than to fall prey to somebody else's wiles. We're all such pushovers for our own brand of logic, anyway. Maybe we ought to stop and figure this one out.

Resenting the force of outside influence becomes a habit with all of us. We start when we are kids and are told to wash behind the ears. A kid can be awfully smart about dodging this bothersome task. He can dope out fifty ways of getting around it, any one of which is twice the trouble and nuisance of a nice snappy job of behind the ear washing. But if he's really smart he'll figure things out to a point where he realizes that he's better off washed than unwashed, even if it is somebody else's idea. He thereby becomes free from germs, more neat and attractive to the eye and will lead a healthier and happier existence. It's the same way with adults. There's no trick in working up a blanket, indiscriminate resentment against all outside influences, based on nothing stronger than general principles.

To be sure, there are some influences to be resented heart and soul—in fact, there is a superabundance of resentable influences hovering around these days. But more likely than not we're apt to find ourselves on guard against the wrong thing—the thing that we can scent a mile off so that by the time it gets within striking distance our defense mechanism is all worked up. There's nothing to fear from the boys who are so open and aboveboard that you know what's in their minds before they do. It's the Greeks bearing gifts, and wearing sheep's clothing for good measure, who demand watching—the ones who promise Utopia only you don't find out for whom until it's too late. If you must resent outside influences, and of course some of them you must, implement your suspicion where it will do the most good. Don't knock over a straw man like Father's Day.

Sure, Father's Day is commercial. We knew it all along. But what if it is something ultra in ulterior motives? In fact, what if it does turn out to be a huge success and the upshot is that it helps business? Father's in business too. Anything that helps business helps him, directly or indirectly. So from any angle you look at it, Father gets a triple break. He gets the gift, he gets a boot out of being remembered even if the memory did have to be prodded with a twenty-four sheet poster, and he shares in the pickup that is bound to result when plenty of people step on the gas of the economic buggy. They can't fool you, huh? Why, you'd be a fool if you didn't let them.

ESQUIRE
June, 1938
T. M.
Reg.

ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire-Coronet, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. IX, No. 6
Whole No. 55
T. M.
Reg.

NEW YORK EDITION

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

AS OTHERS SEE US

This will be a short letter, prompted as it is by a rather amazed indignation. My subject is the short story entitled *In Case of Death* by L. F. Addington appearing in the February issue of Esquire.

You must realize that we in Australia have rather grown up with the apparently erroneous impression that America is the world's most civilized country, that in social service, in public works, and in all other matters appertaining to the care of the poorer classes, America was a model to be followed by those countries who could afford it, and to be aspired to by those who could not. And yet you, the Editor of what is probably the most diversely read magazine in the world today, publish a story of a child allowed to die through the avarice of people who should regard their profession as more in the nature of a trust than a mere job to make money.

In Australia, regarded as a child among the nations, such a course of events would be impossible. Even assuming safety from Government interference, public indignation would assure the retirement of that doctor from professional life, the rapid closing of that particular hospital.

May I, as one who finds much to admire in American life, suggest that you pause before printing stories of this type, even when labeled Fiction. Apart from anything else, it confirms the diagnosis of those people who persist in thinking of America as "The Land of the Almighty Dollar."

Please understand that I have no quarrel with Mr. Addingtons craftsmanship. Only with you reputed publicity experts who thus "Tell the world" of the shortcomings of your social services.

Yours faithfully,
H. V. Lindo Taylor
Armidale, N.S.W., Australia

THE NEW LEAGUE AGAINST SWISH

The oracle has spoken. After months of retirement (probably spent in research) we have with us again—in better form if possible, Helen Brown N—(Sorry—Anonymous).

Not satisfied with unseating those tropical boudoir cowboys, she now thoroughly dissects those malicious biological imperfections who make life Hell on earth for women who don't admire opium dreams (surrealist art, for example) and who like champagne better from the bottle than from the udders of a papier-mâché cow.

I was beginning to consider myself an antique number—even a frump—because I have refused to wear a vegetable garden on my head, rings through my nose or green lipstick. My skirt stays 14 inches from the floor in spite of fashion dictates to the contrary and I'll be damned before I expose my neck to drafts to build a crow's nest on my crown.

It seemed, last year, that the cycle of amusing (but *definitely* amusing) clothes had run the gamut of possibilities (if there is such a thing) and surely disgust in the male would change this horrible situation for women. Grotesqueness followed what had been merely whimsicalities (or so they said).

My own husband has threatened me with bodily harm if I once again spend his hard-earned money on a hat trimmed with feathers no self-respecting bird would be found dead in. But what can a gal do when millinery shops offer one a choice of animals, vegetables and minerals to perch atop one's curls—or plain hats trimmed with life-sized sunflowers, shoes & ships and sealing wax. If you ask for something plain-off-the-face or a medium sailor with *no* trimming, the saleswomen (no doubt in league with the fairies) raise pencilled eyebrows and sniff "But reahlly, mahdame—*no* one wears hats like that —they are no longer *chic*. Now here is a miniature polo-field studded with ponies that Mrs. Harrison Goldplate Snootsbury wears to reahlly smart affairs."

What can we poor women who meekly submit to such propaganda do? It's up to the men—why doesn't Esquire start a *Society to Stiflle Milliners* and declare a world moratorium on hats. After that is taken care of perhaps the other amusing trifles such as insect pins, newspaper prints and purple toilets will die a natural death.

Do something, please, before we start fashioning our mouths a la Ubangi because "dear Elsa" thought it would be definitely smart.

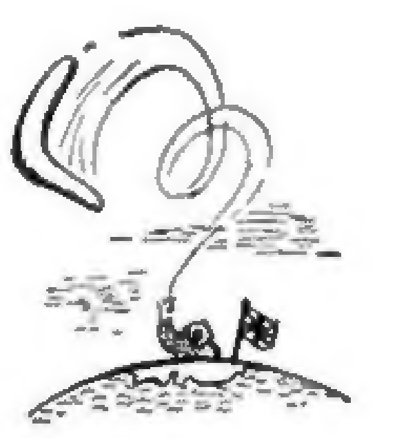
Anytime you start a campaign you can count on my support.

Until then—I, too, must remain

Lake Charles, La. Anonymous

DISTANCE LENDS PERSPECTIVE PERHAPS

I buy Esquire because Americans nowadays are writing better English than anybody else. There is far more force and "feel" for language in Esquire's technical articles than in the would-be exquisite essays of the English reviews. Very often, of course, Americans over-do the literary rough stuff, like that dreadful John Williams M.D. who writes for you sometimes, but on the whole they're streets ahead of British writers—either in England or the Dominions.



Mind you, I don't think Esquire is perfect: your satire is usually feeble and your poetry is too ghastly for words. And why have your writers got such quaint, old-fashioned ideas about South Africa? This is a go-ahead country with big cities and great industries, and for you to publish the punk written by Mr. bloody Commander Attilio Gatti just makes you ridiculous. *Article* was the wrong title for that tripe of his in the last issue called *Lactatio* somethingorother—it should have been called "fiction." I doubt whether Commander Gatti has seen a Zulu off the films.

Still, the rest of Esquire makes it worth the stiff subscription.

Yours faithfully,
C. Kavanagh
Cape Town, South Africa

INSIDE, BACKSIDE, IN OTHER WORDS, WHOLE HEARTEDLY

Swell! Simply and absolutely perfect is your *Fashion Is A Fairy* in April's Esquire. I've never written a fan letter in my life, but this is being wrung out of my insides.

Latins Are Lousy Lovers was good, damned good, but you could take it or leave it. But not your latest. I'm a a writer myself and I can't let this opportunity pass to swell the mighty chorus I know is rising from the throats of all normal women . . . women who know their men. If you institute a movement to blacklist fashion shops using by-products of sewage disposal plants, won't you please put my name near the top of the list . . . make me a squad captain or something?

My husband, coming home from a party the other night, remarked that present day coiffures have convinced him absolutely that dogs do fly.

Let me console you with the news that there are more of us who use our heads to think with and our backsides to sit on than you think.

Wholeheartedly yours,
Margaret Taylor Yates
Norfolk, Va.

ESQ. HOLDS NOTHING HUMAN ALIEN TO ITSELF

Referring to the article in your April issue, *Who Will Win the War in Spain?* —I am taking the time (which I have not bothered to do in any such case in the past), to register my reactions to what I consider insidious propaganda bidding for support of your readers for a foreign power engaged in a war, (where the position of the U. S. A. is one of absolute neutrality), and with the impertinent pretext of "defending American democratic ideals"—you are to all intent and purposes inflicting on your readers commercial propaganda sponsoring *one side* of a highly controversial issue, without first declaring the attitude of your magazine or of the article referred to—or without allowing for any rebuttal to follow.

I might state that I am connected with a concern that is one of the largest advertising contributors to Esquire, and while I have for an extended period enjoyed the humorous seductiveness of some of your artists drawings, I do not enjoy the spectacle of a foreign agent seducing the reading public with ideological propagandist subtleties, even though embracing some half baked truths and some irrelevant facts to delude the unwary reader.

These insidious propagandists whether Fascist or Communist are gaining recruits in our country and the ascendency of either menaces our welfare in an equal degree.

I protest that your attitude in publishing such an article without a preface showing its intent is un-American —and when the President of the United States is brought into the article, quote, "your President has spoken," it is not only villainous but detrimental to our American institutions.

The Monroe Doctrine can protect us from foreign invaders if we are strong enough to enforce it. But no doctrine can protect us from this insidious assault of ideas; their spread in my opinion should be checked and not encouraged by such a leading publication as Esquire.

Yours truly,
Los Angeles, Calif. W. J. Caverly

MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN THERE ON MARCH 17

In reference to the article *The Candid Cameraman* by Meyer Levin which appeared in the March 1938 issue of Esquire, I would like to say a few words.

Among other inaccuracies which demonstrate the morbid imagination of the author, allow me to tell you that I was in Barcelona until July 25, 1936 and that, on that date not a single church remained intact (except the cathedral adjoining the President of Cataluña's house and the church of N. D. de Pompeya which was used by the Federacion Anarquista Iberica as an emergency hospital) all the rest were burnt and pillaged; all the works of art destroyed and most of the occupants massacred. All this was done by the REDS *many months before the coming of General Franco's airplanes*, in spite of Mr. Levin's statements to the contrary. In order to leave this Inferno, we were obliged to cross all of Cataluña by motor and in every village and town we saw blatant traces of this vandalism. From the simplest little chapel to the old Roman churches, nothing had been spared. To quote some specific examples: The Museum and the Cathedral at Vich containing the murals of the great artist Jose M. Sert, all the churches in the following villages: S. Andres, Moncada, Mollet, S. Fausto, Granollers, Las Franquesas, La Garriga, Figaro, Aiguafreda, Centellas, the famous sanctuary of La Gleba, S. Quirse, Montesquiu, Ripoll, etc. and on the French border at Puigcerda, we could still see columns of smoke rising from the little adjoining villages. *Nothing had been respected.*

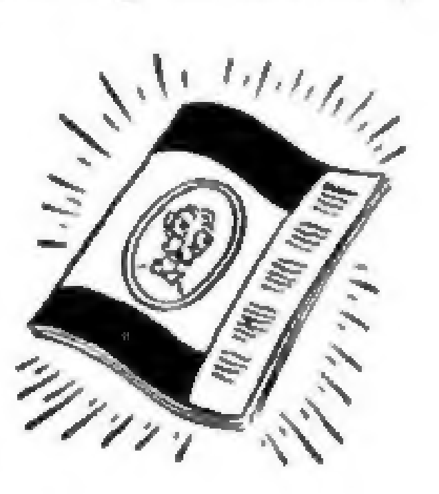
I wonder if I dare trust your integrity to publish these few lines in order to counteract the untruths of the writer of the *Candid Cameraman.*

Sincerely yours,
Karlina Krippendorf de Pons
Cannes, France

BUY OFF THE BOTTOM OF THE PILE MAYBE?

I am not a subscriber to Esquire but I have purchased my copy at the newsstands every month for the past four years and it has assumed the position of a Bible among monthly publications, to me.

However . . . I am getting damnably sick of receiving my Esquire slightly the worse for wear.



To make my idea clearer: suppose you had in mind a particular article of furniture, expensive, not indispensable to the completion of a room, but something in which you would take pride and enjoy. Suppose too, that you bought this article of furniture and on examining it, found it to be marred in two or three places and slightly wobbly. Although this furniture was by no means ruined, the defects would tend to lessen your pride of possession and enjoyment.

This is my plaint in regard to Esquire: In a position which I formerly held, I had occasion to enter quite a number of stores. Let me sketch a scene which I observed in many of them; One or more persons bending over the latest copy of Esquire, chuckling at the cartoons, holding lengthy discussions over the fashion notes and avidly scanning the advertisements . . . the proprietor standing to one side looking ill at ease but afraid to protest for fear of offending either a good customer or a potential one . . . the Esquire finally laid aside, by no means ruined but still bearing unmistakable signs of previous use.

Now, Esquire is a publication which presents a striking appearance and news dealers are prone to display it in a prominent place. Since it has become so popular, however, many dealers find this procedure impossible due to preponderance of those whose philosophy is based on the old adage "why buy the cow when you can get the milk for nothing."

The situation being what it is, I should like to make a suggestion. Why not cover your magazine with a sheet of cellophane. Of course I realize that your first reaction will undoubtedly be that the expense would be too great. However, unless I am greatly mistaken, your increased sale would more than cover the negligible cost of the cellophane. In addition to this Esquire would once again be first with the newest and dealers would have no hesitation in placing the magazine in a spot conducive to greater attention and therefore, increased sales.

In closing, lest you think I am an undercover agent for Dupont de Nemours, let me hasten to correct this impression.

My suggestion is activated purely by selfishness. I think a great deal of my Esquire. I find it inconvenient, no, impossible, at present to hand out five dollars, but I can garner four bits sometime during the month. At the same time if I am to have a shopworn Esquire, I want the privilege of "shopwearing" it myself.

Hence my suggestion and "I hope you like it."

John H. Schnell, Jr.
Buffalo, New York

Continued on page 10

Ever hear the story of the Little Red Hen?

WE don't mean the little red hen of nursery-tale fame. We're thinking now of a modest little hen that lived somewhere in ancient Asia...

For, you see, the peacock's royal lineage traces back to just such a prehistoric hen. His brilliant plumage and proud bearing are the result of countless centuries of cross-breeding. In him are combined all the lordly qualities his ancestors had acquired down through the ages—qualities that make the gorgeous peacock king among fowl.

And so it is with Four Roses. This superb whiskey owes *its* greatness to the fact that it, too, is a combination of matchless qualities.

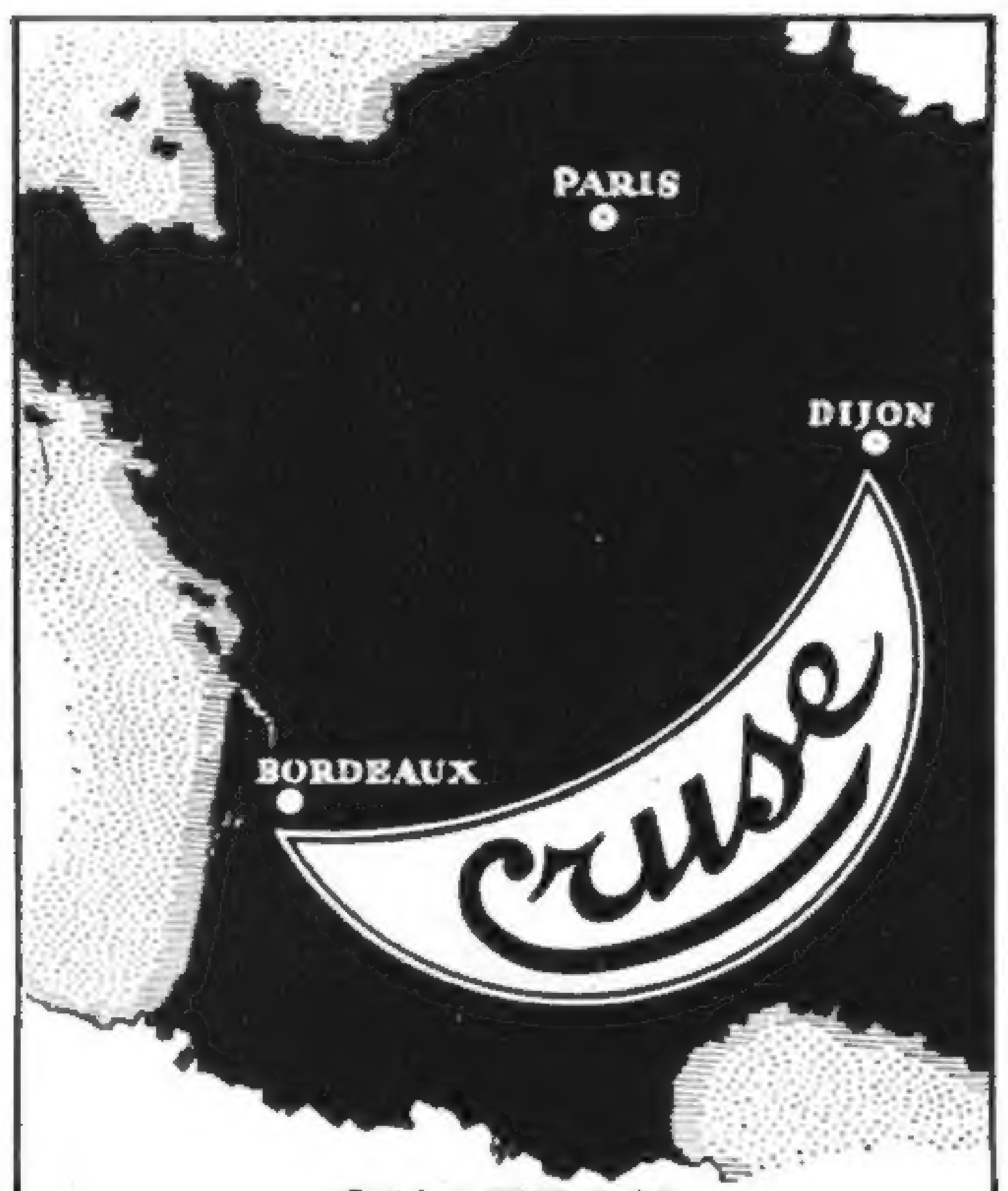
For, while Four Roses is ALL whiskey, it is more than just a *single* fine straight whiskey. It is a skilful combination of *several* straight whiskies—each outstanding for some particular virtue.

That's why, as a connoisseur of fine liquors, you'll find in Four Roses *every* magnificent whiskey virtue you could ask for—*aroma, body, smoothness, flavor*—four glorious qualities, *and every one of them at its peak!*

Four Roses

A blend of straight whiskies
100% straight whiskies—90 proof
Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated,
Louisville and Baltimore

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE



CHATEAU
PONTET CANET
BOTTLED BY THE PROPRIETOR
ONLY WHEN
IT BEARS THE CRESCENT OF
CRUSE
BORDEAUX WINES
and BURGUNDIES

IT IS SMART TO SERVE
CLICQUOT
CHAMPAGNES

AGENTS, THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., INC., N. Y. C.

ONE DROP of "Sure" keeps the BREATH SWEET
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Institute
Sure
ONE DROP DOES THE TRICK INSTANTLY PURIFIES ALL BREATH ODORS
Sure Laboratories CHICAGO

Eat, drink, smoke what you will and kill ALL breath odors with "Sure" the new entirely different, perfectly harmless, breath purifier. Acts fast. Will kill even onion breath. Refreshing, effective, handy in 10c or 25c vials for pocket or purse.

• Use a drop of "Sure" on your tongue after you dine, drink or smoke and prove there is a non-perfuming breath purifier with a swell refreshing taste. Get "Sure" at drug, tobacco, variety stores and taverns or direct from makers. If you want to save money and trouble use the coupon *now* for

Special Introductory Offer on a Money Back Guarantee

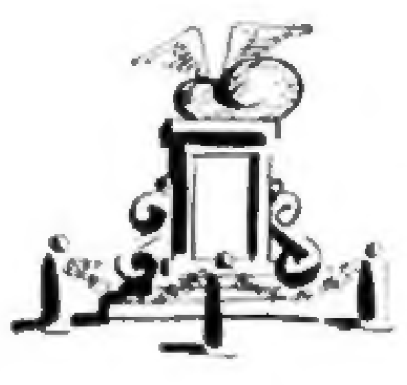
"SURE" Dept. E, 841 N. Wabash, Chicago, Ill.
Sir:
Here is $1.00 for 5 of the 25c size bottles of "Sure." If not satisfied, I will return for full refund of my money. Offer is good in U.S.A. only.

Name..

Street..

City & State..

In Boston, the famous Parker House is still supplying the country with recipes for the bun that was heard 'round the world. It was before the days of the public relations pest but someone should build a monument to the man who thought up a theme song for the table that would place the Parker House Roll along side Bunker Hill and the famous tea party. We know of no like instance, except the Saratoga chip, and its home has long since passed into oblivion. The Parker House, by the way, has kept up to the standard that made it famous. . . . The Hotel Linconshire, a block from the Commons, has a cocktail lounge that draws the nicer folk of Boston. Decorated in the Italian cloister period, it breathes an air of cozy refinement. . . . The Hotel Puritan, 390 Commonwealth Avenue, has the advantage of being out of the traffic-congested area, in case you are motoring to the Cod Capital. The Puritan also follows a swell tradition by featuring at their bar some of the powerful punches of our beloved grandsires of liberty.



The forces that control the attractive Louis XIV Cafe in Rockefeller Center have finally come to a wise decision, after some experimentation. Under the management of Jaque F. Bonaudi the Cafe will strive for the highest gourmet honors of the town. M. Bonaudi has a long tradition; Elysee Palace Paris, then brought here by James Regan to open the Knickerbocker, Pierres, Plaza and lately the Monument Inn at Old Bennington Vt. We sampled some of M. Bonaudi's work and can easily say it ranks among the best meals of our experience. Starting with a lobster and shrimp pate, favored by the patron, Louis XIV himself, we went into a delicious petite marmite, then squab chicken on Virginia ham, braised celery with white wine sauce, endive salad, and a souffle Palmyre that was a small boy's dream of Heaven. (On second thought we'll bet they can't cook up such a souffle in Heaven). Before the meal, was dry sack, Moet and Chandon, 1926 with the entree and Courvoisier with the coffee. Soft music played meanwhile, if that were necessary when the food is a symphony.

The Roosevelt Grill remains one of the pleasanter places of the city to enjoy good food and entertainment in the saner brackets of the town's night life. Under Orrin Tucker and his suave band the Spring season was made considerably brighter. The band members have a head full of tricks without resorting to imitations of seals or morons.

Inn Braddock's Corner, is the slightly whimsical name of the new bar that Joe Gould has opened up for his hero on Forty-Ninth Street, just off Seventh Avenue. We don't know what has come into the pugilistic world but we hope it hasn't gone soft. The Inn tends more toward Fifth than Double Fith Avenoo, with decorations that you might find on the East side where the fighting is not done in a roped ring. Painted glass murals, of a high order, depict the four eras of fisticuffs, from the beginning of boxing until today, or so some one told us. Other murals of newspaper printing are exciting. The food is still built for fighters and fans—sausages as hors d'oeuvres, lamb chops as entree and beefsteak for dessert. And all excellent, too.

Zig's Brook Club at Summit, New Jersey, holds up as one of the high spots this side of the shore places. Lately Zig has gone in for the current disease of soothsaying, and has attached Professor Leo, who can startle you out of your wits. Music, good liquor and food do not seem to be enough nowadays for a roadside tavern, but a man has to face his future between the soup and steak.

DINE
DANCE
ROMANCE
Hawaiian Room
Where you will find that real Hawaiian hospitality
Songs by Ray Kinney

When You Visit New York
Stay at this smart hotel. 801 cheery outside rooms, each with radio, combination tub and shower Rates from $3.50.

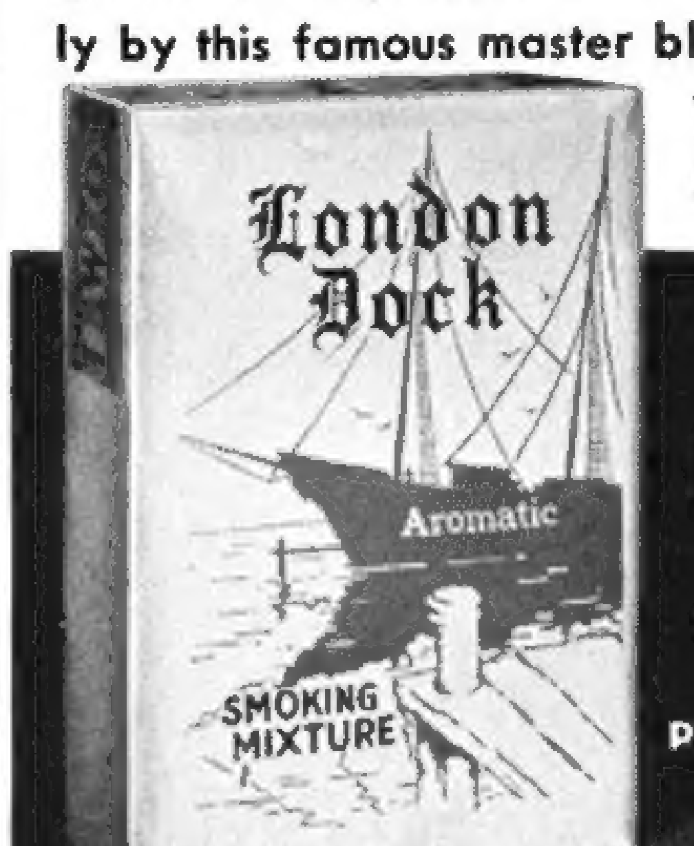
HOTEL LEXINGTON
Lexington Avenue at 48th Street, New York
Charles E. Rochester, Managing Director

CLAREMONT
INN AND GARDENS
RIVERSIDE DRIVE AND 124th STREET
TEA 50c • LUNCHEON $1.00 • DINNER $1.50
NO COVER CHARGE
CLYDE LUCAS & *His Orchestra*
DIRECTION • ARNOLD SCHLEIFER

DIVAN PARISIEN
Le Restaurant par Excellence
CUISINE FRANCAISE
FAMOUS FOR "CHICKEN DIVAN"
AND SPECIAL SALAD
Finest vintage wines and liqueurs.
17 EAST 45 ST. VAnderbilt 3-9011

Ah! He smokes
LONDON DOCK

The whole world approves when your personality and London Dock merge. Its distinctive flavor weds you to a pipe for a lifetime of pleasure and prestige. Its rich fragrance makes you "pipe-popular" with the gentle sex. Send ten cents for a generous sample; you'll be won completely by this famous master blend. Address 128 Delmar Bl. St. Louis, Mo.

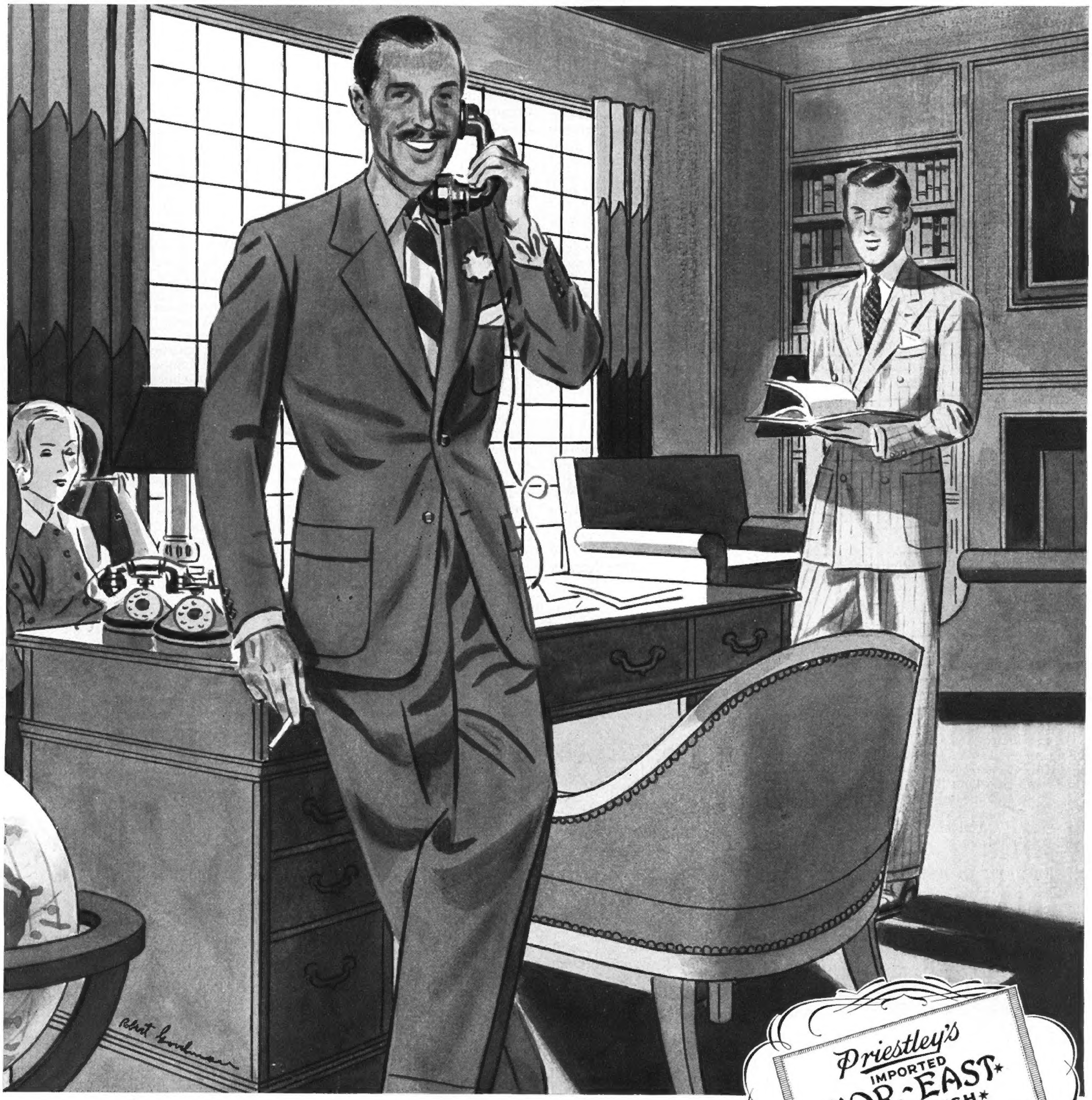


Export Foil Package 40¢
POUND PACKAGE $3.00

Christian Peper · St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

PRIESTLEY'S NOR-EAST

---the suit that is refrigerated by Nature



Priestley's
IMPORTED
NOR-EAST★
NON-CRUSH★
★ REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE ARISTOCRAT OF SUMMER FABRICS

Refrigerated by Nature! Yes, sir—here's a fabric that, in addition to being light and thin and porous, *is actually cool to the touch!* You've never experienced such amazing summer comfort.

This cloth comes from England because only Priestley of England knows the secret of weaving this coolest of summer fabrics! Non-crush, too! The fabric resists wrinkling, holds its shape despite heat and humidity.

And the suits are tailored by America's foremost maker of summer clothes—constructed as only fine suits are made—styled and fitted as precisely as the finest suit in your wardrobe!

For a real revelation in how complete summer comfort can be without sacrifice of style—investigate Priestley's NOR-EAST.

INSIST UPON THIS LABEL

Better men's stores throughout America are showing comprehensive selections of Priestley's NOR-EAST in light and dark shades—plain colors and patterns . . .

$32.50

★ TAILORED EXCLUSIVELY BY L. GREIF & BRO. • BALTIMORE ★

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

LIKE ESQ.'S EDITOR, A MICHIGAN BAPTIST

I was somewhat amused at the interpretation given to "propaganda" by Miss McCallister in her letter published in your April issue. She classes Esquire in the category of unbiased magazines. I think that your type of propaganda is merely more subtle than the usual brand, as evidenced by the fact that opinions expressed in Esquire are always the opinions of its writers; Heaven forbid that the editor should openly express his own!

I am curious as to Miss McCallister's reaction to your articles on the Spanish situation. Unbiased? Why is it that one can find so many strong arguments for the premise that Franco's troops represent the will of the people; but that you ignore this side of the question entirely. Are you choosing between Fascism and Communism (if there is a choice); or are you still a victim of the time-worn delusion that only "liberalism" spells success for the circulation department?

How does she regard your sentiment towards the Catholic Church; surely she can infer but one thing from an article such as *The Conquest of Mexico.* I was reared in a strict Baptist home (you may judge for yourself the comprehension of "strict"); but even with that, I don't believe that worn-out fantasy of "the rich Church oppressing the poor masses." I have seen too much to the contrary.

I have never noticed this question discussed in your *S. & F.* column, and often wondered if you thought that your attitude was getting by unnoticed. It isn't. I could cite numerous cases of subscriptions dropped for these reasons, although the subscriber never bothered to object in writing to your slurs upon his church, or upon his freedom to judge impartially for himself. Here at the University one has a good view of the reaction of various groups to such policies; and I have found that many non-Catholics (myself included) resent this biased viewpoint as much as those against whom it is levied.

Sincerely yours,
Dan J. Morgan
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Mich.

PETTY IN REVERSE

What has happened to Petty? Of late his work has slipped. His girls possessed a grace and beauty that were too good to be true. Now they're different.

Take that creature on page 38 of the April issue—I don't want her. If you want to see what she really looks like, I suggest that you turn the magazine up-side-down. Then the girl is right-side-up. What a face! What completely ungraceful lines!

She is calling for a Western Union boy. Wants a big one, too. She would have better luck if she asked for one with a strong stomach.

Very truly yours,
Ralph A. Bookstein
Rochester, N. Y.

THIS CAN GO ON FOREVER

It being a rainy day when the April issue fell thundering on the doorstep, nothing appeared to hinder complete perusal of Ye Mag today. Paul Grant's puzzler (?) appearing on page 10 took a minute or two to rough out and somewhat longer for exact calculation.

It is apparent that Daisy's pasture consists of four component parts of three geometric configurations. First, a 270° segment of a circle of 75-foot radius, defined by the length of her chain and the two barnsides (extended) forming the tether corner. Second, two identical segments of circles of 50-foot radius centered at the two nearest corners of the barn, one radius of each congruent with the extended sides, included angles of 65° 42′ 19″, with the other radii intersecting on the extended tether-corner diagonal. The remaining grazing area is the teepee-shaped portion between these intersecting radii and the far sides of the barn. The area available for pasture, assuming that Daisy doesn't stretch her neck beyond the end of the chain (how much simpler if it were Ferdinand the Bull, with a ring in his nose!) amounts to 16,635 square feet, 61.1 square rods, 3.819 square chains, 0.382 acre, or what have you?

I don't know how far from the straight and narrow you may wish to stray, but I'd like to suggest this proposition as matter for thought among *S. & F.* addicts: What is the largest figure that can be indicated by using three digits? Notice the word 'indicated!'

Yours very truly,
Newark, Ohio David J. Porter

ARDENT LIBERAL AND ISOLATIONIST

The most ardent of liberals and pacifists should be the first to complain about your recent policy of allowing Esquire to be turned into a propaganda organ for one side or the other in the Spanish War. The examples in recent issues have been too numerous to mention. The most recent and offensive was in your purported cinema review department, which has been leaning more and more in that direction.

It's not because of any loyalty to the other side that I write—Fascism and Communism are the devil and the deep blue sea, to me; if anything Communism is preferable, should I have to choose, but I sincerely feel that I express the sentiments of a lot of readers when I say this. Don't you see that propaganda is a double-edged sword; more useful if anything in a Fascist state than in a Red country?

My point is, without being repetitious, I hope; that it's a bad precedent for a swell magazine like yours to set the pace as a medium for Red, Green, Blue, or White propaganda. It is the first step away from the old American tradition of taking no sides in the other fellows' troubles. The logical end of the sequence you have begun is a press and literature that contains nothing but propaganda, just as in National Socialist Germany, for which you justifiably, have no affection.

One reader's views, I suppose, mean nothing; but think it over before you give this letter the Wastebasket.

A Very, Very, Loyal Reader
Grand Forks, N. D.

SEEMS WE DID

I read Esquire every month and enjoy it very much. The article *Fashion Is a Fairy* is just what I have said for twenty years. I have been married 21 years and have always said, I could not understand why our women and girls would let some male (maybe?) tell them what and how they should wear their clothes. If anybody should know they (the women) should. They certainly don't need any help. If the clothes and hats they wore were becoming and improved their looks I would say O.K. But most of them look like a bunch of clowns instead of human beings. Lets try and stop this silly fad. Fourteen different shades of nail polish. Ha, ha, what a joke. Why our women won't be as near natural as they can is more than I can understand. I wish I could make them see the light. How about you starting something?

Yours for success,
R. H. Krummenacher
Overland, Mo.

THROWING PETTY A FISH

Your mag is to me what the Bible is to the clergyman. I live by it. I have been an ardent, devoted, faithful and *uncritical* follower for the past three years and it is with the most honorable intentions that I am writing you. I stated that I have been an *uncritical* follower and it is with this pint (pardon me) point, in mind that I succumb to my own curiosity, as to whether you'll print this bit of writing, and give you my ideas of what is, or is not, wrong with "The Aristocrat of All Magazines."

CALIFORNIA

To begin with, your cover is the best yet. It's attractive and is in a distinctive class all by itself and it's also plenty sturdy and strong as a binder. To hell with Mr. D. Franklin Bascom (aint it a beaut) from Oakland, California, who said that the cover was falling apart. He mentioned that he didn't have any children, dogs, and that he didn't chew it, but if memory serves me rightly, which it occasionally does, the people of California have recently been re-enacting scenes of Noah and the Ark and the Flood and how in the world does a man expect a magazine (even a good one like Esquire) to hold up under a couple billion gallons of water. The man's crazy.

But enough of that idle patter, your ads are colorful and inviting and instead of just skipping over them, as is the usual procedure, I delight in looking at them and *reading* them. It seems to me that the ad writers of the various sponsors (Gawd bless em, the sponsors) always exert themselves to their utmost when writing an ad for Esquire.

Your column, *Painting the Town With* Esquire, is an excellent itinerary for those who are more experienced as connoisseurs of wines, liqueurs and foods, but it is still a mystery to me why the article does not warrant enough importance to be inserted into your *Contents,* or farther still, why the author's name isn't at the end of the column. That's a breach of literary etiquette Eskie.

But to get on, (Geez, suppose they don't print this), let's have more articles by that author of, *Fashion is a Fairy.* Here is plenty of wit combined with a fair amount of good common horse-sense that goes to make up an enlightening article.

Ludwig Renn does all right as do Ferenc Molnar, Ficke, Hunter, Paul, White, Titus, and, best of all, Eric Knight, but here I come to a halt.

Let's get rid of André Maurois, the Voice of Experience, who writ, *A Case of Conscience,* even though it means buying up the remainder of his contract (if he was lucky enough to pull the wool over your eyes). Anybody with the remotest prospective of conceivability (amazing) could say, quote, "Marry the man you love." You don't have to go to any great psychologist.

What in the hell is Williams, M.D. talking about in his article called, *This Cancer Business,* or is that over my head? Those medicinal terms get me down. Keep 'em in their own backyard.

Your article each month on a different sport is a splendid idea and it affords everyone a chance to take a peek at his or her favorite sport.

Well, up to now (if your patience is inexhaustible and you're still bearing with me) I've been fairly considerate but now let's get down to brass tacks. Criticism is not beneficial unless it is constructive. Gentlemen, lend me your ear. I come to bury Nathan, not to praise him. Any insect exterminating company will be only too glad to render its assistance in helping you remove Mr. George Jean Nathan from your staff of writers. The vacancy of Mr. Nathan (a critic who, in his critical moments, is a critical bore and a lot of poppycock) may be capably filled by Mr. Donald Duck who I am sure you will find to be a big improvement over the now present quack-critic, Mr. Nathan.

Next, for God's sake don't publish any more "poems" by Robin Lampson who believes, quote, "poetry should not puzzle and thwart the reader but should be intelligent, moving and entertaining." I'd rather work out the cow puzzle by Mr. Grant, who hails from Chicago, than try to decipher Lampson's poetry. What a headache!!!

And now for a most touchy subject. George Petty. This man has always held my esteem for being the one man in our great country who could really sling an appeasing and enticing bit of female pulchritude together, but, Alas, who was the wench who posed for the Western Union drawing? What a pan. What a mug. Turn the page upside down and look at her for yourself. Now, are you satisfied, gentlemen, that my emotional impulses are actuated by an honest-to-God version of what I would call a "homely, comely," or does she appeal in any way to you. If she does appeal to you, send me a telegram and tell me what it is she's got that the heretofore model for Mr. Petty hasn't. I'm speaking of the Miss Petty. Ah, a fairer one never tread the aisle to the model's haunt than this lovely Miss. Well, why in the hell wasn't she in the March issue. If Miss Petty has been kidnapped or is lost you may depend upon me to be one of the first to form a posse, searching party or what-have-you in order to bring that fair damsel back to the pages of Eskie. However, with all due respect to Mr. Petty, that punky drawing doesn't, for one moment, alter my opinion of this gentleman. He's still the tops and it was with deep regret that I had to insert this last bit of criticism but, I must be off to the mailbox before curfew tolls and so I'll close with, "Bigger and Better Eskies in the Future As Tempus Fugits Like Hell."

"Fish" Thompson
Wilmington, Delaware

P.S. If this is printed it will be the first time Delaware has been heard in the *S. & F.* Department.

NAH, THAT'S TOO OBVIOUS

Here is a good way for you to settle once and for all the question of critics who don't criticize. Why not have Meyer Levin and Gilbert Seldes change departments? Mr. Seldes knows a great deal about the movies and is even willing to write about them regardless of whether they deal with downtrodden minorities or not; while, on the other hand, it is quite apparent that Komradsky Levin does not like the great majority of pictures at all, but would much prefer to give us his impressions of communism, fascism, anarchism, or any of the other Lively Arts. By letting these two gentlemen swap departments everybody, including the readers, will be happy.

Yours for diplomacy,
Howard B. MacDonald
Yonkers, N. Y.

BEL FASCISMO, BROOKLYN STYLE

I just read with a great deal of curiosity that obvious piece of Spanish Red propaganda by Ludwig Renn. It's really too bad that such a brave soldier and great strategist should find himself in America at the very moment in which all his beautiful predictions are being demolished in Spain by those same Italian Fascists upon whose fighting qualities Herr Renn is casting so many doubts.

Poor innocent morons! Will they ever wake up and learn not to bet against Mussolini and Hitler?

Yours, for a more intelligent understanding of what is really going on in the world today.

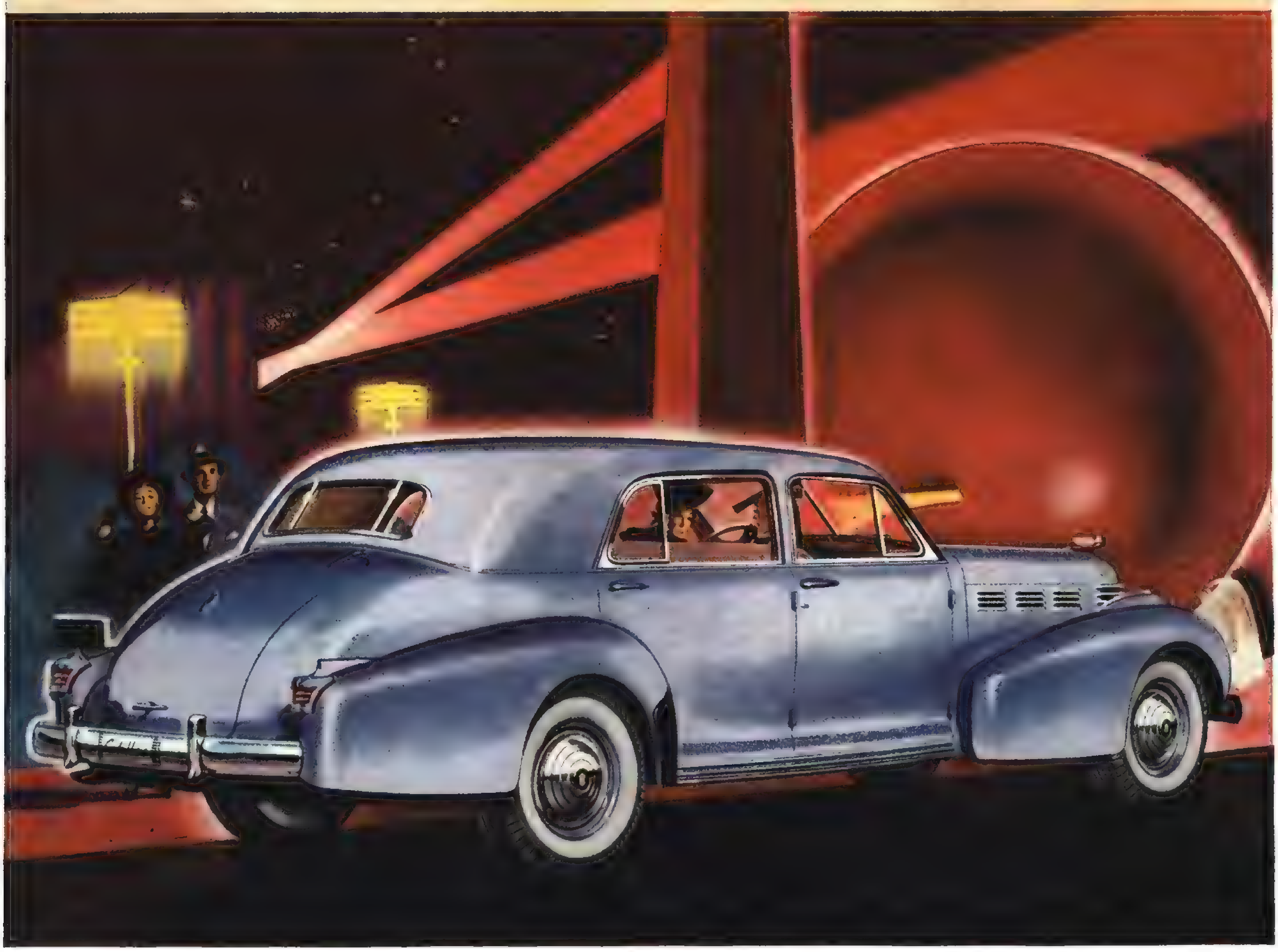
Giovanni Battista Billi
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Continued on page 194

WE *DARE* YOU TO DRIVE

THE CADILLAC *Sixty* SPECIAL

...AND CHALLENGE ONE WORD OF THIS ENTHUSIASTIC OWNER'S COMMENT!



Here's a Letter Received from a Recent Purchaser* of a new Cadillac Sixty Special:

"YOU HAVEN'T ASKED for my opinion of the Sixty Special, but I'm so enthusiastic I have to get this off my chest.

"I've driven so many cars that I should be inured to the features claimed for *every* new car. Frankly, I wouldn't have been surprised if I had gotten no particular jolt from the many advantages you claimed for the Sixty Special.

"However—not so!

"IN THE FIRST PLACE I like the absence of running boards. I mean purely from the practical, owner viewpoint. The car is low enough so that I merely slide myself into the seat, and there I am. Aside from that, I like the looks of it.

"Then there's visibility. That's a *strikingly* striking feature. Kind of gives me the impression of the observation car of a Zeppelin. Vision is better every way—up, down, front, back, and on both sides.

"I LIKE THE EXTRA WIDTH of the bodies—so noticeable even against the 'much wider seats' advertising which has persisted for the last four years, without being noticeable to the naked eye, or to anyone with an extra pound of padding on his bones! And you don't have to take out a tape measure to prove this '*extra width*'—you can see it and feel it!

"I found the Syncromatic shift no trouble at all, and I like the way it clears up the front compartment.

"I like the car's spirit. I like to twist her tail and just let her go for miles on end—and then go on farther than I'd otherwise even consider, just for the sheer pleasure of driving it!

"LASTLY, THAT SO-CALLED 'SINFUL' VANITY—from which none of us is free—is vastly pleased with this job. It satisfies my ego as no car has ever done before. Consciously or unconsciously, whenever I take it out, I feel my Sixty Special is the cynosure of all eyes—and I bask happily in the reflected glory accordingly!" **(Owner's name upon request.)*

Again we say, we dare YOU to drive a Sixty Special... and challenge one word of this enthusiastic owner's comment!

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

REMEMBER: *There is also a Cadillac "Sixty" in more conventional mold, with four body styles, and selling at prices substantially lower than the "Sixty Special." The "Sixty" differs from the "Sixty Special" in appearance and appointment—it is one with the "Sixty Special" in quality and performance. See it, and drive it soon!*

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

COOK'S
Imperial
AMERICAN
Champagne

Made by AMERICAN WINE CO· ST·LOUIS since 1859

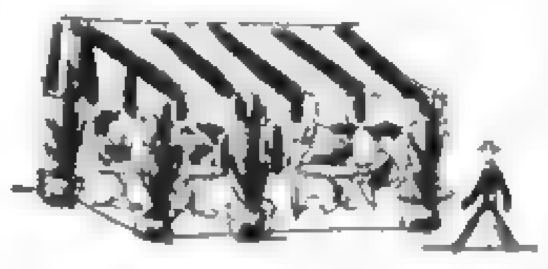
MOST FUN
IN NEW YORK CITY
The TERRACE RESTAURANT
● Great Entertainment and Music
● Fine Cuisine ● Gay Atmosphere
Hotel NEW YORKER
34th STREET AT EIGHTH AVENUE
George V. Riley, *Manager.* Ralph Hitz, *President*

"The Brandy of Napoleon"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
All Courvoisier Cognac Bears this Registered Phrase
COURVOISIER COGNACS
You, too, will like it
84 Proof
F-C-G IMPORTERS, INC. • NEW YORK

CHAMBORD
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
A distinguished Restaurant presenting French Provincial Cuisine par excellence and a carefully selected Cellar for connaisseurs.
803 THIRD AVE., N.Y.C. EL 5-7180
between 49th and 50th Sts.

Fashion Plate 1938
GIN and TONIC
MADE WITH
BILLY BAXTER
QUININE SODA
Free Recipes—RED RAVEN CORP., CHESWICK, PA.
"The Spoon is the Enemy of the High-ball"

Let those who may flee the city, but we always hope to be in New York in June. Like April in Paris the month holds a peculiar charm, a clearness of the air and a more intense blue of the sky. From the balcony in the Sherry-Netherland we have a cocktail and look out over the verdant park, sniffing the myriad things of a magic city. It is about our favorite spot. The tempo of our life not being set to three hours for lunch, the sidewalk café has not caught hold here as it exists in its birthplace. Rather we follow the architecture and hie ourselves to the roofs. And these roofs, to our way of thinking, are the garden spots of the earth. Some cafés, however, thrive on the local and tourist trade. Where late the steel runners of the amateur Henies cut the winter air, the well-fed merchant and his wife from Keokuk or points west, watch the fountain in the Prometheus Café. When the balance sheet is finally struck, we hope the Rockefellers get a few extra stars for making a breathing spot in the market place. Down in the Village the Brevoort, One Fifth Avenue, and the Amen Corner supply the terrace trade. The Café de la Paix, of the St. Moritz Hotel, is the most pretentious of the open-air dining places. The St. Moritz also has one of the finest roofs with a view. The Essex House, down the street a block, have a commodious fronting on the Park. Up at Riverside, beyond Grant's Tomb, is one of the town's treasures, the Claremont Inn. You can listen to the tunes about the Blue Danube but you can see the blue and glorious Hudson for very little. Across the spider-web bridge is one of the Broadway places set on the edge of the River—Ben Marden's Riviera. It is our claim to the Continental way of living, à la Monte Carlo. For roofs there is a wide and scintillating variety. The smart people in town, at their work or for occasion, inhabit the beautiful Viennese Roof of the St. Regis. Pierre's also have a marvelous place to dine atop their tower, sans entertainment. The Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria is another of the city's swankier summer places. Further downtown, the Pennsylvania and the Astor Hotel have a great deal to offer summer visitors on their roofs. Over on Columbia Heights in Brooklyn, from the Bossert Marine Roof you can see the beginnings of the new world; from the Rainbow Room, atop Rockefeller Center you can see its magic fulfillment. Both are inspiring and should be on every citizen's list . . . While not sidewalk cafés some of the smarter places have walks and gardens, peculiar to them on account of their architecture. The Park Lane goes in for greenery and deb parties. The Gotham Walk is for excellent dining for the rich . . . the space back of the Marguery is where Marchisio's many friends gather to debate his culinary art. All gourmets know Marchisio and his superb kitchen.



The Winold Reiss-Lustig Brothers combination has reached its highest manifestation in the new Longchamps, at 253 Broadway, opposite the City Hall. The decor follows the same general plan of the other plants but seems to be a little refined. The place runs up and down and has plenty of room for The Little Flower, from across the street. One advance we noted—no prop vegetables in the window.

The Hotel New Yorker are so pleased with being the pioneers in the ice revival that they are keeping the disappearing rink on for another spell. New costumes (we hope) will be provided, but the same excellent artists of the ice will remain. Jimmy Dorsey supplies the rhythms for the dancers and as a feature Sunday nights there are old-time movies. We wonder why someone hasn't used this stunt before; it makes for swell entertainment.

Here's the summer hit parade!

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OPENING MAY 24th
★
HAL KEMP and his Orchestra
OPENING JULY 5th
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The CHAMBERLAIN as they mix it in MANILA

One jigger of Gilbey's Dry Gin
Half a lime (drop twisted lime peels into the glass for the flavor of the delicate aromatic oils)
Fill with soda

WHENEVER you hear of a drink so delicious that its fame has spread over half the Seven Seas, be sure that if it's a *gin* drink, the chances are *it begins with Gilbey's!* That celebrated Chamberlain, for instance, that they serve you with such gusto at the Manila Hotel. It's one of the world's great drinks! No doubt of it! You hear its praises half a continent away! Yet you can have in your Martini or Rickey or Fizz or Tom Collins *here in America* the same fullness of flavor, the same silken perfection that give the Chamberlain its far-flung fame . . . if you will only form the habit of saying . . . "*Make mine with Gilbey's.*"

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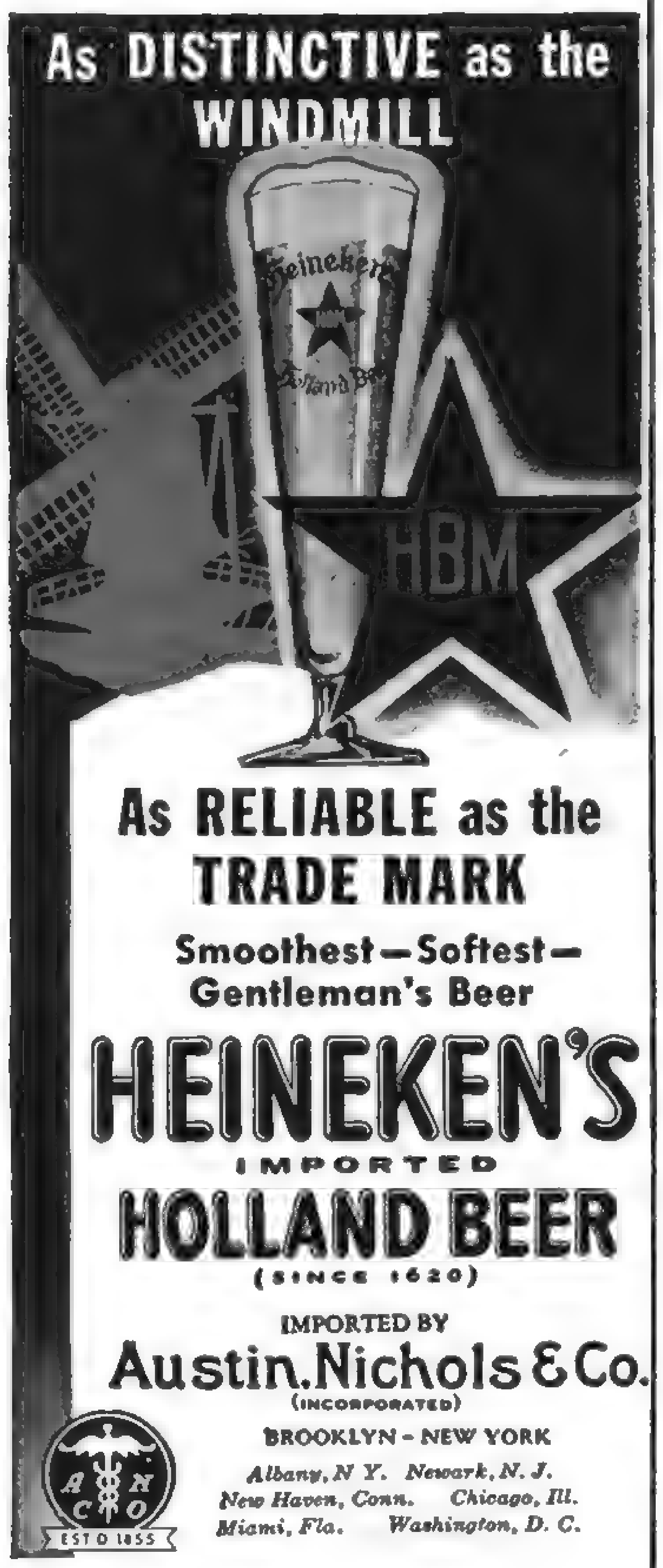

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The PLAZA New York
FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-NINTH STREET

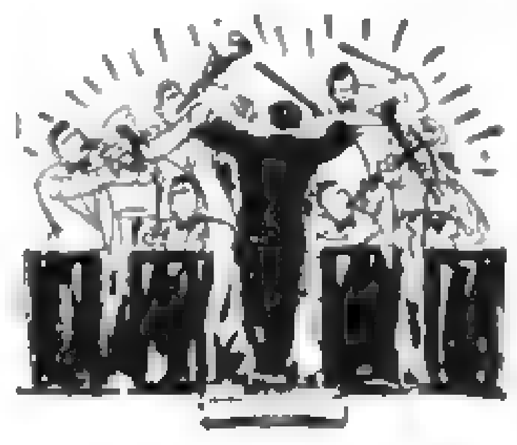
If you like life in the raw and atmosphere that is authentic, try the Anchor Café. This is the unique place where the sailormen nightly congregate from the ships across the street. The café at Forty-Ninth Street and Twelfth Avenue caters to only British and French; the latter are sufficient unto themselves and sit apart, but the former, my hearties, are all evidently vaudeville artists doing a bit at sea. From cook to purser, from steward to boatswain, each man jack has a nifty specialty which he is more than eager to shout out to the crowded room. Their parodies of American ballads are something not for ladies' ears. The food is substantial and the liquor inexpensive. Unless you putter around the old world, you've probably never seen anything like it for gusto and honest fun. The place is closed when no ships are at dock, so look up your shipping news first.

The folks who put out the one and only Benedictine have taken their first pioneer step in four hundred years. They now put out a "B. & B."—Benedictine and Brandy, in a bottle similar to the one which contains the straight cordial. Being advised of the habit of the fastidious fashionables among Americans, who always ask the waiter to bring the bottle to the table, the firm has decided to make it easier for the server. Not to mention the insurance it gives the drinker that he is getting the finest cognac mixed with Benedictine and not the first bottle the bartender has at hand.

Ray Kinney, having returned from a visit to his native Hawaiian shores, is now leading his own orchestra at the Hotel Lexington's Hawaiian Room, a complete new outfit picked up during his stay there. Charley Rochester, manager of the hotel, on a recent trip to Hawaii helped Ray in choosing the orchestra and in the picking of the three Hawaiian dancers, one of them the most photographed girl in Hawaii, having done the modeling for the local steamship ads.

There are so many eating places in the East Fifties that each one has to have something special to lure the customers. We are of the opinion that the Trouville, 112 East Fifty-Second Street, has the prettiest girls in the world. These may be found around the luncheon hour and again at cocktail time. If you want to dine in peace, we recommend that you try the dinner; other times you will not be able to concentrate on the food. The food is good, of the standard set in these places, but the lovelies—we've seen 'em in Budapest, Vienna, Market Street, Philadelphia, in Dallas, Texas, but the Trouville leads the list.

The new Paradise has followed the trend it selected for itself last year, shows of the more modern category. The one thing it retains of the old formula, fortunately for all of us art students, are the lovely ladies. They don't seem to come any more beautiful than those who haunt the Paradise. Unfortunately, the legal cloak that permits the restaurant a new lease of life, also covers some of nature's best handiwork: there is no nudity in the show. The specialties are pleasing and the tempo fast. Bunny Berrigan has a band that can out-blast any organization we've ever heard.



Jack Dempsey has opened up a new branch of his charm-dispensing emporium, over on Broadway, between Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets. Here the potables, instead of the beef, are emphasized and the spot is called a cocktail lounge, if you can associate such a soft word with Jack and his hairy-chested followers. The decorations are toward the modern, the chairs are good, but the general color scheme bad. The big open windows to the street are a great advance over the curtained affairs of old.

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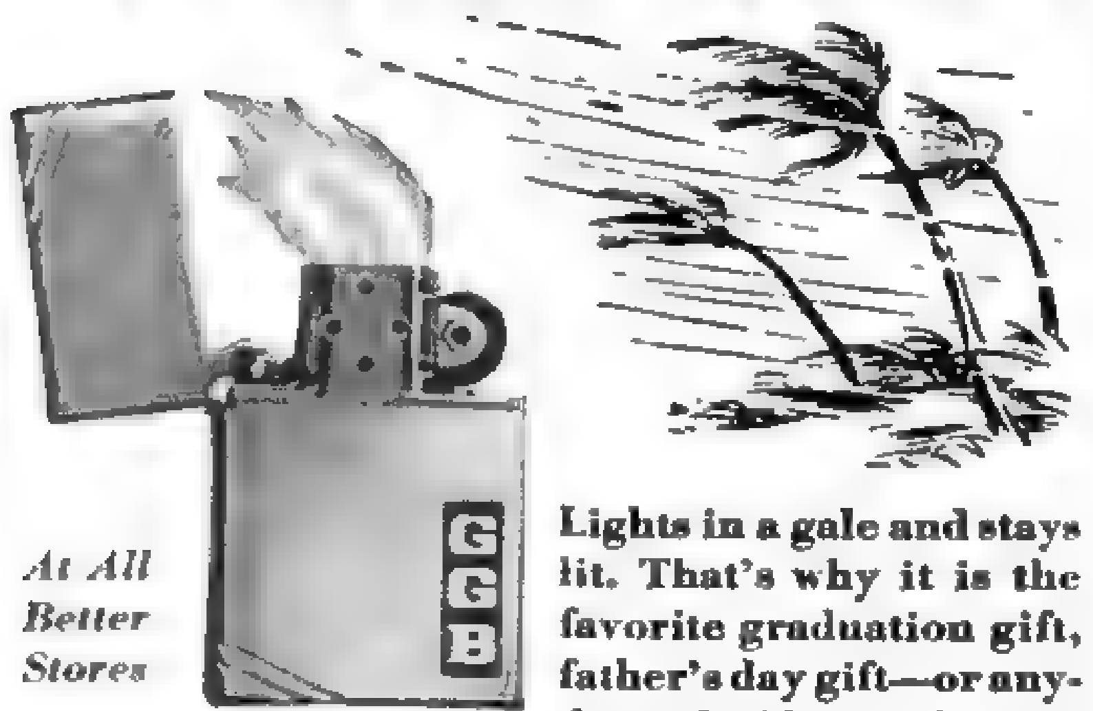

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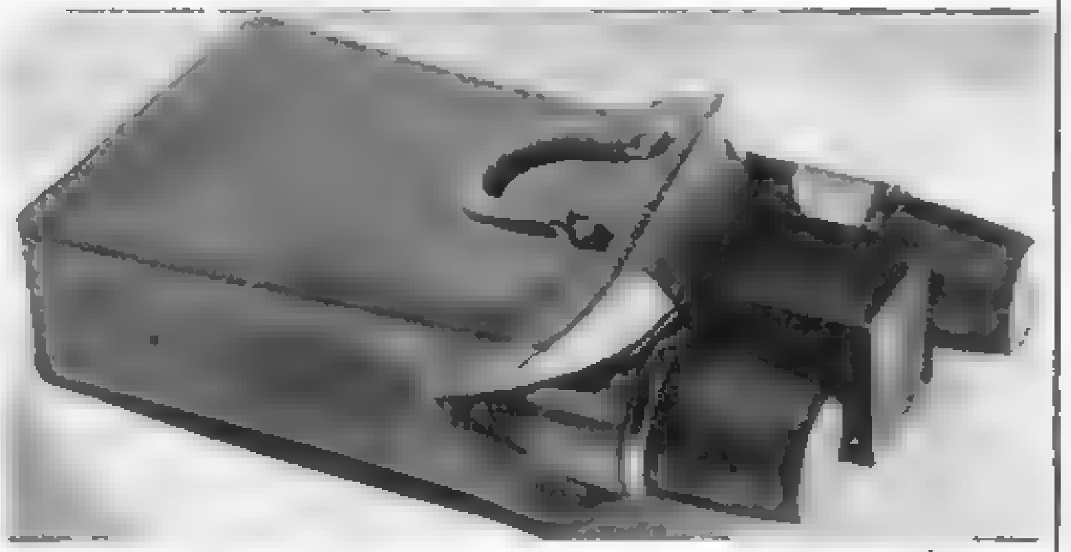

An outing kit that contains two quart size thermos bottles each with 4 cups and a sandwich box neatly fitted in a pigskinlike case. Complete . . . $6.85

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ON THE RIGHT SCENT. In order to simplify choosing the right fragrances for the right females, Esquire is giving you, every month, a different type of woman together with appropriate perfumes for each type. As June is the traditional month for wedding and anniversary presents, we'll dedicate this to

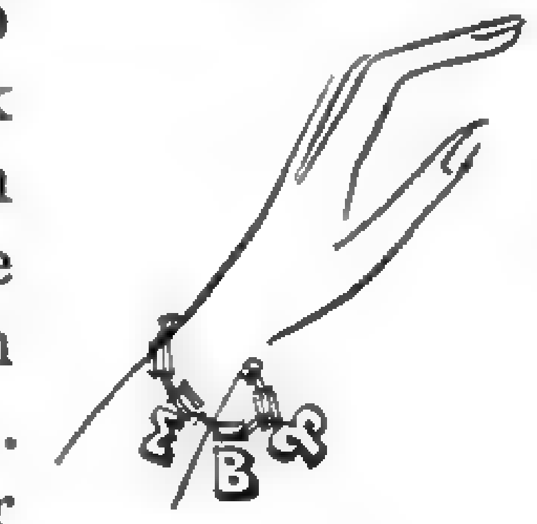
HOME GIRL. . . or the permanent bride. For the good of mankind, would that there were more of this priceless gem. She radiates sincerity, dependability. She prefers a little place in the country, loves to do housework and wants a large family. A mate, by gad, and a good one, unselfishly administering cheer and encouragement to her undeserving spouse. In case you want her for yourself, she's always some other guy's wife.

HER PERFUMES SHOULD BE: *Caron's* Pois de Senteur (sweet pea) dainty, yet dignified; *Lelong's* lovely Mon Image; *Lanvin's* Prétexte . . . happy, winsome and chameleon-like; *Patou's* Amour, Amour; the glamorous magic of *Guerlain's* l' Heure Bleue; *Dorsay's* appropriate Toujours Fidèle; *Chanel's* self-explanatory Glamour; or Orchidée Bleue, one of the best loved of *Corday's* perfumes. And then the florals, whose delicate, bride-like charm will always recall the memory of the Wedding Day (we wax sentimental at this point). *Elizabeth Arden* has a Bridal Bouquet, five bottles of bouquet scents, orange blossom, lily of the valley, gardenia, white orchid and jasmin, boxed together and tied with white satin and lilies of the valley. *Lenthéric's* Muguet is also a true bride's fragrance, modest, shy and sweet as the lilies it so successfully mimics. Wistful and dewy are *Ciro's* Doux Jasmin and Violette d'Alger, and *Yardley's* Freesia. The artless sincerity or *Coty's* Gardenia cloaks a heady kick, while *Molyneux'* Chic, a bouquet of white flowers, is adapted for the boudoir and more intimate moments. *Houbigant's* Présence, is delicate and yielding as is *Molinard's* Rose Royale. And for a soul-stirring, tender perfume, there's *Matchabelli's* Ave Maria.

BACHELOR GIFTS FOR JUNE NUPTIALS. For every wedding invitation you get, you give. An irreproachable choice is a piece of silver, but *Sterling* . . . and you'll get double credit if your gift bears the hallmark of an "old established firm". You can run the gamut from little nicknacks like sauce bowls with ladles; silver serving sets, "tidbit" sets composed of lemon-fork, cheese-server etc., boxed together; carving sets . . . a peach in silver with handles shaped like a 17th century pistol; a silver salad bowl can be used for fruit or flowers.

GLASS GIFTS. A handsome wedding gift for the modern-minded is a glass fire-screen, a semi-circular shape set in 2 circular brackets of chrome. Over the surface of the special glass (specially tempered to resist heat and 5 times as strong as ordinary glass) is a modern design, sandblasted on the glass. You can also buy 3-panel glass screens, sandblasted in sporting scenes.

EATA BITA PIE. When we were a boy, and got thata way about a gal, we sometimes gave her our fraternity pin to wear. Now we understand, the boys keep their pins for themselves or for the hock man, and pacify the fair sex with charm bracelets with the Greek letters of the fraternity dangling thereon . . . done in colored enamel outlined in Sterling or gold. Another touch is to have your name or some message spelled out on the girl's bracelet.



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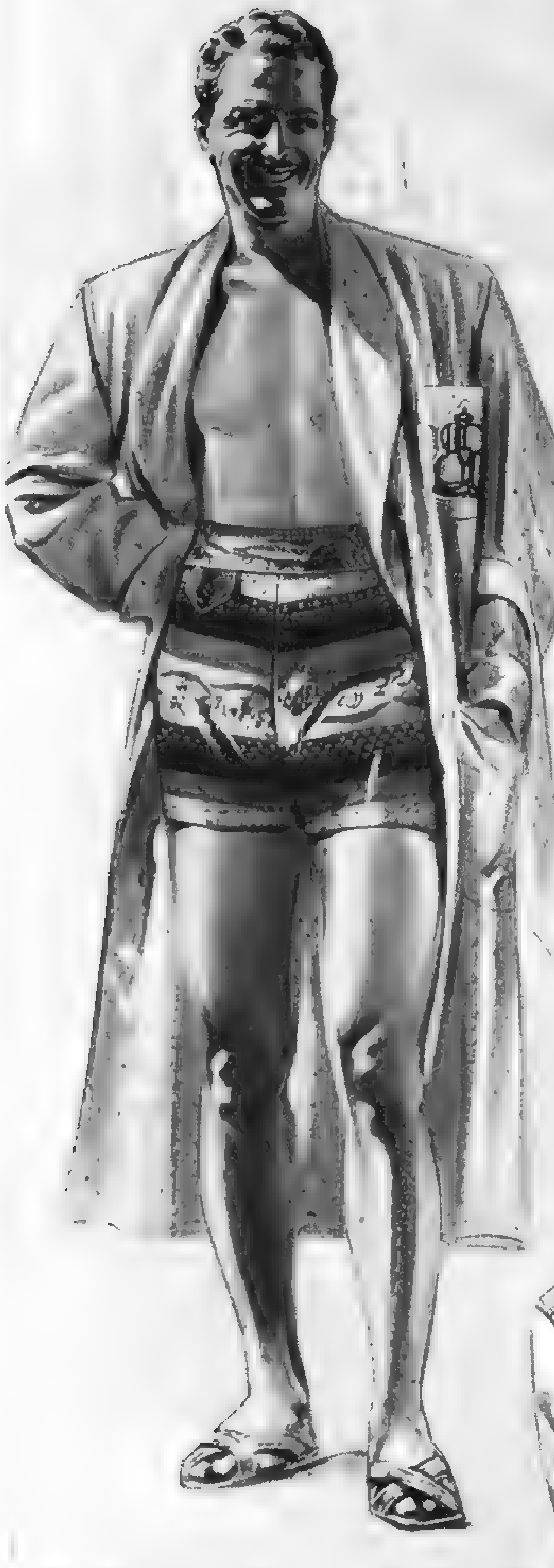
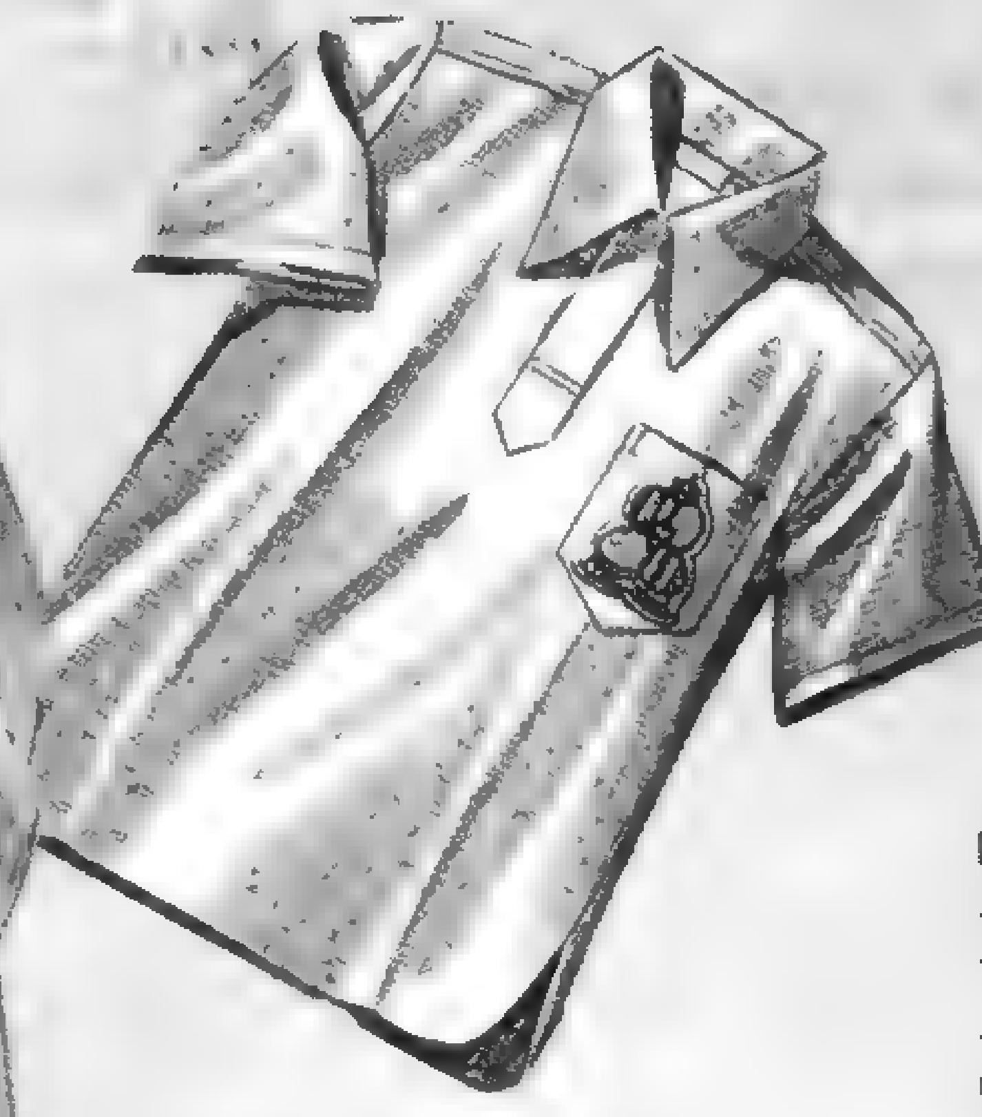
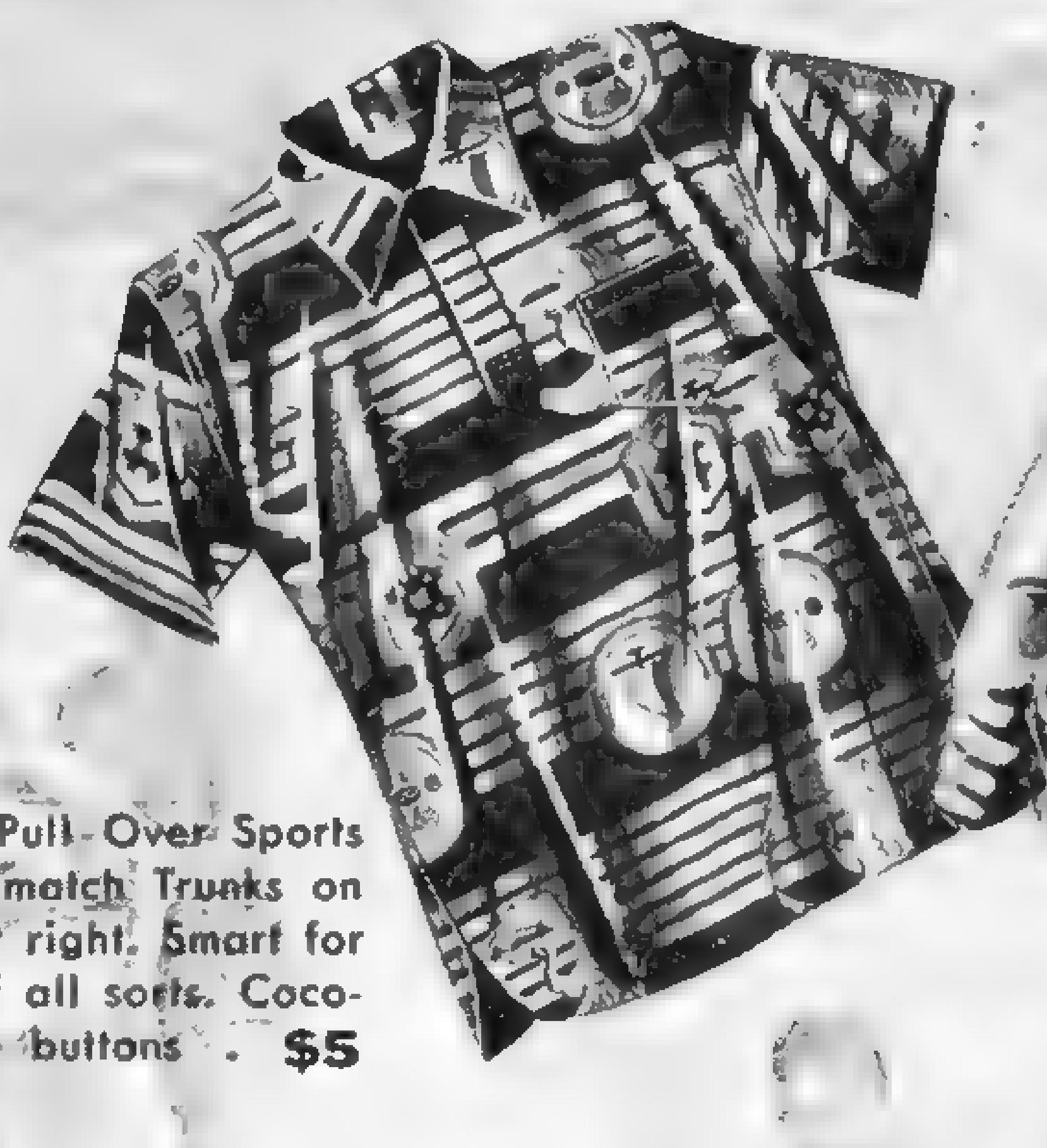
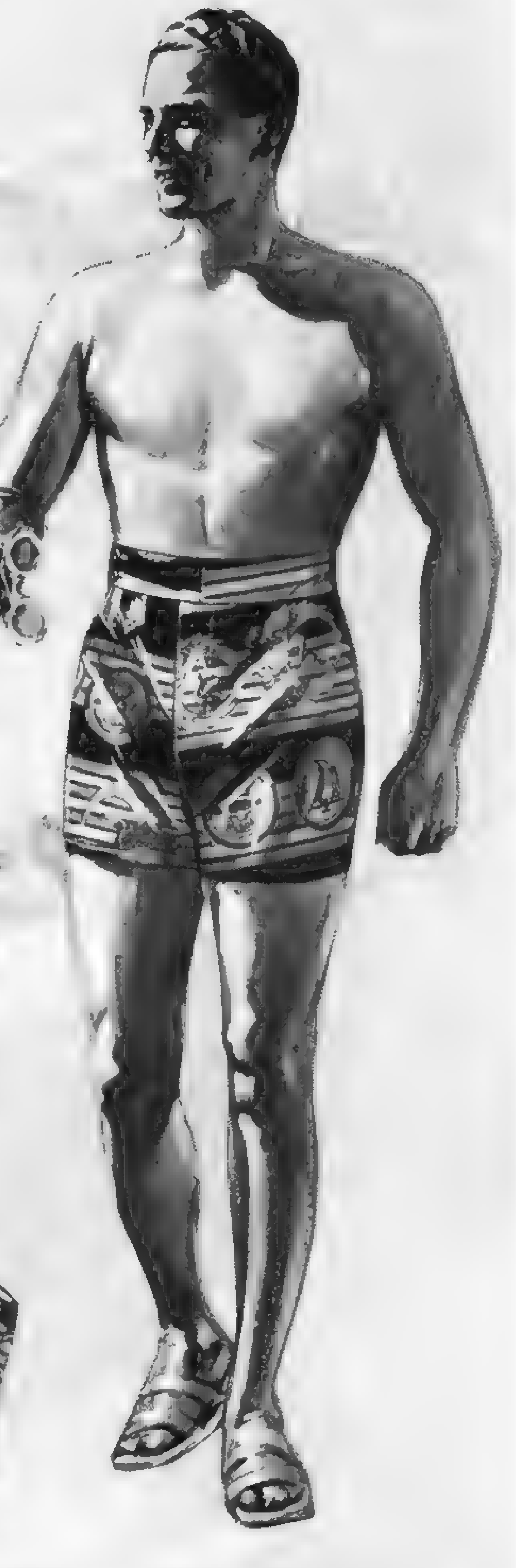




ABOVE—Pull-Over Beach Shirt to match Robe. Also has Royal Hawaiian Crest on breast pocket, **$3.50**

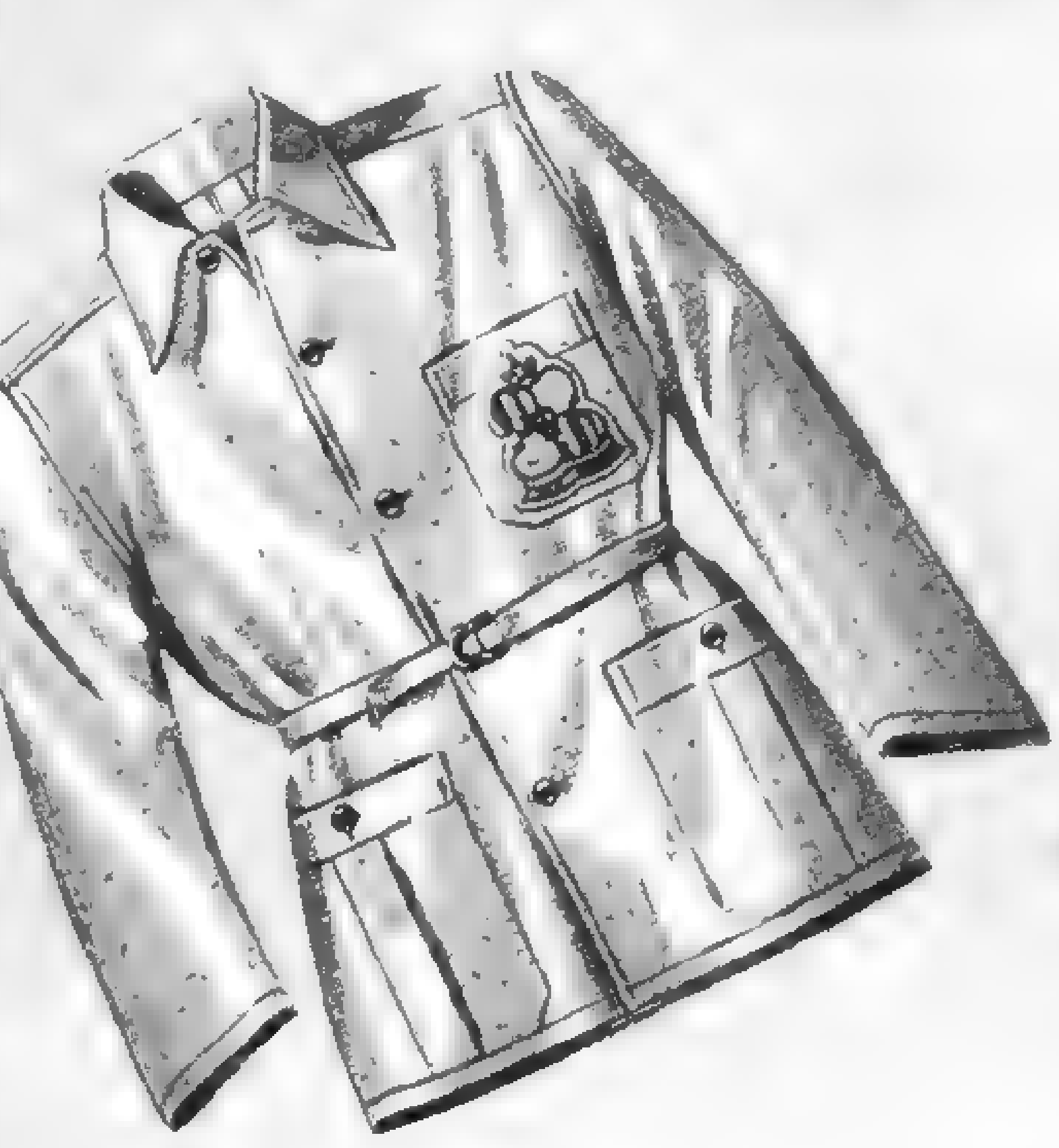


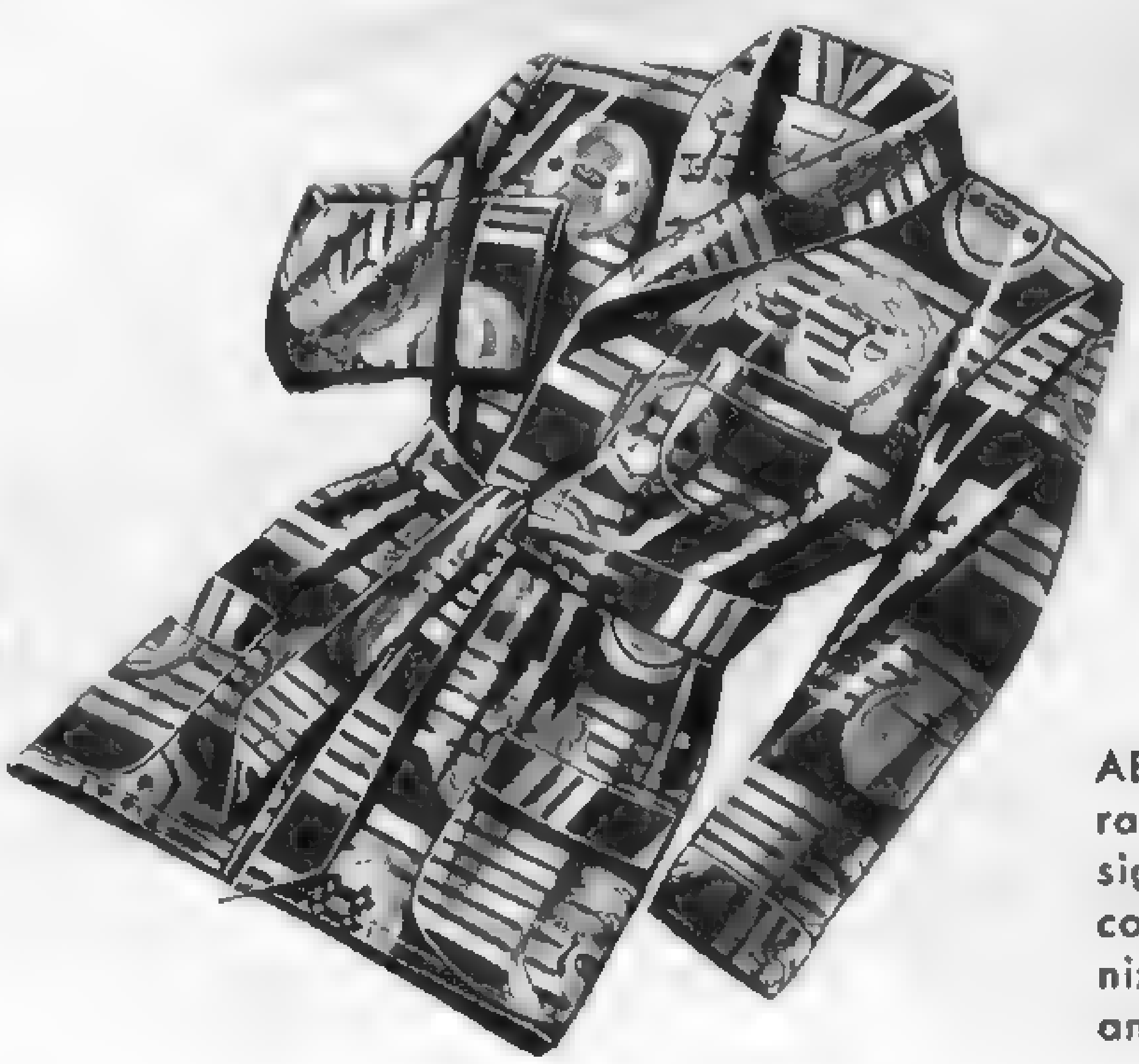
RIGHT—Pull-Over Sports Shirt to match Trunks on figure at right. Smart for sports of all sorts. Coconut fibre buttons . **$5**



BELOW—Bush Jacket to match the Beach Robe. Also has Royal Hawaiian Crest on breast pocket. Coconut fibre buttons, **$5**

BELOW—Cocktail Jacket to match Trunks on figure at right. Smart for beach or club lounging. Coconut fibre buttons . **$8.50**





ABOVE—Beach Robe of luxurious Silk-and-Cotton Tweed in Natural Tan with colorful Royal Hawaiian Crest on breast pocket. Wrap-around model, **$10.50** Swimming Trunks are patterned Brown-and-Tan Fuji Silk, specially lined. Tailored to fit snugly and comfortably . **$5**

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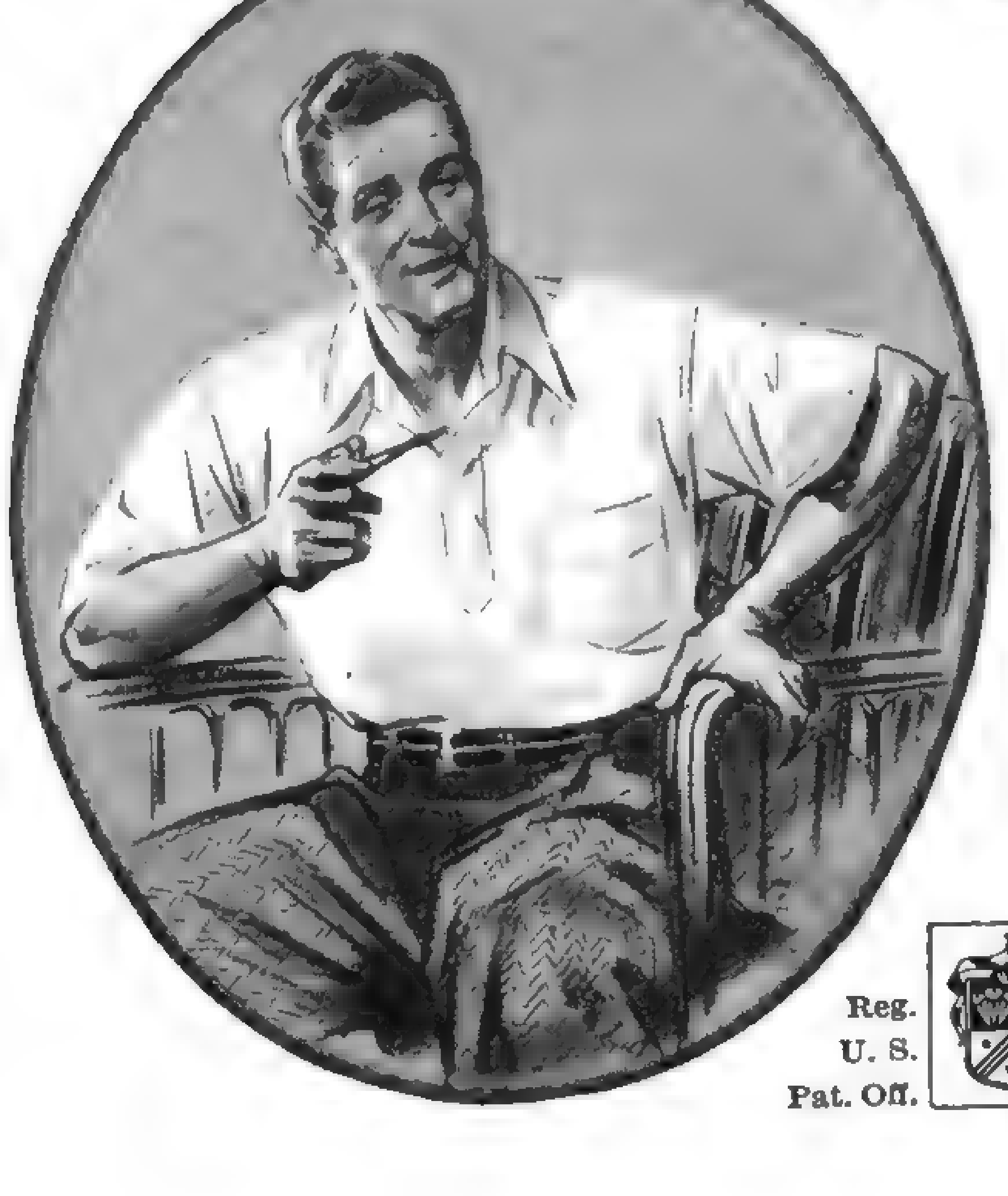

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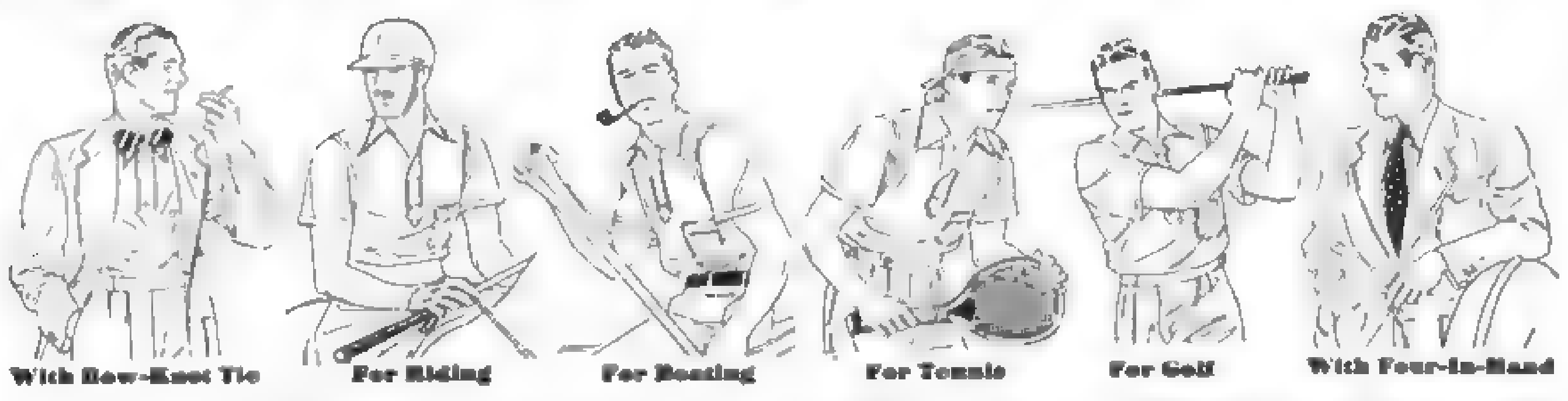

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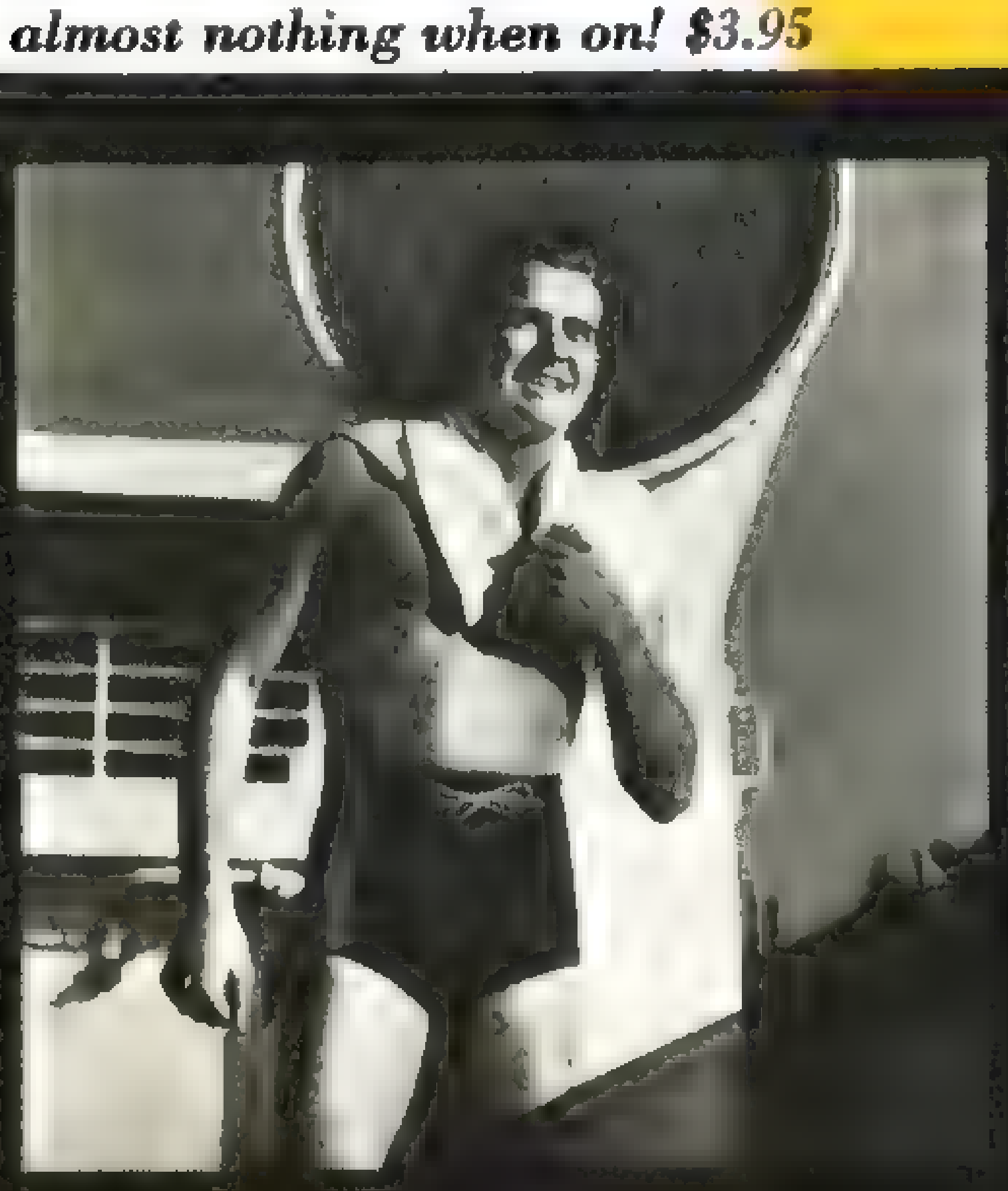
Gob Wikies . . *satin Lastex, bow trim. Weigh almost nothing when on! $3.95*



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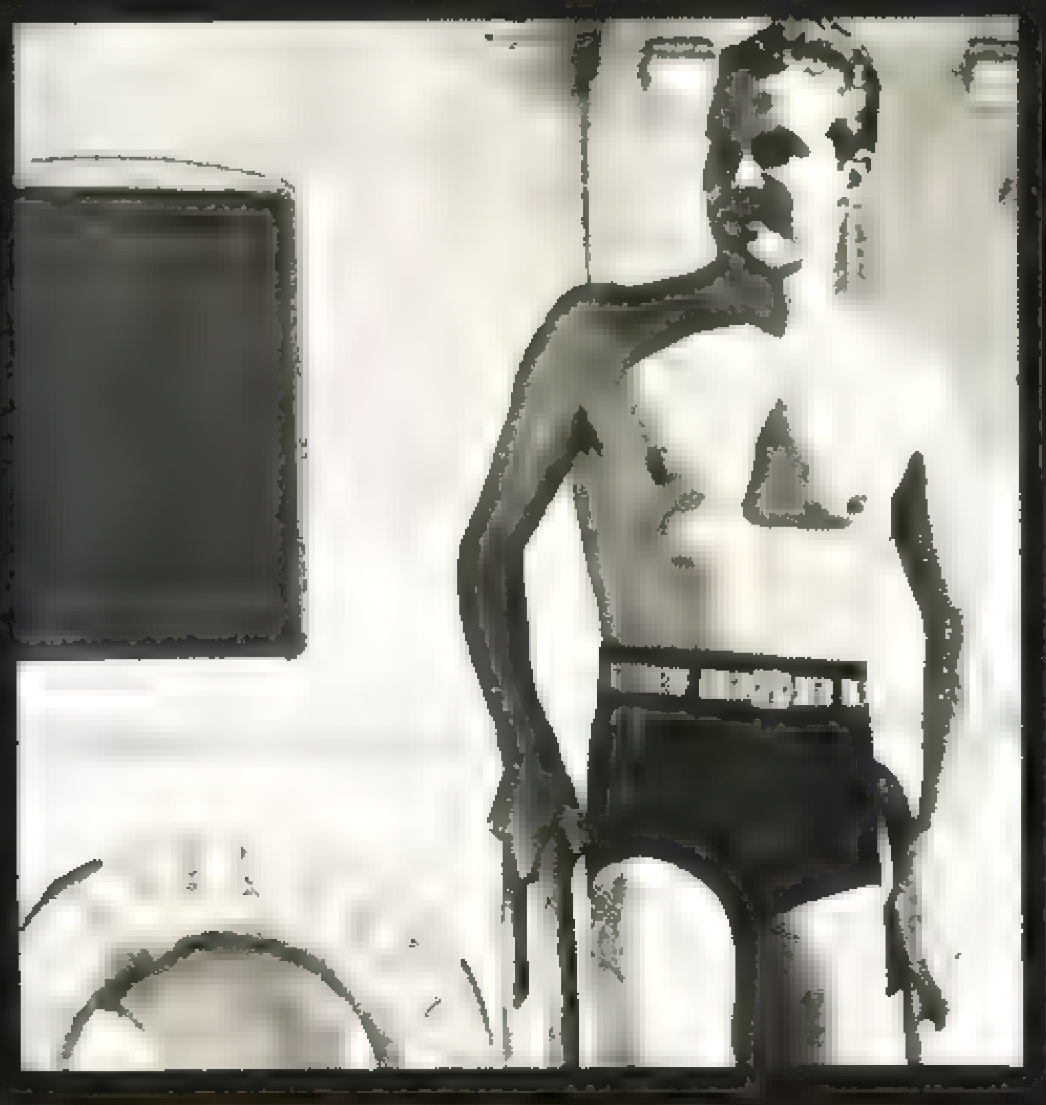

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Stadler & Stadler

Good taste in clothes is inherent in men who recognize and appreciate quality and exclusiveness—who instinctively select the best in all they possess.

Tailoring good clothes needs an understanding of the fine art in designing so as to skillfully reveal the salient good points of the figure.

Tropical weight clothes become important—and imperative—with the coming of hot weather, affording a man genuine pleasure and comfort.

Stadler & Stadler continue to design and produce clothes with skill and knowledge, the result of long experience.

STADLER & STADLER

TAILORS AND BREECHES MAKERS
666 FIFTH AVENUE—NEAR 53rd STREET
NEW YORK

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

THE PEOPLE'S "CHERCE"

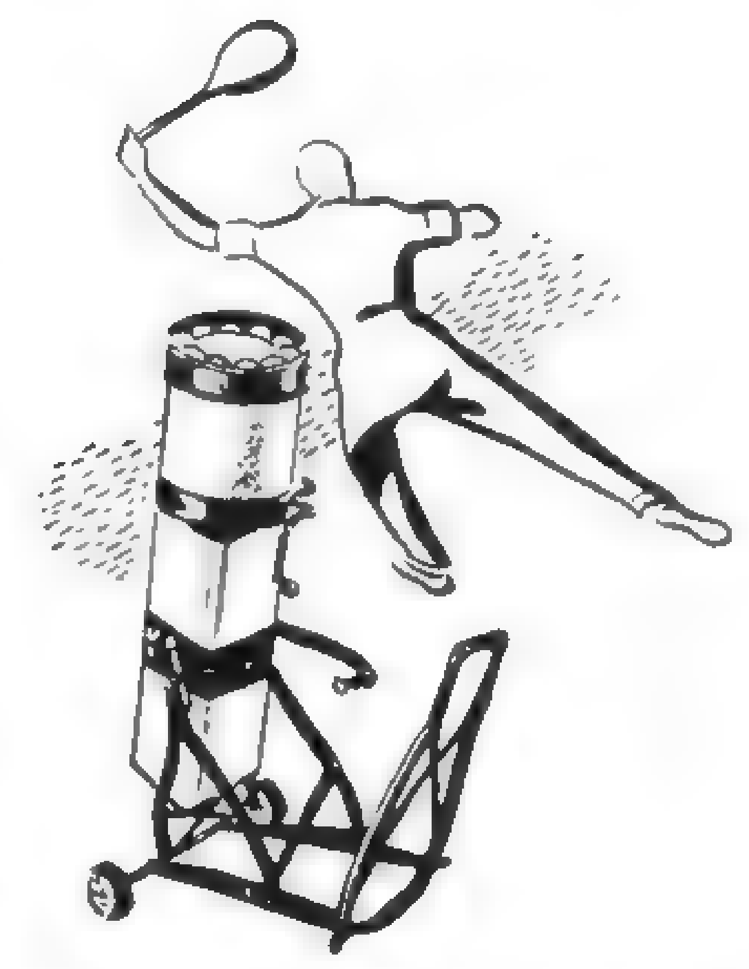
Gary Cooper, of Samuel Goldwyn's "Marco Polo" fame, has been selected by Norman Rockwell, noted artist and illustrator, as the epitome of the typical American man. "Mr. Cooper has the quietness which inevitably stamps a personality, and in addition, is an interesting, down-to-earth, well poised human being." Let that be a lesson to you, boys.

Ginger Rogers, RKO's star, gets the palm for being the woman whose style of dressing best exemplifies the typical American Girl. Better throw away your wardrobe, Maude, and begin over.

And for the second time in as many years, Madeleine Carroll, currently starring in Walter Wanger's "The Adventuress," has been selected in Columbia University undergraduate poll, as the "most desirable companion on a desert island." Miss Carroll has blue eyes, blonde hair, a swell figger, speaks French and has a husband. Figure it out for yourself. And by the way, who would *you* like to be marooned with? (English teacher's revision) With *whom* would you like to be marooned. Write Ranger.

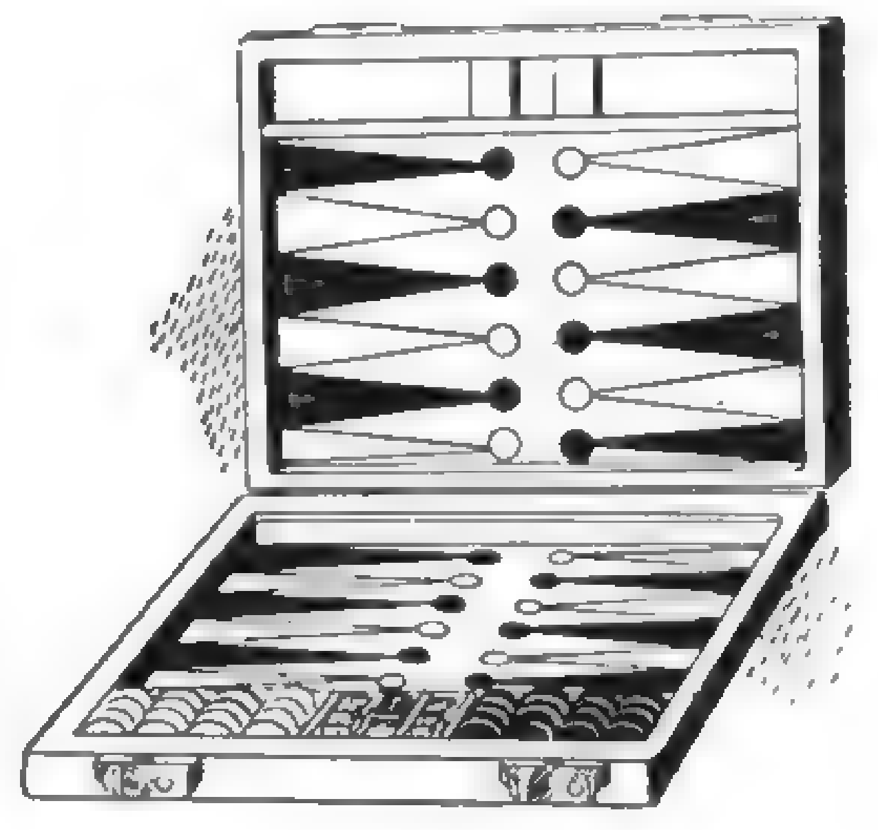
BEAU POURRI

In Victorian times, when swains came a-wooing, the couple were permitted the luxury of the seldom-used parlor made musty from mohair and heavy draperies. To alleviate the mustiness and to create a setting more conducive to romance, the maiden uncovered the pot pourri jar before her beau's arrival. The aromatic mixture of dried flower blossoms and herbs which it contained, soon wafted its spicy-sweet fragrance in the air. Though Victorian parlors and, alas "courting" are passé, the Beau Pourri is not. Smart hostesses, we discover upon our metropolitan rounds, have revived the pourri jar as an anti-dote for smoke laden rooms, or for redolent cuisinery. You buy these purifiers in ivory-toned ceramic jars of classic design... and a better hostess gift we know not.



TENNIS BY ELECTRICITY

Modern invention is rapidly developing anti-social aspects... first we have one-man bridge, and now one-man tennis. No longer any need to pick up an opponent, this is taken care of in the form of the tennis robot, an electrically operated machine for teaching tennis, or for actual practice and play. The machine, which we have sketched for you, can be rolled to any position on the court and placed in the same position on the court that the human player would be to make the same shot. The robot can be set to play a regular game to suit your own speed, mixing drives, drop shots and lobs to all corners of the court, or in one second you can change it to repeat any shot accurately. The ball is stroked with a special racket strung with regular tennis gut strings. You can see the striking arm swing back and then forward to strike the ball so that you can time your own return. The ball hopper holds over 60 balls in one filling and they are hit every 4½ seconds... about 800 an hour. With the robot you get about 60 feet of rubber covered extension cable, tool kit, water-proof cover and 6 dozen balls. Country clubs are ordering robots, as well as individual tennis addicts.



BACKGAMMON AS YOU GO

Adult Game Dept. advises us that backgammon is enjoying a revival. In order to make it easy for itinerants to continue this particular branch of dice throwing, a shop in town has designed a portable set covered in airplane linen or colored leatherette to match modern luggage. The case, (9x12x2) which is an integral part of the set, has an unusual new feature, viz. built-in compartments for the "men," 2 prs. of dice and doubling die. Dice cups unbutton and flatten out in a trick way so as to fit into the case when it's on the road.

All set for a
PERFECT week end
24-12 OZ. CANS
"KEGLINED"
Schaefer
Schaefer
LIGHT BEER
Schaefer
FINE BEER
New York N.Y.
LIGHT BEER
UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION
MEMBER
OUR HAND HAS NEVER LOST ITS SKILL

Schaefer

BEER AT ITS BEST

ON DRAUGHT . . . IN BOTTLES . . . IN CANS

TUNE IN . . . WEAF 7:30 P. M. *every Thursday to the Schaefer Revue featuring Leo Reisman and Company.*

THE F. & M. SCHAEFER BREWING COMPANY, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK . . . MEMBER BREWERS' BOARD OF TRADE, INC.

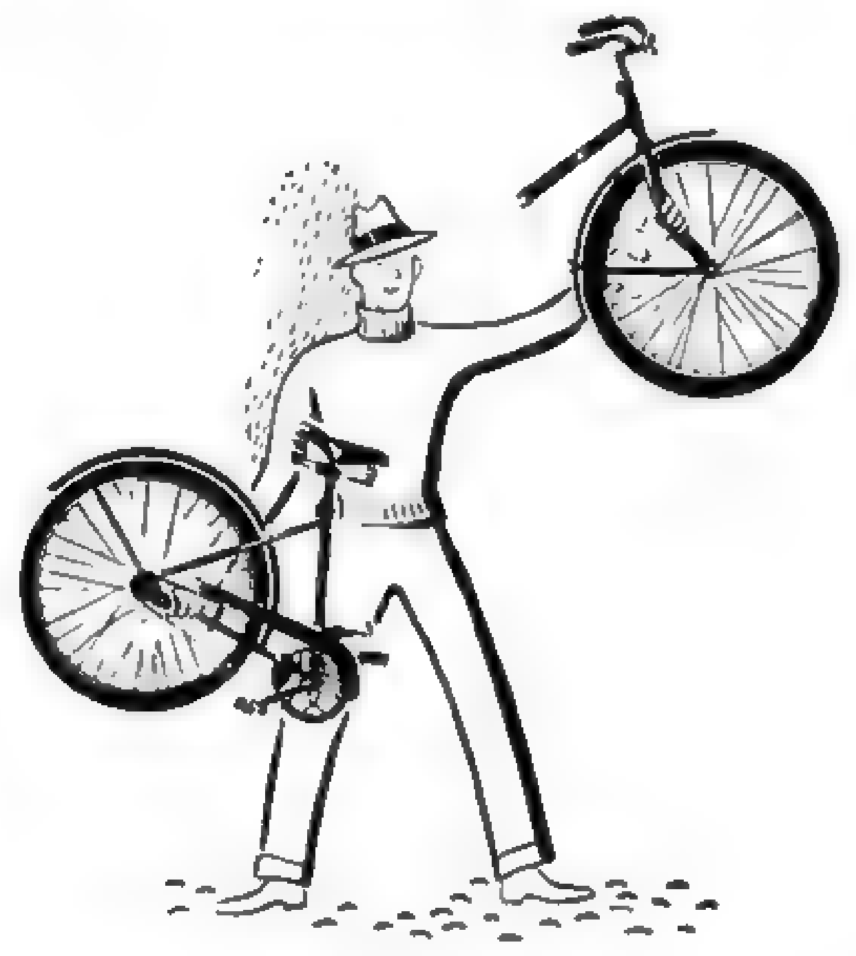
BROOKS BROTHERS' SPORT SHIRTS for Golf, Tennis, Beach or general country wear, present a choice of many different styles and materials, ranging from $2 to $12. Half-sleeved shirts illustrated: Allen Solly shirt in blue and white stripes, $7, and Brooks Brothers' India Print, $8. Others in gabardine or linen.

BANDANNAS are one of the most useful articles in the entire wardrobe. They may be worn with country clothes as belts, neckerchiefs, or pocket handkerchiefs. At Brooks Brothers they are imported from England in a wide choice of colors and patterns. In different sizes, $1.75 to $9.

BROOKS BROTHERS' COUNTRY SHOES of reverse calf and buckskin first introduced these styles and leathers to this country many years ago. They continue today to set the highest standards of appearance, materials and workmanship. They may be had in many different models, including our celebrated plain-toed white buckskins, $13 to $17, and our oxford in brown reverse calf, $16.

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
NEW YORK • BOSTON
MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET • BOSTON
NUMBER ONE WALL STREET • NEW YORK

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



BICYCLE BUILT IN TWO

You can now buy a full sized bike which folds in half so that it can be packed into a rumble seat, stowed away in a closet, taken on a train, bus or boat. No tools are needed to put the bike together or take it apart . . . the frame, by a simple turn, breaks apart for packing, then locks securely together when you're ready for riding. The de luxe model is geared for *two* speeds, one for level and downhill paths, the other for up hill runs, and there are two brakes, a coaster and a hand brake. We know several commuters who use bicycles, keeping down their middle aged rotundas by cycling to and from the train. When it rains, the bike packs neatly into a cab, easy as wink.

BICYCLE COMPASS

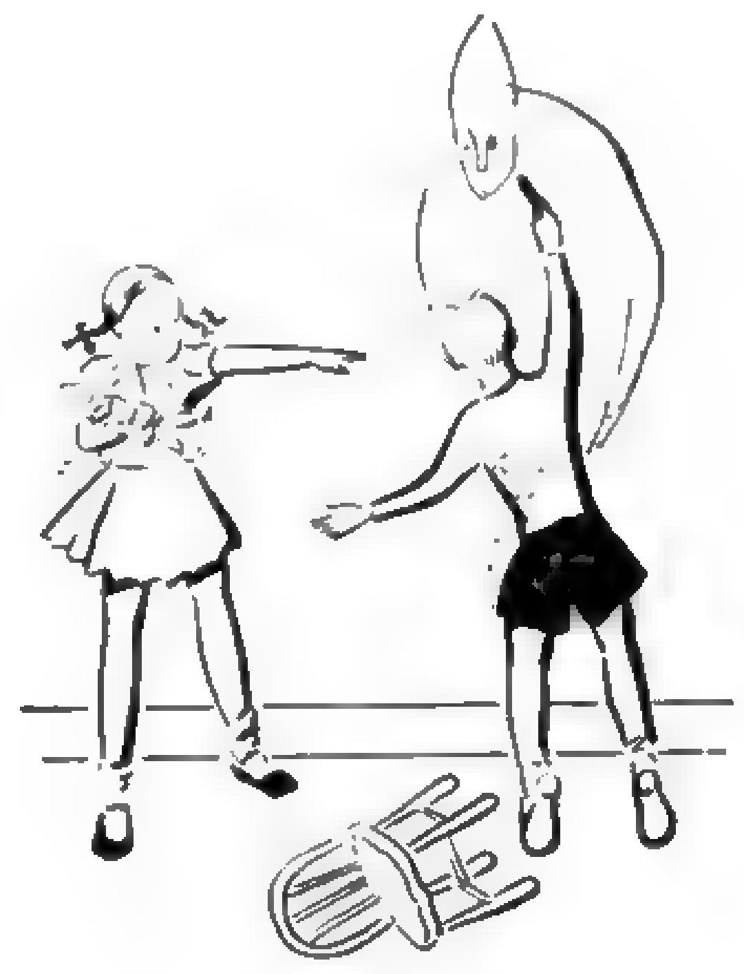
Sort of handy to know in which direction you are headed when out on a cycle tour, so you get a compass which looms up on the handle bars. It's an accurate instrument, case and stem in chrome, dial which pivots on a sapphire bearing.

CHINESE FAN

. . . (movie, not merchandise) has sent RKO's Chester Morris a teakwood tea chest with a polite note asking for "one or perhaps two autographed pictures of film stars which the writer can auction in Hong Kong at favorable prices which will be entirely contributed to a fund to relieve the suffering of Shanghai's noncombatants." The Chinese gentleman is due for a pleasant surprise. Morris is securing, besides his own photos, autographed pictures from Anne Shirley, Lee Patrick, Walter Abel and each member of the cast of RKO's "Law of the Underworld." All will go to the Hong Kong auctioneer.

ELIXIR OF LIFE FOR LEATHER

Maybe your book bindings are crumbling with age, your leather furniture cracking or splitting, your luggage scuffed or scaled. They probably need a conditioner. Genuine leather is an organic substance, an animal hide which has been transformed by the tanning process into saddlery, boots, etc. The preservation depends upon the periodical restoration of necessary oils which exposure to the air removes. Which brings us to the new fluid which rapidly penetrates the leather surface and does a shot in the arm job on the leather. You buy the elixir in bottles.



WONDERFUL, WASHABLE WALLPAPER

If you are the kind of modern parent who pursues a "laissez faire" policy toward Little Junior and his roguish tricks, better have your "home sweet home" done in washable wallpaper. Then if the little lad playfully decorates your dining room paper with jam, or gives vent to self expression by drawing the seven dwarfs in crayon on the living room wall, you need have no cause for alarm. Soap and water or cleaning fluid will remove the whole damnable evidence, leaving the wallpaper in its pristine state. Furthermore the paper is lightfast, which means not only are the colors fast, but the paper itself is protected by an opaque lightfast coating. Designs in this washable product are striking, and there are 2000, count them folks, 2000, put out every year. You can have large, exotic tropical flowers meandering casually over your dining room walls; you can have marine paper, sail boats, pennants, fish and nets done in bold poster technique . . . perfect for your summer home; you can have your living room done in slim, towering bamboo stalks, oyster white against a silver background; you can do the library in wallpaper that so successfully simulates knotted pine, walnut or old English oak, that you can fairly feel the splinters! You can go in for architectural paper, columns, cornices, plinths, etc., or scenic paper depicting the quaint charm of a New England village, church and all.

Country club at home—

If you are the landed proprietor of a patch of lawn 24 ft. by 40 ft., you can have a Badminton court on the home grounds—and unlimited exercise and excitement for players or spectators. And there are Lawn Bowls or Croquet for the elders, Deck Tennis, Miniten, Hi-Li and Paddle Tennis for the young and exuberant. These games take little space, pay big dividends in pleasure. See them on our Play Hours floor now!

Badminton Set **$22.50**
For doubles. Includes 4 good quality, Indian silk strung rackets, 5 standard shuttlecocks, sturdy posts and 22 ft. net. Packed in a durable box. Other sets up to $47.50.

"Play Hours" is an inspiring catalog of games, equipment and accessories for more enjoyable summer living. Copy on request.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World
MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET, NEW YORK

WORLD'S FINEST CINE CAMERA
for world's finest graduates

Bolex
paillard

BOLEX, the Motion Picture Camera critical amateurs have acclaimed as outsanding among all Cine equipment designed for personal movies.

Model H-16, with Leitz Hektor Rapid, f/1.4 lens in micrometer focusing mount, $295.00. With Meyer Primoplan, f/1.5 lens in micrometer focusing mount, $275.00. Cowhide Case, $25.00.

This year's crop of graduates, according to those who know, are the keenest ever turned out by our universities and colleges. To these bright young people, we present BOLEX, the "professional" 16mm Motion Picture Camera. Aside from the better pictures that it makes, due to its fine lens and focal plane shutter, BOLEX provides such professional screen characteristics as lap dissolves, superimpositions, slow motion, fades, forward and reverse action by hand-crank and many others. Proud Parents, see BOLEX at all fine photographic shops . . . and you will agree that BOLEX, as a graduation gift, will assure pride of ownership and will be a continuous reminder, during many years to come, of these happy days for the world's finest graduates.

(Write for Catalogue, E-2)

AMERICAN BOLEX CO., Inc., 155 EAST 44th STREET, NEW YORK

GIVE A MAN A RARE GIFT — AN OFFERING HE WILL APPRECIATE ON FATHER'S DAY

Bisquit COGNAC BRANDY

Each mellow drop of Bisquit is rich in flavor—its delicate, inviting bouquet carries all through a tall, cool "Brandy and Soda". Bisquit's excellence is the result of the traditions of centuries of Cognac making in the heart of the Cognac district in France.

★ ★ ★

TRY THESE HOT WEATHER SUGGESTIONS

***Bisquit* BRANDY FIZZ**

Put ½ fresh cut lemon into small mixing glass and squeeze with a muddler. Add 1 dessert spoonful powdered sugar, 1 jigger Bisquit Brandy, cracked ice. Shake well, strain into small lemonade glass and fill with soda.

***Bisquit* BRANDY JULEP**

In a large thin glass, dissolve a lump of sugar in a little water. Add 4 sprigs of fresh mint, cracked ice, 1 jigger Bisquit Brandy; stir well. Fill glass with fine ice and decorate with pineapple, strawberries and few sprigs fresh mint. Serve with straws.

***Bisquit* BRANDY SMASH**

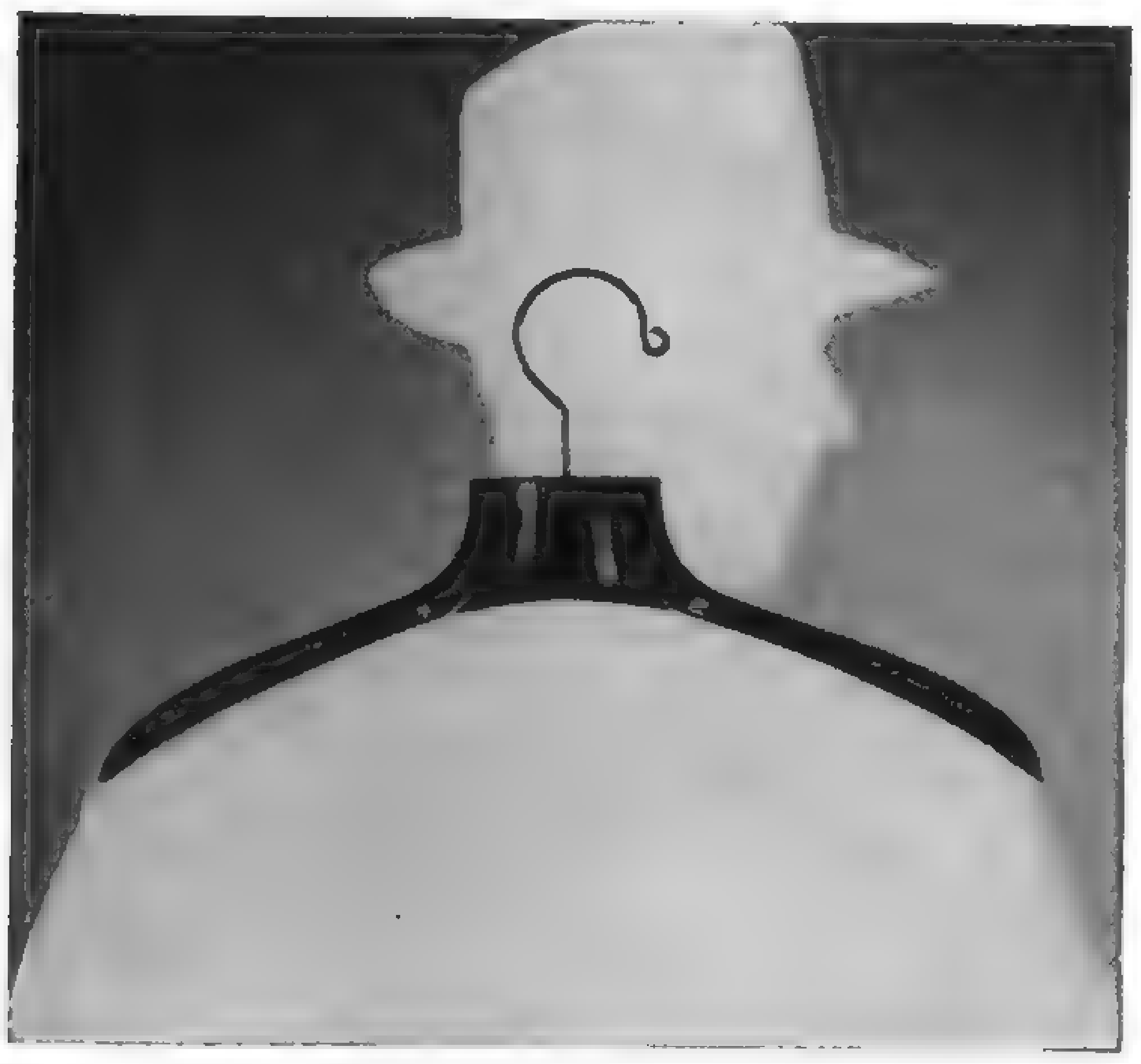
In an Old Fashioned toddy glass dissolve a lump of sugar in a little water. Add small amount of mint crushed with muddler; 1 good jigger Bisquit Brandy and a lump of ice. Stir well with Bar spoon.

84
PROOF

COGNAC
FEDERAL LAW FORBIDS
Bisquit
Bisquit Dubouché & Co
COGNAC
PRODUCT OF FRANCE

Bisquit
COGNAC BRANDY
G. H. MUMM CHAMPAGNE (S. V. C. S.) & ASSOCIATES, INC.
New York, N. Y.

The Hanger That's Shaped Like A Man



Protects Your Suits from

HANGER-HANGOVER

BELMAR HANGERS—used by fine tailors—guarantee to keep gentlemen's coats in faultless condition. Sculptured to the contour of a man's shoulders, they keep your clothing free from bulges, ridges, and wrinkles. Send for a supply today. In smooth black enamel: coat hangers per dozen, $11.75; suit hangers with rod for trousers, $12.75.

LEWIS & CONGER

New York's Leading Housewares Store

45th Street & 6th Avenue • New York, N. Y.
VAnderbilt 3-0571

INTRODUCTION TO THE NEW ST. REGIS WINE LIST

It has been the purpose of The St. Regis to make its new wine list the finest in the United States. The wines have been selected through an exhaustive series of competitive "blind" tastings by experts. We believe that by this means we have made it impossible to find in The St. Regis cellars a single bottle that is not an honest and well-chosen example of its type. We know that our low price wine policy makes it impossible for our guests to pay more than a very moderate price for any wine listed.

THE St. Regis

Fifth Avenue at 55th Street • New York

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

FURNITURE IN SUMMER DRESS

Outdoor furniture is getting more interesting all the time. This year it has outdone itself in smartness and *comfort*, a point that was usually lacking in those little iron models. Take the new *health* furniture, for instance, designed for use around swimming pools and terraces which are exposed to the sun. Its tubular construction makes it heat-resisting, and fuddermore, it is made to fit the curves of the body. Most iron furniture is softly upholstered these days, one set of woven wire and wrought iron has cushions covered in a material which may be left out in the elements without damage. Nor need your iron furniture be only iron-colored, or white. Now it blossoms out in pastel shades; tables with glass tops, pastel chairs covered in sprightly chintz.

CABANA FURNITURE

Beach stuff runs to rattan this season and very peachy it is. For beach lollers there's a rattan backgammon board (cork playing surface) just 12 inches high. You don't need to sit on the sand . . . the board has nifty rattan chairs with sunfast webbing backs and seats . . . comfy and lowdown.

BEACH ROLL FOR TWO

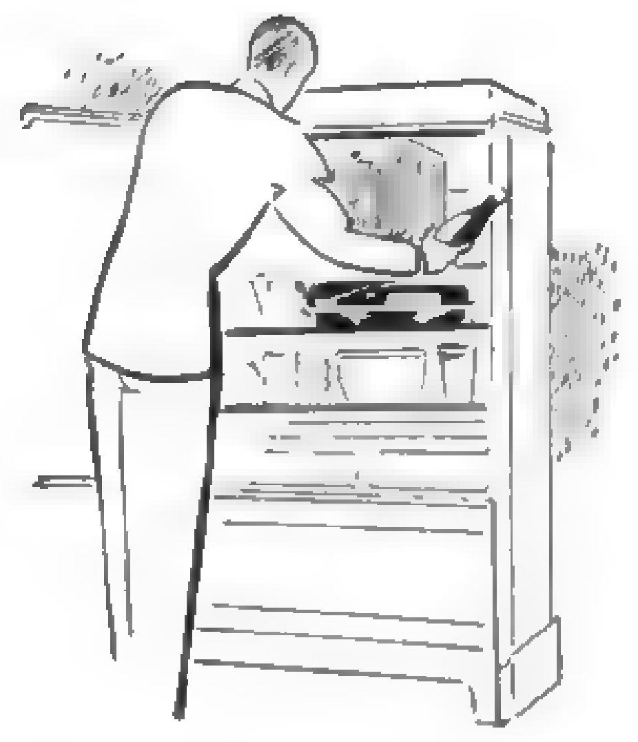
In order to promote conviviality on the sands, there is now a *double* beach roll . . . a frame of rattan and the padded face of the roll in striking Turkish toweling. With it goes a folding beach roll table which you whip open come lunch time. Makes a nice thing of it "just you and she, beside the sea," etc.

WEIGHTED UMBRELLAS

You know how those umbrella tables are . . . up comes a hurricane and over they go. Newest ones are heavily weighted at the bottom and supposed to withstand a swift breeze. A fussy feature on one of the new umbrella tables is to have the umbrella lined with chintz to match the rattan and chintz upholstered chairs.

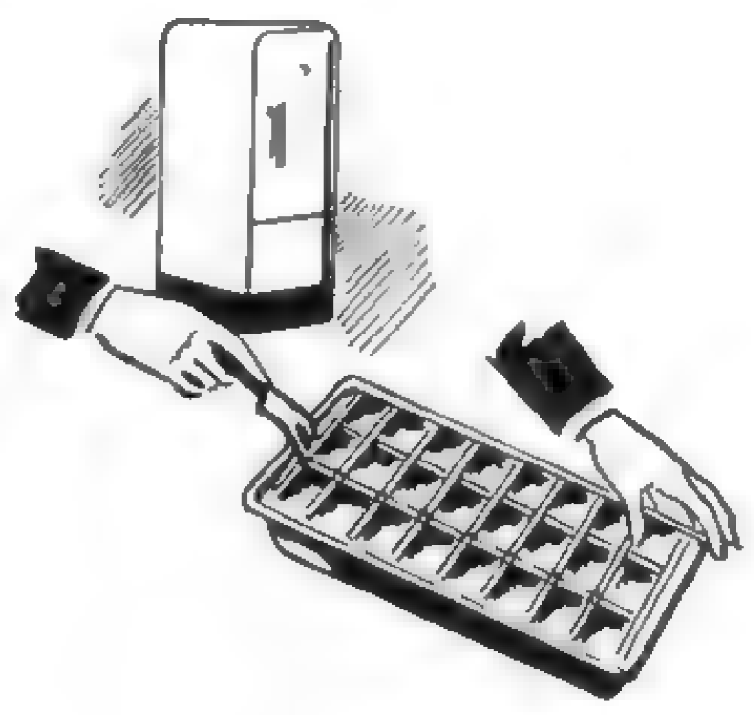
"THE OLD FAMILY TOOTHBRUSH" . . . ELECTRIFIED

Nowadays the whole family uses the same toothbrush *holder*, but each member has his or her individual brush which is neatly fitted in when ready to scrub. Handle of brush is plugged into AC current . . . and you're off! Little round brush revolves around 7200 brush strokes a minute with that same buzz and efficient motion that dentists recommend.



ELECTRICAL LOVE NEST

That species of femininity clept "house wife" certainly gets a break these days due to the ingenuity of the electrical gadget manufacturers. The new electric refrigerators, dishwashing machines and stoves do practically everything but mind the baby. Modern ice boxes, though lacking that proverbial attachment, The Ice Man, have divers other attachments to compensate . . . finger tip latches, which enable you to flip open a heavy door with a touch of the finger; sliding shelves which bring the rear of the shelf to the front; interior lights, 12 freezing speeds, sliding vegetable pans and baskets, drawer containers to hold your foods; bottle width chillers (glass trays which fit under the freezing compartment holding 5 bottles for chilling), ice trays with lever action, a downward pressure on the extractor lever frees cubes 2 at a time and so on. And the dish washers . . . a turn of the switch and a whole day's dishes are washed and dried in 10 minutes.



PHOTOGRAPHIC FABRICS

How would you like to have a photograph of your sloop reproduced on the draperies in your study? Or that snapshot you took of the Parthenon, made into handsome murals in your hallway? Can be done, friends. A woman has developed a special process whereby you can have photographic enlargements made from your own photographs, scaled to your dimensions. They can be reproduced on almost any fabric, satin, linen, cotton, etc., and in black and white, sepia or colors. We've seen charming murals of people's own gardens, or a special group of trees on the old homestead; we've seen rare old prints enlarged and reproduced on screens, you can even have your own pets immortalized.

THREE DAGGER
FINEST OLD
Jamaica
Rum
10 YEARS OLD
J. WRAY & NEPHEW, LTD.

97
PROOF

†††Dagger

JAMAICA RUM

Famous for flavour the world over . . .

10 YEARS OLD!

Also

DAGGER PUNCH
JAMAICA RUM
8 YEARS OLD

Darker in color, with the same rich flavour

97 PROOF

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

GOOD PHOTOGRAPHERS DON'T DEPEND ON LUCK!

If you take pride in your photographic achievements and seek greater perfection in your hobby, don't gamble with your printing and developing. Many fine photographs are ruined in the dark room.

CAMERA GUIDE has shown many men how to obtain professional results with their cameras, and will gladly do the same for you. Bring in your printing and developing work to us together with your technical problems. We will bring forth the finest and most delicate details that your negatives possess. You will receive free our expert criticism and suggestions to help you improve your skill.

CAMERA GUIDE is under the supervision of a well-known commercial and illustrative photographer, and a staff of technical advisors.

We do not conduct a school, but we do give professional advice to those that desire it. If you are looking for a photographic service that will enhance your art and craftsmanship, bring your next batch of negatives to us.

CAMERA GUIDE

192 Lexington Ave., New York — Caledonia 5-3070-1

ESQUIRE READERS—MAKE THIS TEST!

ZEPHYR—THE FIRST AND ONLY ROTARY SHAVER

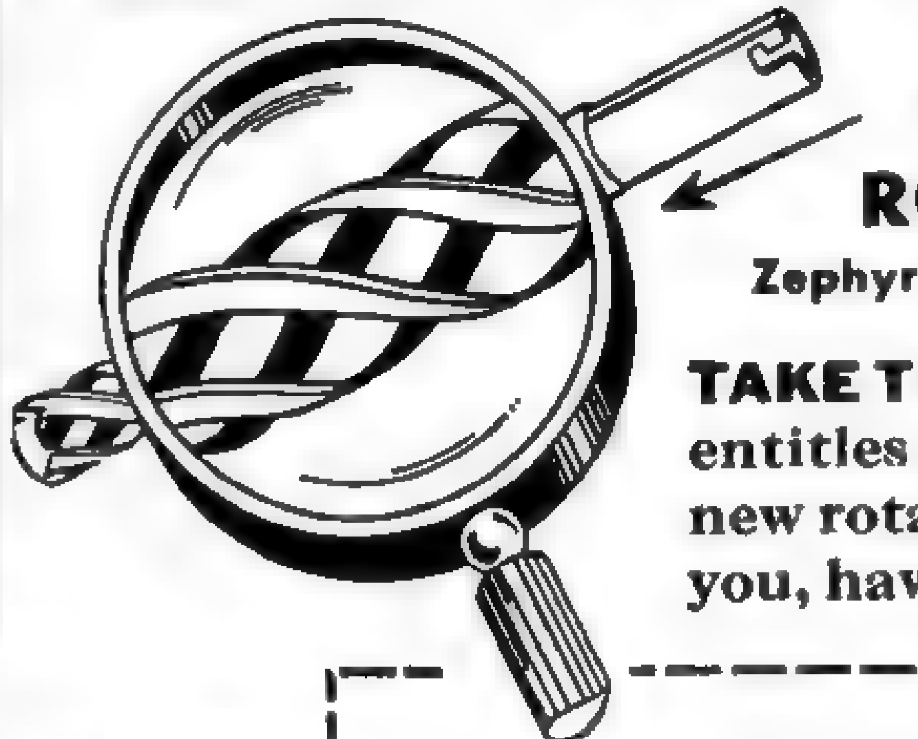
Entirely NEW Principle Ends Practice Period—Assures Finest Performance the First Time—and Every Time

SOUNDS GOOD? Man, it's *perfected* electric shaving—a brand-new principle that gives you the cleanest, friendliest shave you've had.

It's not a "clipper-type" shaver. We discarded all the old ideas; made the Zephyr with rotary *blade action*—blade whirls 266 times a second...pre-set at the right cutting angle...protected by a shielding guard. It can't chop, pull, or irritate even the tenderest skin.

The Zephyr Shaver is simple to use. Just plug it in—hold it flat against your face—your whiskers vanish like magic! Remember—nothing shaves like a blade!

$15.00
Rich Brown Bakelite



Here are the ROTARY BLADES
Zephyr is not a "clipper-type" shaver

TAKE THIS COUPON to your dealer today—it entitles you to a three weeks' free trial of this new rotary shaver. If your dealer cannot supply you, have him order it at once. Delivery in 72 hrs.

FILL OUT TEST COUPON NOW!

I think you've got something there! Let me try this new Zephyr Rotary Shaver in my own home for three weeks, with no obligation on my part.

Name____________________

Address____________________

Dealer's Name & Address____________________

Note to Retailers: If you cannot supply a Zephyr Shaver, send this coupon with your order as authorization for your Customer's Test.

ZEPHYR SHAVER CORP. • 92 GOLD STREET, N. Y. C.

ZEPHYR
TRADEMARK REG.
rotary shaver

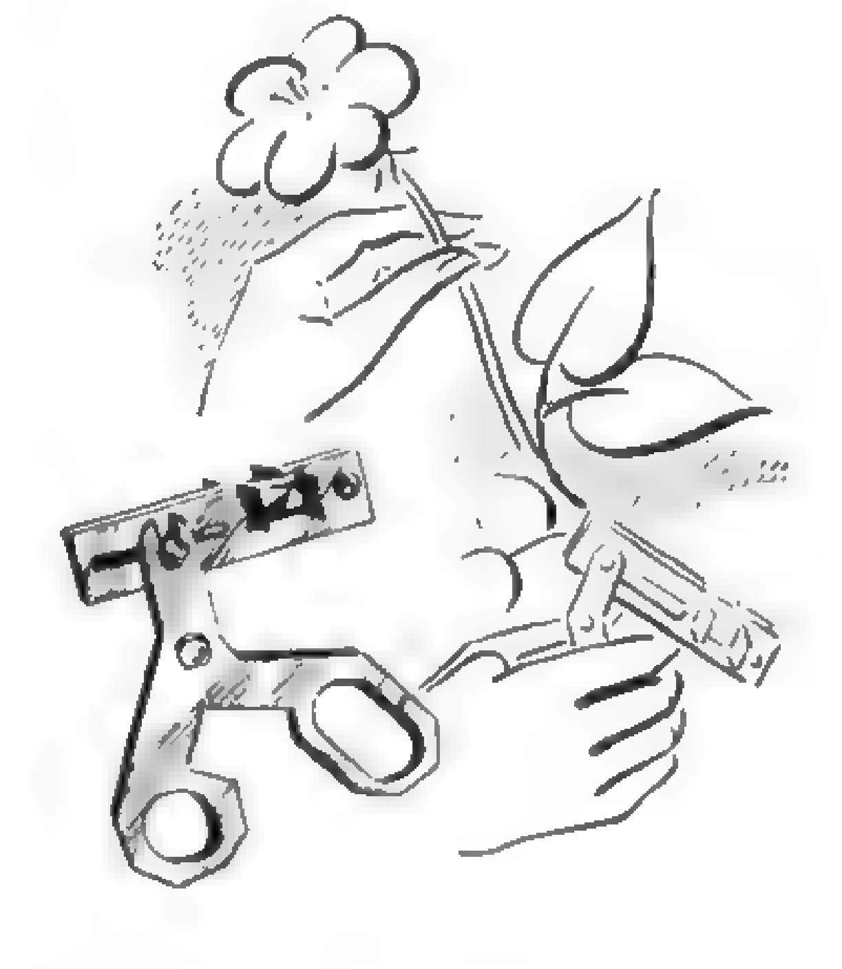
The Air-Conditioned
ST. REGIS ROOF
offers at Dinner and Supper
LA REVUE DIRECTOIRE
Costumes Inspired by Paquin of Paris
JOSEPH RINES AND HIS ORCHESTRA
RAUL AND EVA REYES, PAN-AMERICAN DANCERS
JULES LANDÉ with Ensemble during Luncheon
Luncheon $2.00...Special Summer Dinner $3.50
Our new wine policy makes it impossible to pay more than a very moderate price for any wine listed.
Call Lawrence at Plaza 3-4500 for reservations
HOTEL ST. REGIS

THE PEOPLE YOU'LL MEET AT THE *RITZ
Smart people in all walks of life—who, in their choice of rest and resort entertainment, want nothing short of smart—naturally come to the *Ritz!
Tariff—$4.50 SINGLE • $7.00 DOUBLE
Daily European Plan
Merry-Go-Round
GRILL
With EDDY BRADD and His ORCHESTRA
RITZ-CARLTON
ATLANTIC CITY
*America's Smartest Resort Hotel

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

ONE MAN CONTRACT

One of Society's major irritations is the effort involved trying to roundup a table of bridge. You and your wife start out with a desire to play; after much telephoning you get a third . . . but finding a fourth consumes half the evening and by that time you wish you'd never started. All this strain is now alleviated . . . you can play a swell game of contract . . . BUT ALONE. You play with a board . . . all cards are concealed except yours. After you bid you open the slide of "Bidder" and check on whether your bid was correct. Then you check on other bids by opening the other slides. You then proceed to try to make your contract against the world's best players. Your solitaire bridge checks every play you make from your hand or dummy . . . any mistake is instantly caught. You can buy groups of fascinating deals for advanced players, or an instruction series for beginners. Fred MacMurray, who has always refused to play bridge, was introduced to the game by the Yacht Club Boys, now appearing with him in Paramount's "Cocoanut Grove." Fred is so lucky at playing "one man bridge" that he is now a contract addict . . . but only when he can play by himself.

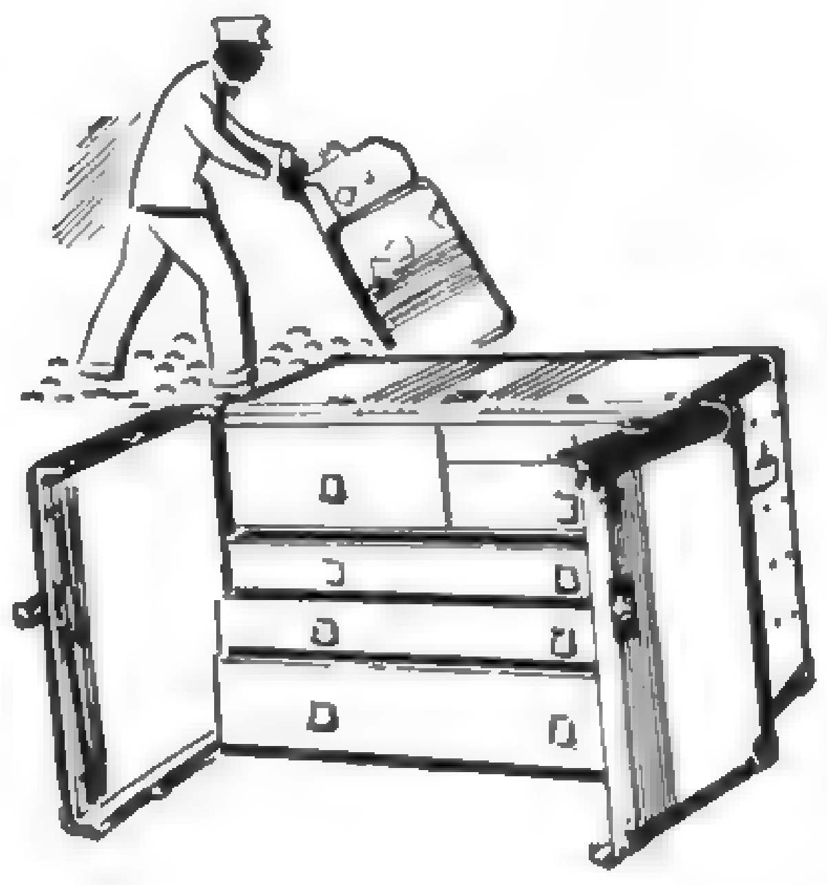


FLOWER CUTTER-UPPER

Flowers wilt because they cannot absorb water fast enough, botanists tell us. Oftimes, an inexperienced cutter will gnaw off the stems in a brutal fashion, crushing or clogging them. Now this trick pair of chromium shears make a clean, sharp, slicing cut at the proper angle of the stem, thus allowing said flower to fairly gorge itself with aqua pura.

GLASS MATS

Have you seen those glass table mats? Not solid sheets of glass, but rows of narrow glass tubes which look like glass sippers banded together with cellophane cords. People are buying them for their terraces and summer homes. Folding wooden mats are also in order . . . narrow strips of polished wood in alternating colors. They fold up into the smallest space, but unfurled they're 9 x 14. No laundry bills with any of these new gadgets.



BUREAU TRUNK

If you're sending the little woman away for the entire summer (so that you can catch up on a few extra curriculars) the least you can do is to buy her one of the newest type trunks. Idea is, that instead of standing up and down, this one goes horizontal like, from side to side, like a bureau. In a hotel room devoid of adequate storing space, she can use the top for a table, and keep her clothes packed in the ample drawer space.

CANDID CAMERA ADDENDA

There's a new shop in town selling only *accessories* for candid cameras. These specialists can extend the uses of any amateur camera by many new, ingenious attachments such as tripod, set of filters, fine grain developing or needle sharp enlargements. If you own a good camera, get in the semi-pro shutter pushers' league with up to date accessories. Shop also runs a rental library of photographic books, which, we understand is the only venture of its kind.

AFTER GRADUATION, WHAT?

Time was, when our institutions of learning disgorged their annual quota of Graduates, the gals took to teaching and the boys sold life insurance or essayed to be customers' men. Then came the retailing era. Stores got so full of college degrees, that a guy had to have a major in trigonometry plus Greek to sell shoe laces. Now the kids want to be photographic models, usually with the idea that this is an avenue of approach to stage and screen. There's a new school in town which enables them to get started in this field without laying all their cash on the line. *Free* test pictures are made, and a representation, gratis, in an album which is circulated among artists and photographers. The school also has a "cast" service, similar to that of Central Casting in California. Illustrators and photographers are asked to submit a weekly chart regarding men and girls needed for forthcoming work. Modeling is plenty lucrative if "you're the type."

Ranger

. . . . who makes the big profits out of national advertising?

The profits earned by efficient national advertising are admittedly great, but just who receives the favors it so wonderfully bestows? Is it these: the magazines, the newspapers, the radio, the outdoor display companies, the car card organizations, the printers, the makers of signs?

Or these: the advertising managers of manufacturers and retailers, the advertising agents, the publication space salesmen, the radio talent, the typographers, artists, designers, and the like?

Well, surely the earnings of any of the above, depending solely on the brilliance of the individual performance, may reach the proportions of staggering amounts. Why, in a single good year, the various advertising mediums alone have rung up a joint total volume of two billion dollars.

And, to the tune of the round, annual number of one million souls, does national advertising provide good livings for its cohorts.

Who, then, gets the really big profits that national advertising earns? With all of national advertising's high rewards for the million who so efficiently serve it, it saves its biggest profits for the *millions* that it *serves.*

For, good national advertising is good business economics, because good national advertising stimulates sales and distribution, hence factory production, and the lowering of all final retail costs.

National advertising, therefore, prospers only in direct proportion to the consumer lives that it betters, the consumer trust that it protects and the consumer monies that it saves.

To the consumers that it serves, national advertising always gives by far its biggest breaks.

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

ARE YOU THE HOST—
OR THE BARTENDER?

Is your host's-eye view of a party a lot of glasses that need refilling? Try Poland Mixers.

Poland Mixers are the smart and stream-lined way to serve better drinks in less time. A choice of three—Tom Collins, Planter's Punch, Whiskey Sour. They're made from pure Poland Water, *carbonated*, and 100% pure natural fruit juices—non-alcoholic. Add liquor, add ice—and serve!

Poland Mixers

Tom Collins
Planter's Punch
Whiskey Sour

They're mixed *right* in the bottle

Bottled only at Poland Spring Spa, Poland Spring, Maine

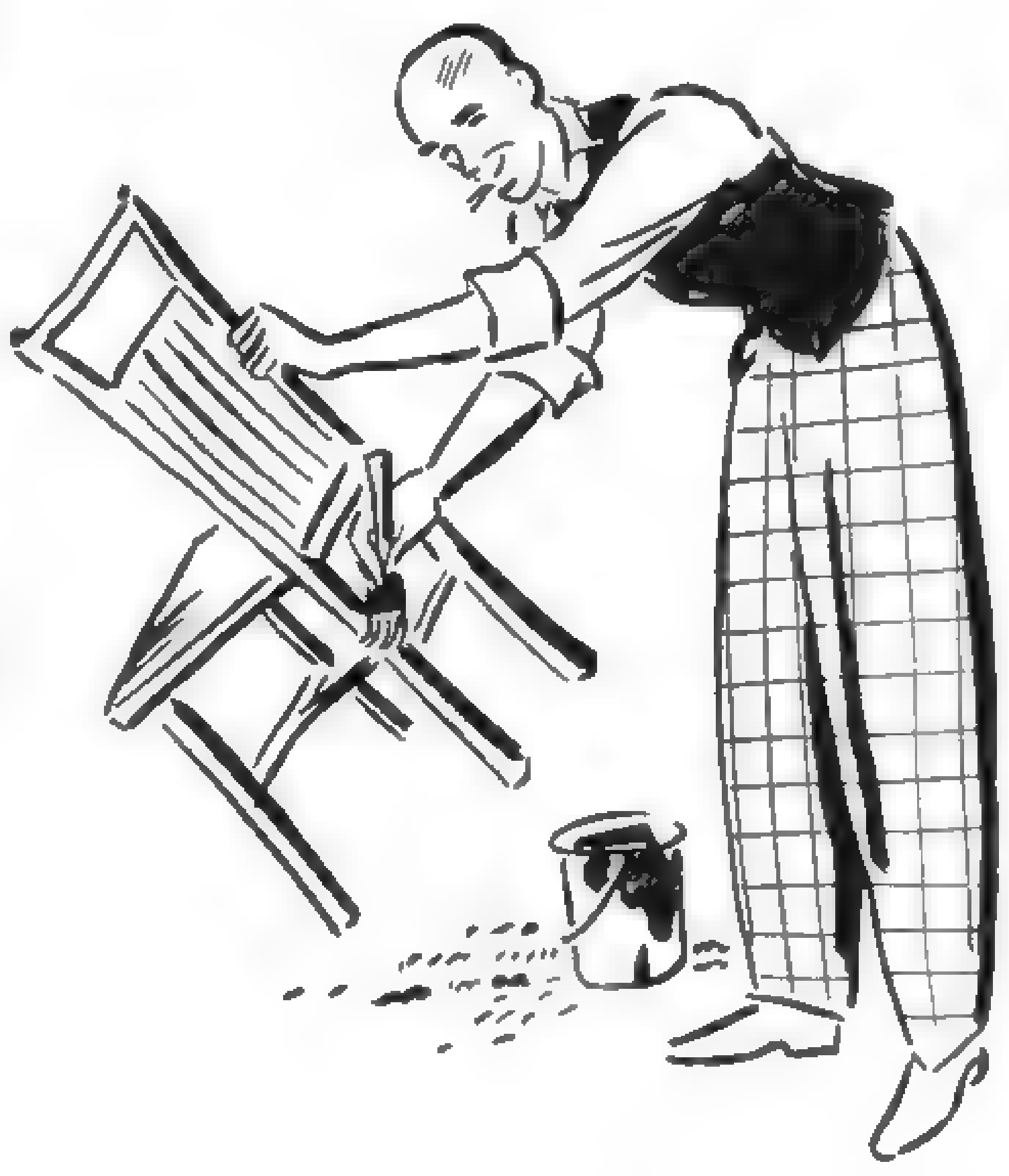
Background

It is not by accident that successful people gravitate to The Lombardy. They are awake to the importance of proper social background and correct appointments.

ARRANGEMENTS OF ONE TO SIX ROOMS ON LEASE OR FOR SHORTER PERIODS

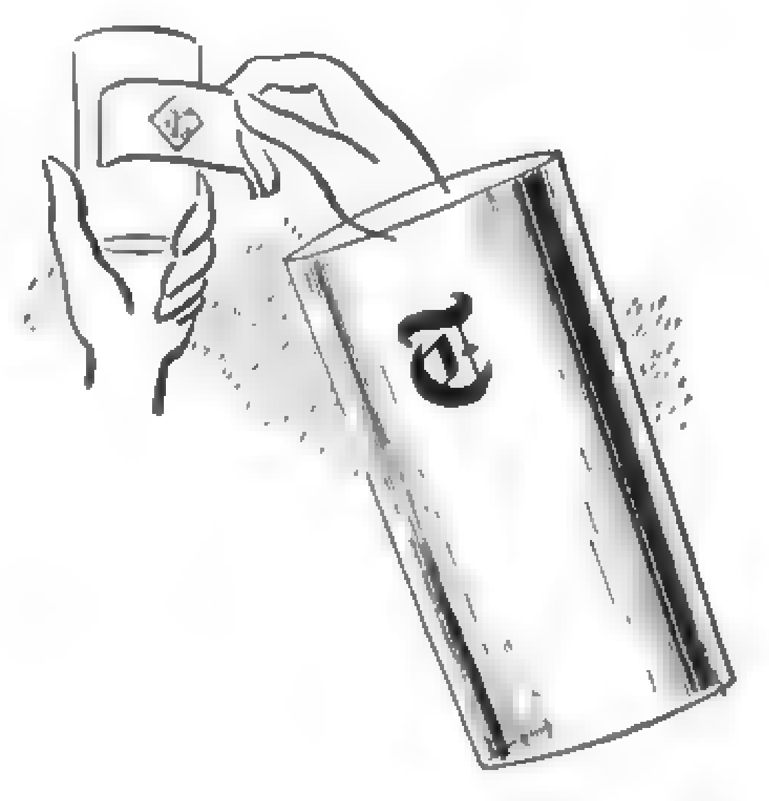
THE Lombardy
111 EAST 56TH STREET
Just off Park Avenue
NEW YORK
JOHN T. CRUICKSHANK, MANAGER

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



DRY IN A FEW HOURS

Now's the time when you like to climb into a pair of dirty white ducks, get out the old paint brush and go to work. Those chairs in the dinette could do with a new coat. You can start after breakfast and by lunch time they'll be dry and shining and ready for use if you are painting with enamel of the quick-drying variety. One coat will cover perfectly without sags over the painted surface. If you want a colored varnish, you can slap the quick-drying kind over the old surface without removing the old finish. This varnish is semi-transparent and designed to stain and varnish in one operation, and will set dust-free, in about an hour. If the little woman wants the linoleum touched up, buy special linoleum varnish that stays transparent after it is applied, can't be harmed by hot or cold liquids or kitchen fumes, prevents dirt and grime from being rubbed into the linoleum and acts as a cushion against heel wear.

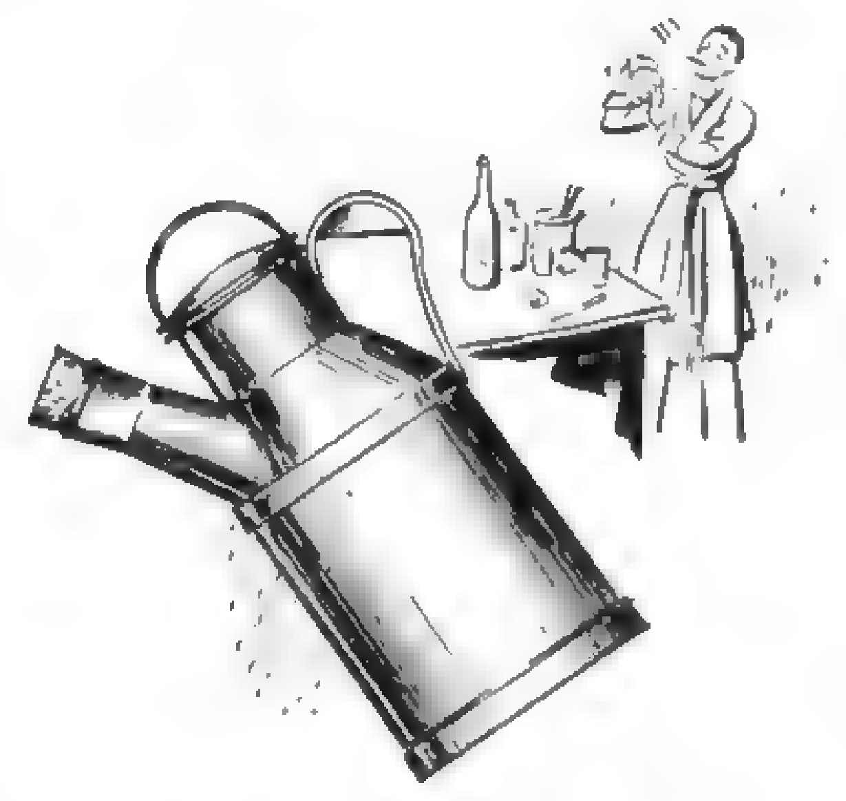


COME UP AND SEE THE ETCHINGS

The time-worn phrase is now devoid of any sexual connotation with the discovery of a new process which enables a man to etch or frost initials or monograms on any article made of glass. You take a tube of cream-like paste, take your initial stencil, apply its adhesive coating to the glass and smear cream over the whole thing... let sit for a couple of minutes. Then wash cream off, remove stencil in hot water, and there is your glass handsomely embellished. Try it out on your cocktail glasses, shaker, glass dishes, you can even stencil your motor number on your windshield as a theft preventative.

ORCHESTRAL CHARMS

Maybe your daughter is going to be a sweet girl graduate... that being the case, you should come across handsomely with a piece of fine jewelry. If the little minx is charm bracelet mad, and fond of music, get her a bracelet with 9 miniature figures of the members of a swing band done in emeralds, diamonds and sapphires. There's a tiny drummer, piano player complete with grand piano, violin player, etc. If she's movie mad, then produce a movie charm, complete studio scene from camera man to actors interpreted in rubies, sapphires and diamonds. No end to this charm bracelet business. Deanna Durbin, 15 year old star of Universal pictures, has a career diary... a series of 5 charm bracelets each of which tells a story of some important highlight in her experience. One of the bracelets was the gift of Eddie Cantor, newest of the bracelets was given her by Norman Taurog who directed her in "Mad About Music." Personally we'd hate to have some of the moments of our life emblazoned on a bracelet.

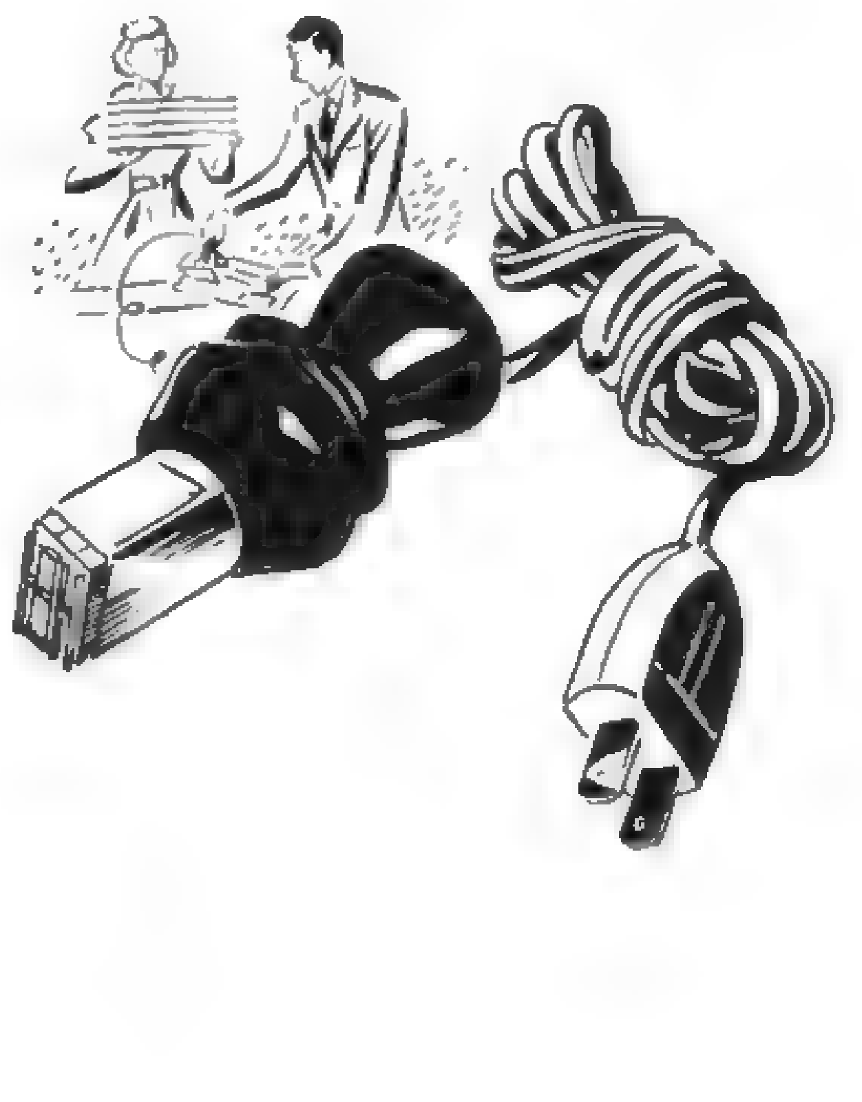


MOTHER-IN-LAW DECEIVER

Here's a good gift for the poor guy who draws a mother-in-law with temperance leanings. Give him a silver-plated cocktail shaker in the guise of a milk can... like the one that stood on the back stoop. This innocent looking article can cloak the most potent concoctions.

ELECTRIC LAUNDRY STAMPER

The mode for monogrammed possessions has brought forth the electrically heated initialling hand stamp which indelibly marks your initials on household accoutrements. You can even stamp your monogram in red, green or black on paper napkins, initial bed sheets, table cloths, towels, children's clothes, pajamas. And fun, too.



"I'VE COVERED A LOT OF GROUND" says the Epicure

"But I always return to The Warwick where the surroundings recreate the atmosphere and dignity of a fine private home."

SUITES OF ONE TO SIX ROOMS, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED. FOR IMMEDIATE OR FALL OCCUPANCY. BY THE DAY FROM $4.50

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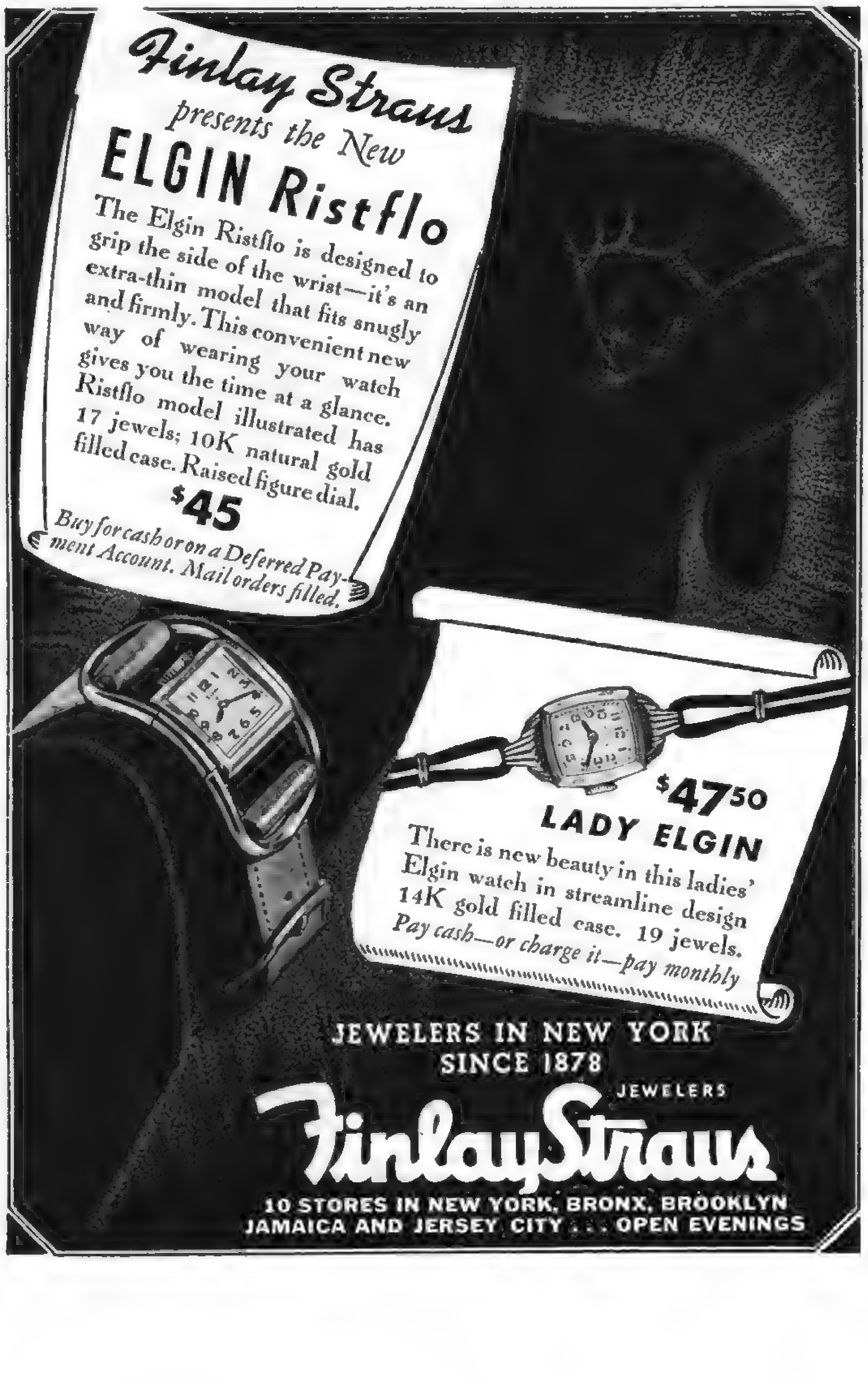
CHARLES REED, MANAGER



Finlay Straus presents the New

ELGIN Ristflo

The Elgin Ristflo is designed to grip the side of the wrist—it's an extra-thin model that fits snugly and firmly. This convenient new way of wearing your watch gives you the time at a glance. Ristflo model illustrated has 17 jewels; 10K natural gold filled case. Raised figure dial.

$45

Buy for cash or on a Deferred Payment Account. Mail orders filled.

$\$47^{50}$

LADY ELGIN

There is new beauty in this ladies' Elgin watch in streamline design 14K gold filled case. 19 jewels. Pay cash—or charge it—pay monthly

JEWELERS IN NEW YORK
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JEWELERS
Finlay Straus

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JAMAICA AND JERSEY CITY . . . OPEN EVENINGS

Short cut to HEALTH BEAUTY

FACE AND NECK
MUSCLES, NERVES
SKIN AND SCALP
BODY BUILDING
HEAD AND CHEST

New and exclusive "VITALATOR" combines the BEST FEATURES OF ELECTRIC and HAND MASSAGE

• *Ladies and gentlemen . . . you are offered in this ingenious little appliance the first practical way to professional massage — self-applied, with slight effort, at any time of the day or night.*

• NEW BEAUTY . . . NEW HEALTH! VITALATOR imparts to your own fingers the correct vibrations of professional massage. A new, pleasant way to pat cream into the pores, to rub out lines from face or neck, to stimulate the scalp or reduce surplus weight. Your treatments may be as gentle or as firm as you wish, depending on finger pressure.

• NEW EASE . . . NEW ENERGY! Use VITALATOR to relieve muscular aches and strains, after exercise to condition tired muscles, to relax taut nerves, in cases of head or chest congestion, to restore normal processes and ease pain.

• COMPACT . . . EFFICIENT . . . EASY TO USE! Your VITALATOR is simplicity itself, has no attachments, requires no special skill to operate. It is powered by the famous Gilbert motor, using A.C. or D.C. current. It is the only one of its kind, the only way to simple and scientific massage at home. *See it — use it — own it.*

$8.95 COMPLETE, IN COLOR OR CHROME FINISH

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HEUBLEIN'S
MILSHIRE DISTILLED DRY GIN
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO. HARTFORD, CONN.

★ **Distilled from finest ingredients, Milshire is NATURALLY smooth and NATURALLY makes superb drinks . . . next time try MILSHIRE.**

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., HARTFORD, CONN.

HEUBLEIN'S
MILSHIRE DRY GIN
BY THE MAKERS OF HEUBLEIN'S CLUB COCKTAILS
90 PROOF — DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

We've got something here!
SUNDAY AFTERNOON COCKTAILS
taste better in the "wilds" of Jersey

That's why our city cousins forsake their flats and flock to Chanticler these balmy afternoons. Cocktails and supper taste better, they say, flavored with the spicy ditties of Bigelow and Lee, sweetened with the popular ballads of Lee Rogers and his guitar, and garnished with the swingy tunes of the new Chanticler Trio

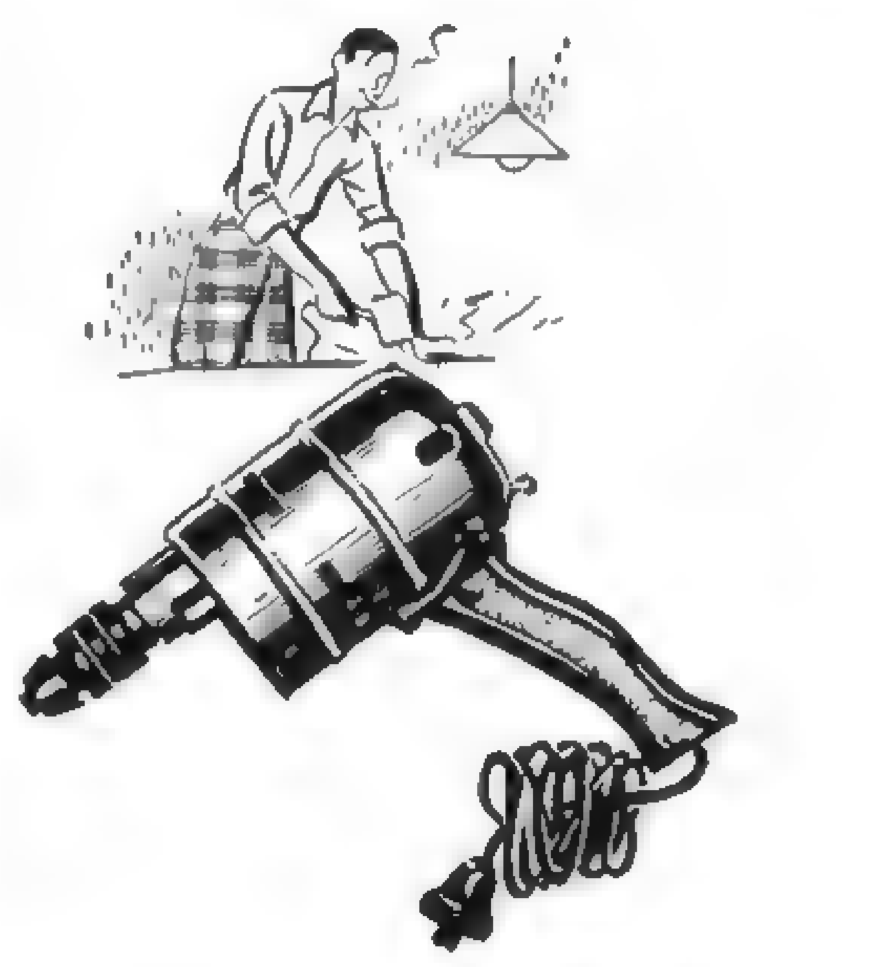
Mace Irish and the Chanticler Orchestra play every evening for Dinner and Supper Dancing in the Main Dining Room

30 MINUTES FROM MANHATTAN, THROUGH THE TUNNEL & OVER THE SKYWAY. 7 MILES FROM NEWARK AIRPORT (ROUTE 29)

Chanticler

Millburn 6-2377 • William E. Naue • Millburn, N. J.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



HANDY LITTLE TOOL

Here's an electric power tool that operates at changeable speeds to give the perfect speed for any type of work. It has gears for high and low speed. The result is a tool with plenty of power in low gear for drilling in steel, for wire brushing, drum sanding and buffing, and also extra speed in high gear to give the added velocity necessary for perfect grinding, carving, engraving, etc. Only weighs 3½ pounds and you can lug it around with ease. Needs no coddling, you can put it to work on steel, soft cork, glass, wood, plastics, bronze, aluminum, tin or what have you . . . there are scores of specially shaped accessories to do various jobs.

MAKE IT A MIRROR

A very fine wedding gift for anyone is the mirror. One of the stores in town has a very fine collection of antique mirrors together with excellent copies of antiques. Hand-carved, hand-painted wood mirrors taken from Spanish palaces (over a century old, of course), mirrors in Chinese lacquer, hand carved Venetian baroque mirrors; a Louis Seize, 95% of it done in 14K gold.

PENT HOUSE CHINA

Supposing your limit for a present is about $20, and you want a lot of show for your money. Get a modern pent house set of china, pale lemon color, streamlined, with a stunning 3-letter monogram in a contrasting color, thrown in.

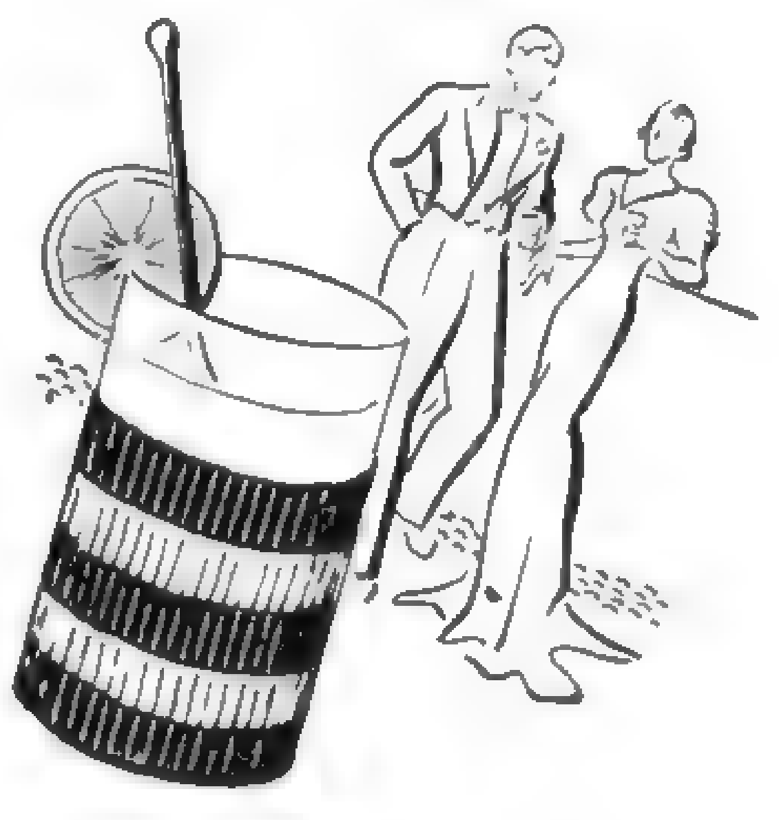
PEAR PUNCH BOWL

Some people entertain a lot. You might get one of the new glass punch bowls shaped like an enormous pear with glass top from which protrudes a colored glass stem to keep up the illusion. The ladle has a convenient pitcher-like lip, no dribbling. A dozen cups go with this affair. You can also get the punch bowl in melon shape.

New, too, are "around the clock" highball sets, a circular wooden tray upon which stand 12 highball glasses, each numbered with frosted Roman numerals as high as the glass itself. The chromium handle is shaped like the hands of a clock.

HOLLYWOOD ROBIN HOOD

Any day now, Warner Bros. will give "The Adventures of Robin Hood" to a waiting world. Breathless adventure of mighty men, mighty deeds, the day of the joust, the bow and arrow. Sherwood Forest of the towering oaks and twisted sycamores, is in reality a great woodland within the limits of Chico, California, a town about 600 miles North of Hollywood. This forest had been deeded as a city park with the condition that it remain unaltered . . . perfect location spot for Warners, who immediately took it over, lock, stock and barrel. The whole undertaking was complicated by the fact that the picture was filmed in technicolor, which made it necessary to take more lights, more costumes and more of everything to the far-off location. Trained animals were included in the cast, such as a squirrel that would eat peanuts, a deer that would "play dead," and an owl that could be made to hoot when requested and who liked hamburger without onions. The town of Chico was crowded, and a health camp nearby supplied a part of the needed quarters to care for the company. The problems of photographing the deep green interior of the shadowy woods had the cameramen in a dither, daylight hours were short, and they struggled valiantly against time. Even so, the company remained on location for more than six weeks.



SWEATERS FOR HIGHBALLS

You've probably seen these around in up and coming homes, highball glasses and cocktail glasses neatly jacketed in knit protectors. Idea is to keep wet rings off'n your grand piano or that rare old Sheraton table, to say nothing of warding off dribbles from your wife's best silk dress; keeping your fingers from being chilled and to put an end to that classic remark: "Pardon my damp hand." You can have red, white and blue sweaters with nautical emblems, you can have plaids, checks or verticals. You can even sweater your cocktail shaker, which acts as a non-skid feature as well as preserving the ice from melting just that much longer. Good week-end gift and a nifty to present to the groom at his bachelor dinner.

FOR PLEASURE
Coupe $439*
$479*
*COMPLETE AT FACTORY

THE BANTAM PLAYBOY

- Go places—smartly.
- Up to 60 miles an hour.
- Over 120″ long.
- Available on C I T Budget Payment Plan.

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SMART TRAVELERS PREFER BOYLE LUGGAGE SINCE 1851

The steward on the Normandie . . . porter on the Century . . . crew of the skyliner, all recognize Boyle Bags built by the finest artisans. Whether you spend $10 or $1,000 . . . Boyle should be your choice.

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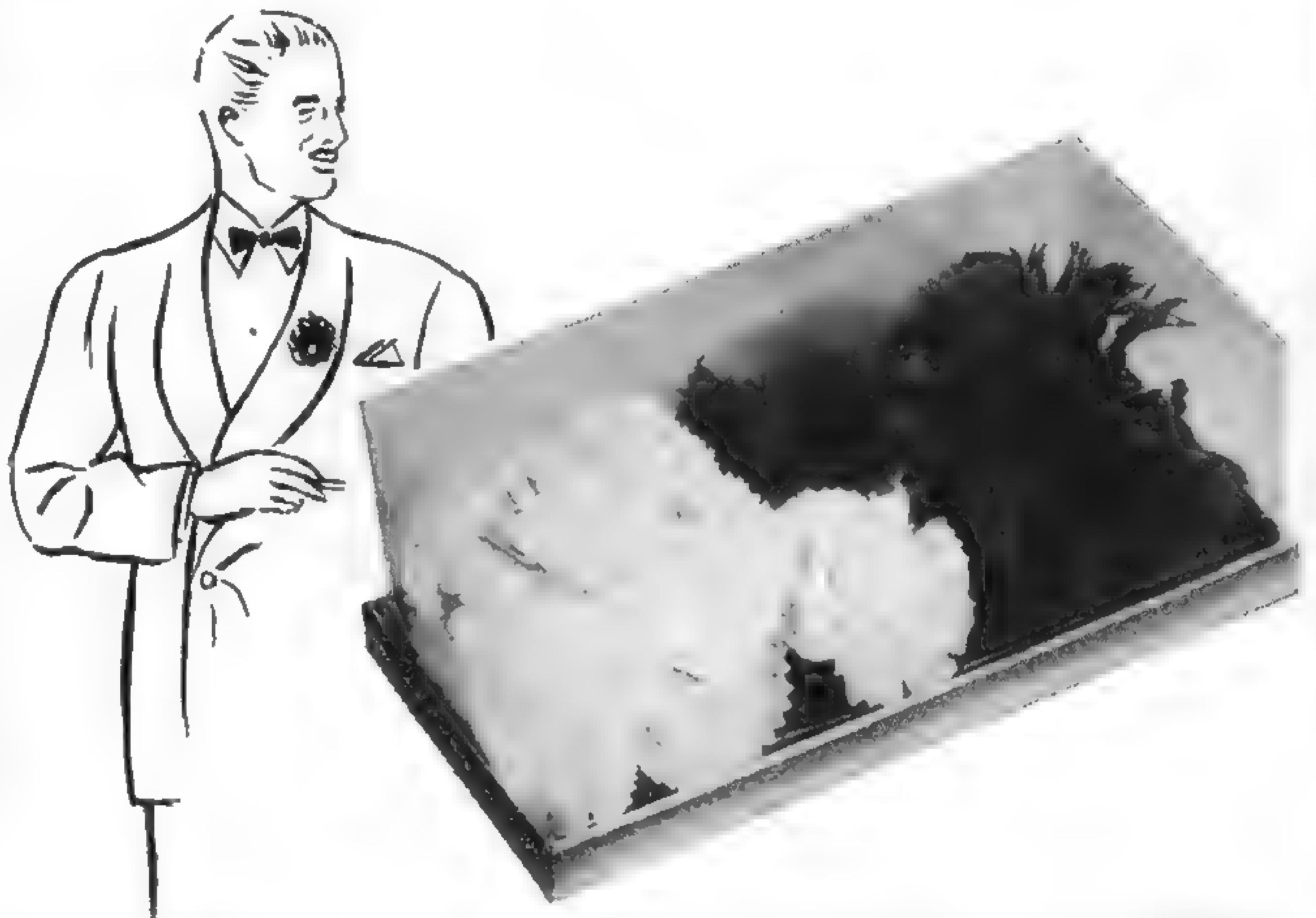
Ask for Boyle Luggage at your dealer or write BOYLE 36 E. 31st St. N. Y.

WRITE NOW FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET
TIPS ON TRAVEL
IT WILL SOLVE YOUR TRAVEL PROBLEM

Man's Modern Gladstone or Week-End Case	25.00
Wide-Mouthed Sport Bag in solid hand boarded hide	16.50

Slightly Higher Denver West



BOUTONNIERE COMPLET

"Refrigerator Flowers"
Reg. trade mark

$2.00

Made of wood fibre, these natural looking flowers can be constantly refreshened by placing in an ice box. White and maroon carnations and blue and yellow cornflowers, in smartly styled cellophane box. Guaranteed fast colors.

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HOW TO DRINK LIKE A GENTLEMAN AND KNOW IT

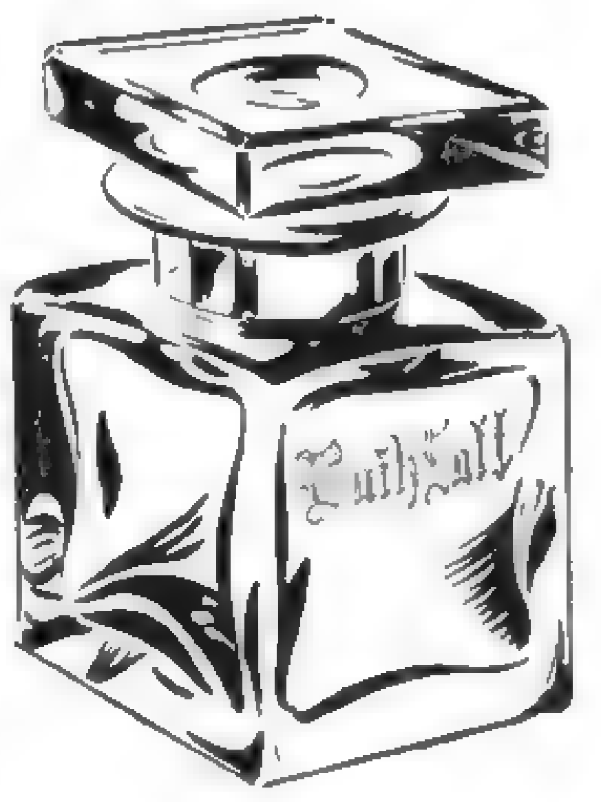
ESQUIRE'S LIQUOR INTELLIGENCER

ESQUIRE'S "Liquor Intelligencer" is a 56 page, stiff cover, plastic-bound book which will accomplish for you just what its title states—make you intelligent about liquor. Not a cocktail recipe book, ESQUIRE'S "Liquor Intelligencer", nevertheless contains the recipes for all the cocktails currently preferred by gentlemen hosts the world over, plus the kind of information on every noble liquor that a man who knows his way about must have. The historic background and the method of manufacture of Rye, Bourbon, Scotch, and Irish whiskies; the same on Rum, and Cognac and Gin and Wine aperitifs. Illuminating chapters on subjects such as these: How to give a cocktail party, from the intimate affair to a brawl in the grand manner; canapes, quick or careful, hot or cold; pick-me-ups and night-caps; the equipment you should own, from glasses to shakers; and plain and fancy toasts. ESQUIRE'S "Liquor Intelligencer" gives you the how, what and why of the highball and cocktail and wine. It's not alone a cocktail book, it's a liquor education in one easy lesson.

50c in stamps brings you ESQUIRE'S "Liquor Intelligencer"

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN
366 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



BACHELOR BATHROOMS

We wandered into a salle de bain the other day which was resplendent in black, grey and gleaming white Carrara with black tub, basin and stuff. The recessed glass shelves were laden with handsome crystal bathroom bottles noteworthy because of their massive masculine simplicity. Toothbrush holder, water tumbler, soap dish, bottles all hand cut in heavy lead crystal and monogrammed in bold block letters. Fine gift if you have a wedding coming up.

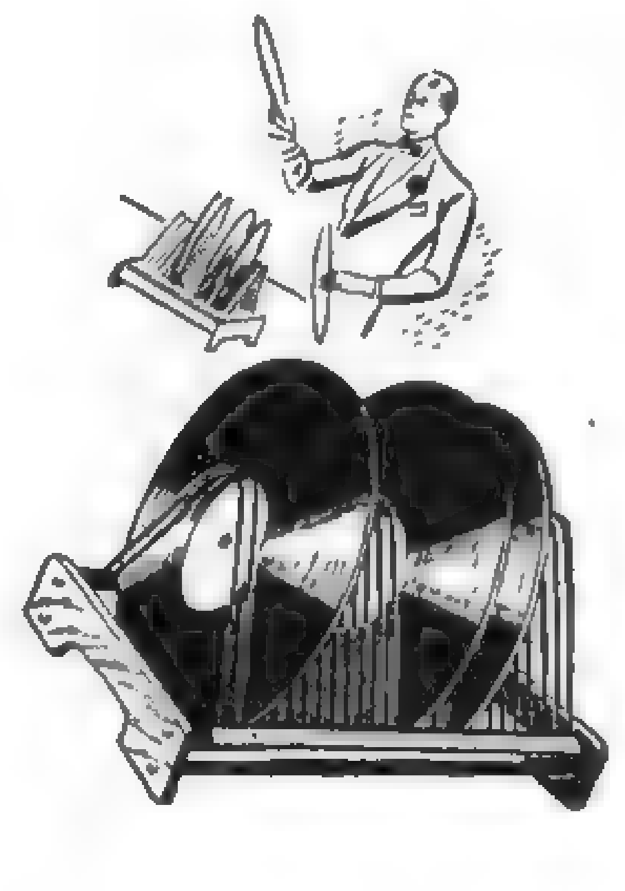
We're always running into amusing oddities in bathroom décor. Those shaggy string rugs, for instance, long pieces of clipped string, really refuse from a string factory, sewn on flour sacks made in Mexico. From this economical combination emerge rugs of surpassing smartness dyed in pink, wine, peach or green.

"REMEMBER THE MAINA"

Veloz and Yolanda (you've seen them dancing at the Plaza) have started a new fad in New York. They own a couple of "talking" birds called mainas, strange looking aves about 10 inches long, yellow billed, with glossy black plumage relieved by yellow, brown and white markings. The mainas' beginnings are lost in antiquity, but it is known that they existed many thousands of years ago, for maina birds appear in the carvings on ancient Hindoo temples where they seemed to have served as Oracles, answering questions put to them by priests and princes. Veloz and Yolanda told us that not only will their mainas talk to them, but the birds chatter between themselves. Although a maina's throat structure differs from that of a parrot, he can talk clearly and garrulously, and not only does he mimic, but carries on a regular conversation. Yolanda says that in watching the birds circling around together, she gets inspiration for new steps which she and husband Frank feature on the dance floor. Hollywood has gone in for mainas in a big way . . . Sylvia Sidney, Garbo, Kitty Carlisle, Mervyn Leroy and Irene Dunne own these strange and amusing birds.

PHONOGRAPH RECORD RACK

Of greater moment than what to do with your old razor blades, is what to do with your new phonograph records. Classicist or swingaroo, you will get a solid send of joy from a new rack with wood base and strong wire supports of silk-covered steel. Neat and compact, it takes up less table space than a small phonograph, comes equipped with an index chart for quick reference and holds 50 records with no pain at all. Fifty records amounts to four albumsfull, and there you have them, 10 or 12-inchers at your fingertips. Incidentally, a really good thought for an inexpensive wedding send-off to music-loving couples.



ARE NIGHT CLUB PEOPLE PARENTS?

We got to wondering the other day about the home life of night club entertainers. Many of them go in for matrimony, but most of them seem to have evaded the issue. Fred Waring, Freddie Martin and Victor Lombardo have children; George Olsen and Ethel Shutta (Mrs. O.) have two strapping boys, Morton Downey has a flock to his credit . . . but the most rabid night club papa is Eddie Davis. Night after night, he knocks the visiting firemen off their seats with his sly innuendos, his Rabelaisian jibes. What the firemen don't know is, that Eddie has two kids, one of each. Eddie is mad on the subject of his 4 year old son. Though he gets home about the time the boy is getting up in the morning, Eddie takes time out for a romp and the telling of Indian stories until the child is ready to leave for school. Eddie has photo-mania when it comes to his offspring. Guests at his home sit and squirm for 4 solid hours while Eddie goes through 22 rapturous reels of pictures of the kid in various stages and at various ages. He carries about 50 snapshots of the young scion around in his wallet, and at the slightest provocation displays them with pride. The child is handsome, and could easily land in Hollywood or win a beauty contest, but Eddie is "agin" exploitation. Mrs. D. never comes near the nightclub. "She's a wife . . . but a *wife*" says Eddie.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

PARTY KEG

So you're planning to have the gang out for a little al fresco entertainment. That, my friend, means plenty of beer, and you can serve it drawn direct from the wood right in your own back yard. Just call your local dealer, and he'll send up a small barrel of beer, complete with spigot, pump and cooling coils. The slow thorough cooling is done over a period of days, and the heavy wood then holds its correct dispensing temperature of 38 to 40 degrees for several hours. Keg holds approximately 50 10 oz. glasses. If you're lugging your beer to a picnic, or if the bout which you are throwing bids fair to last far into the night, better pack ice into the metal carrying basket, thus keeping the beer cool indefinitely. Kegs will be delivered any hour up until midnight, with prompt pick-up on the empties.

"A LONG PULL AND A STRONG PULL"

Get a Canadian or an Englishman discussing Stout, and you're off for a couple of hours. They like to tell you how much of the enjoyment of this fine old brew depends on how you drink it. "Never sip it, old chap," they say, "a long pull and a strong pull is the idea". The reason for this is the taste geography of the tongue, the cells which savor the dry taste of Stout are at the back of the tongue, and the idea is to be sure to *roll* the brew back there. This blunt and honest beverage is supposedly one of the best accelerators of protein-digestion known, and hence effective both as an appetizer and with meals . . . a veritable bottle brother to cheese, mixed grills, sea-food etc.

AND NOW, LIQUID MALTED MILK IN CANS

While we're on the subject of good summer beverages, we'll get into the women and kiddies' dept. with a little news about chocolate malted milk. You can buy it already mixed . . . all you do is ice and ply the can opener. And delicious, too. Made of full cream milk complete with all the valuable butterfat and vitamins.

ALUMINUM IN THE PARLOR

Great things are being done with aluminum these days. Not only can you have rows of light, shining pots and pans in your kitchen, but some of your smartest objet d'art are liable to be of aluminum, too. Hand-wrought, of course, and decorated in a modern manner. You can buy lamps, punch bowls, platters, ash trays, and a set of serving pieces, casseroles, cake servers, etc.

NAUTICAL BEDROOMS FOR YOUNG SALTS

Your son probably nurtures a sea-going complex, most youngsters do. If he is too young to join the navy, you can at least surround him with nautical atmosphere in the home. Build him a bunk and cover it with one of the new maritime spreads, candlewick variety in marine blue with a sailing vessel worked in white in the center, sea gulls on the bolster and stars scattered hither and yon. If you are lucky enough to own a cruiser, these spreads lend a consistent note to the décor.

FROM CALIFORNIA TO THE WORLD

Until recently, the only medium potters have known is clay, combined in various formulae to produce different types of bodies. California pottery, however, is made of an entirely new ceramic material, built up from raw materials found in the state's own mountains. Chief of these is talc rock, the basic constituent of talcum powder. To make the body of this pottery, the talc is preheated and finely ground; then mixed with certain chemicals to give it plasticity and also with an amorphous flux (fusible glass) that softens in the firing and binds the particles of talc into an exceptionally tough and durable mass. This mixture will mould and fire just like a clay body; moreover it will take a glassy coating or glaze like earthenware, developing a marvelous texture and lustre in clear *vivid* colors such as turquoise, Chinese red, coral, royal blue, eggplant, striking yellows and greens. Smart thing to do, they tell us, is to combine several colors in your table set-up. Turquoise soup bowl on a maroon plate, etc. Great effect for minimum outlay.

Blackstone
Cigar

THE CHOICE OF SUCCESSFUL MEN

finest long leaf ALL-HAVANA *filler*

EXECUTIVE, 15¢ - BANQUET, 2 *for* 25¢
CABINET OR LONDRES, 10¢
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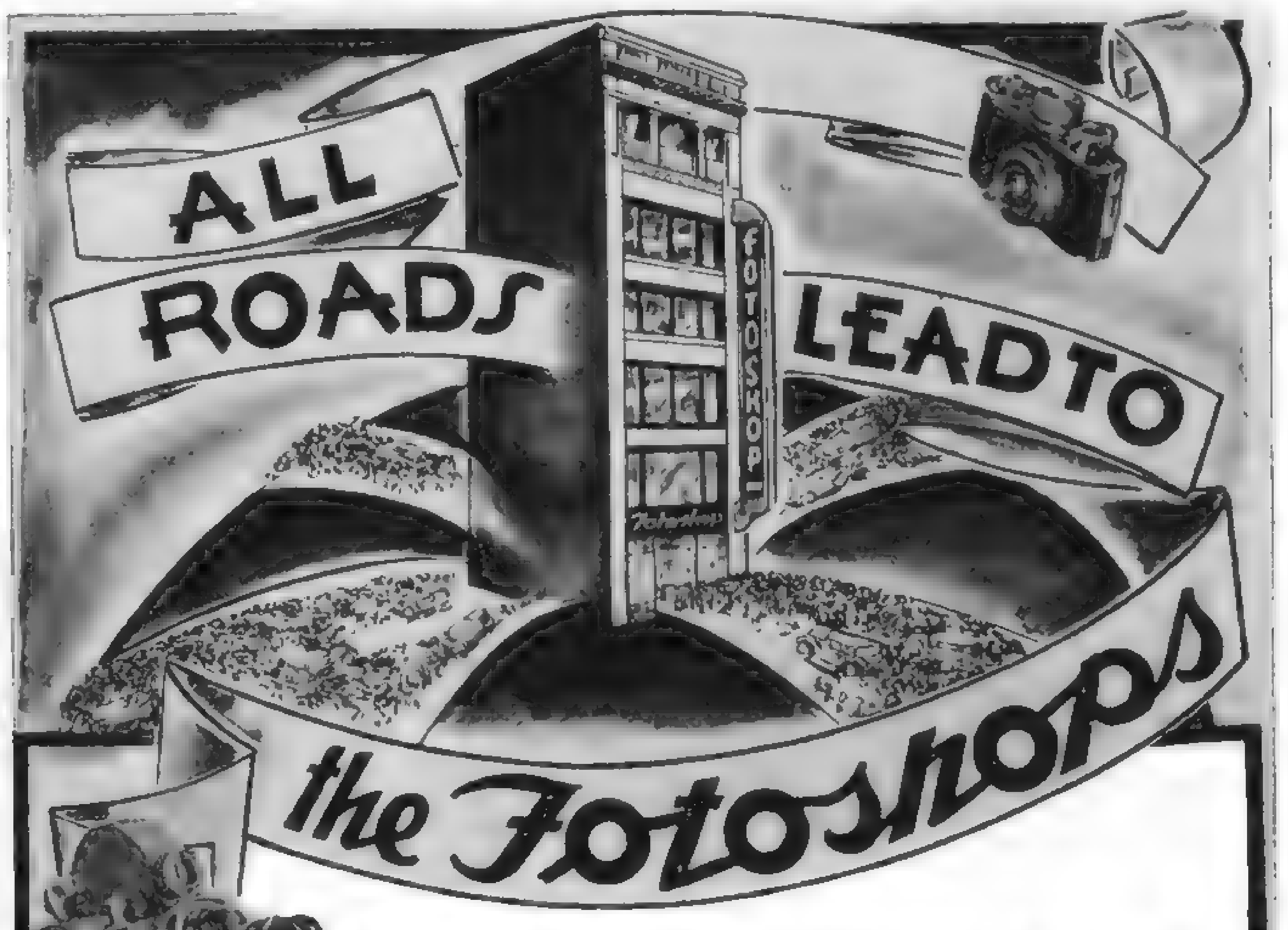

NEW YORK'S HEADQUARTERS FOR CAMERAS AND CAMERA ACCESSORIES

Make yourself at home . . . come in and browse around . . . meet your camera-minded friends . . . at the new and greater FOTOSHOPS. Here you will find conveniences and services found in no other establishment of this kind . . . fully equipped dark rooms, projection room, movie and still film developing laboratories, photographic book rental library, motion picture film rental library . . . ALL AT YOUR SERVICE.

We feature a complete stock of new, used, and reconditioned cameras and binoculars, priced to please.

Liberal allowance given on your present camera towards the purchase of a better one. Terms may be arranged.

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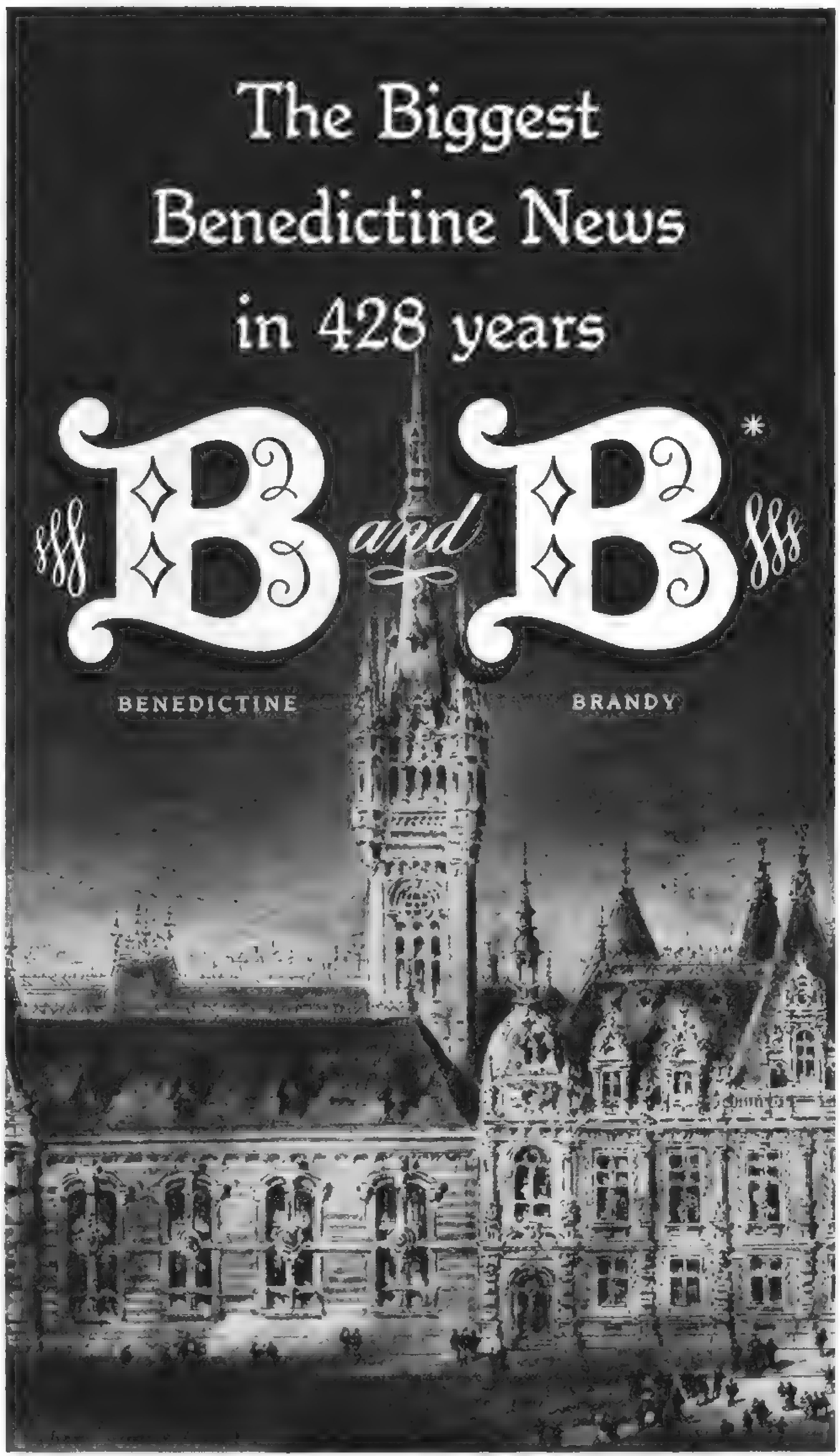
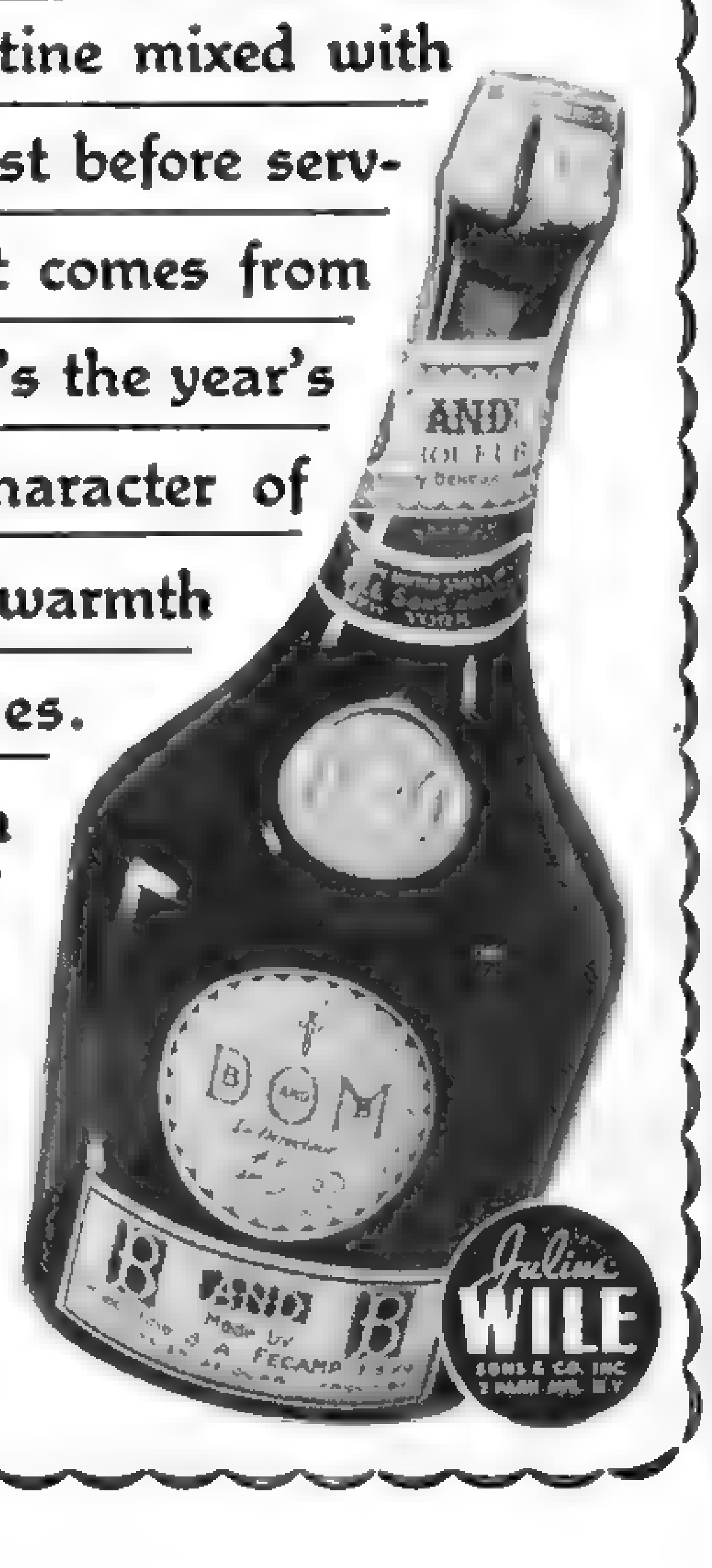


The Home of Benedictine at Fecamp, France

A New Liqueur—D. O. M. Benedictine and selected French Cognac Brandies

Since Benedictine's magic flavour was created in 1510, its makers have produced no other liqueur. Now, 428 years later, a new liqueur . . . Benedictine's own bottled B and B . . . comes from the quaint abbey town of Fecamp. You may have had Benedictine mixed with brandy before. But B and B's mixed just before serving can't compare with B and B that comes from Benedictine's own century-old vats. It's the year's flavour sensation . . . the unique character of Benedictine deftly combined with the warmth of selected French Cognac Brandies. Yet B and B costs no more than Benedictine! Get B and B today. Both Benedictine liqueur and B and B liqueur are 86° proof.



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now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their P-A-T-E-S!

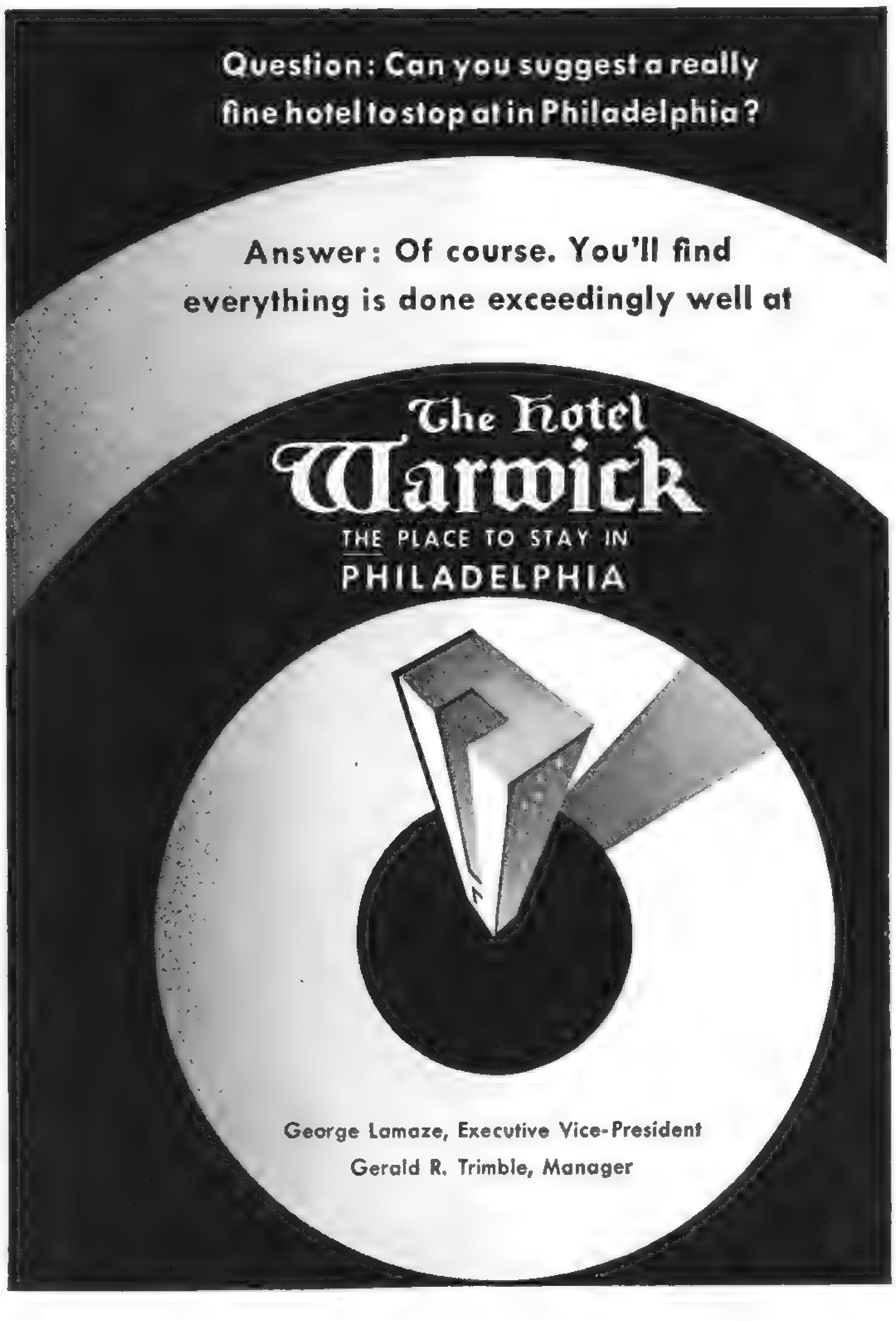
If your hair line is receding—if you're bothered with dandruff or falling hair—Ogilvie Method can correct it. Without gadgets or machines, simply by scientific hand treatments plus specific preparations, the Ogilvie Method has, for years, demonstrated to men and women that if there is any life left in the old locks, Ogilvie can do wonders for it.

Before it is too late, correct your condition. There is no charge for consultation, so visit Ogilvie, the foremost hair authority, now!

Ogilvie Hair Preparations sold at drug and department stores.

Ogilvie Method

TREATMENTS EXCLUSIVELY FOR MEN
50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., MUrray Hill 2-2211
Women's Salon—604 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Washington, D. C. London Paris Canada



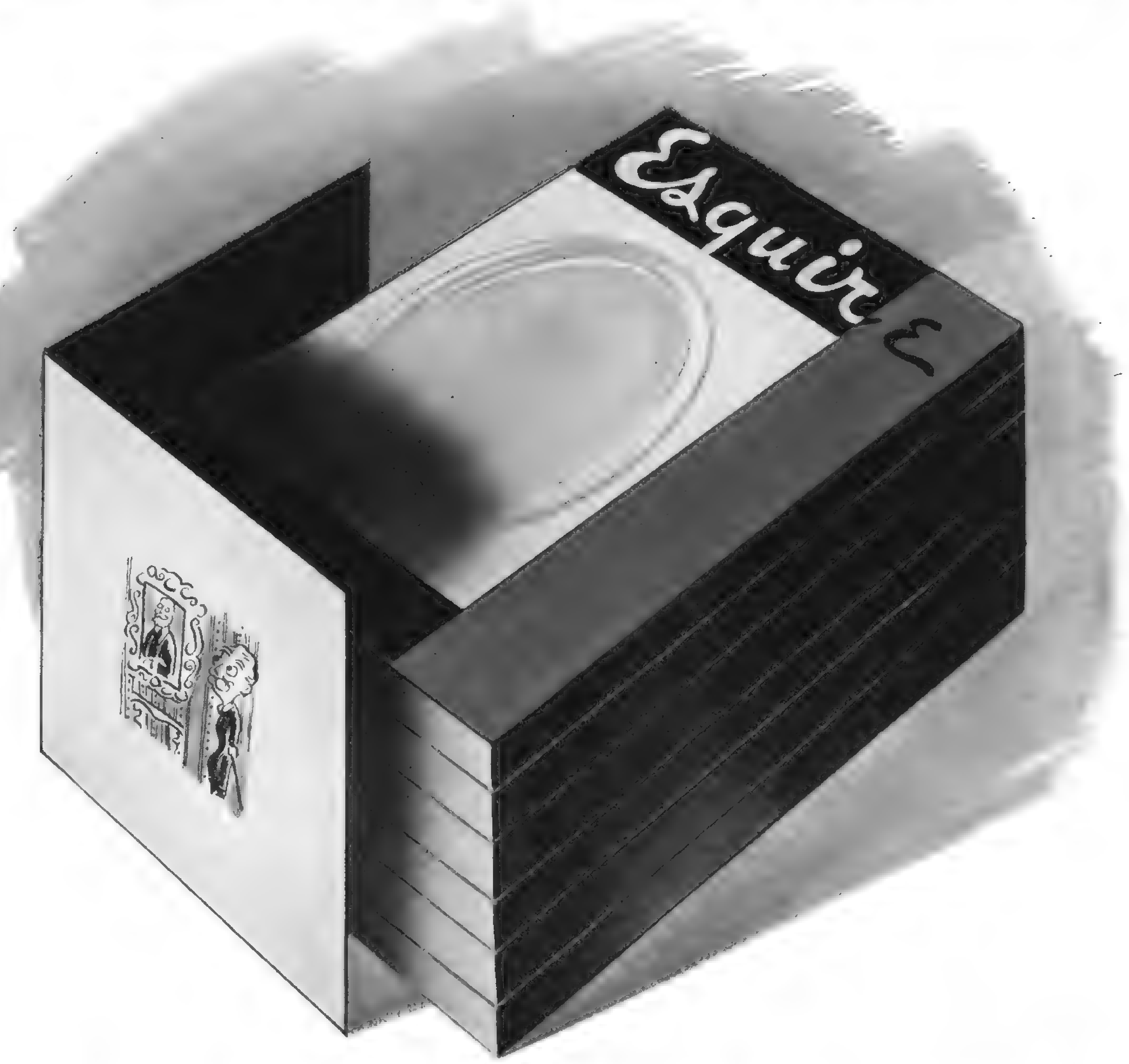
Question: Can you suggest a really fine hotel to stop at in Philadelphia?

Answer: Of course. You'll find everything is done exceedingly well at

The Hotel Warwick
THE PLACE TO STAY IN
PHILADELPHIA

George Lamaze, Executive Vice-President
Gerald R. Trimble, Manager

So That Every Father's Son and Daughter Can Delight Dad on His Day



This specially designed Father's Day gift card will be delivered in time for Father's Day along with the July issue of ESQUIRE.

Esquire's Special "Father's Day" Gift Subscription of

SIX BIG ISSUES FOR $2

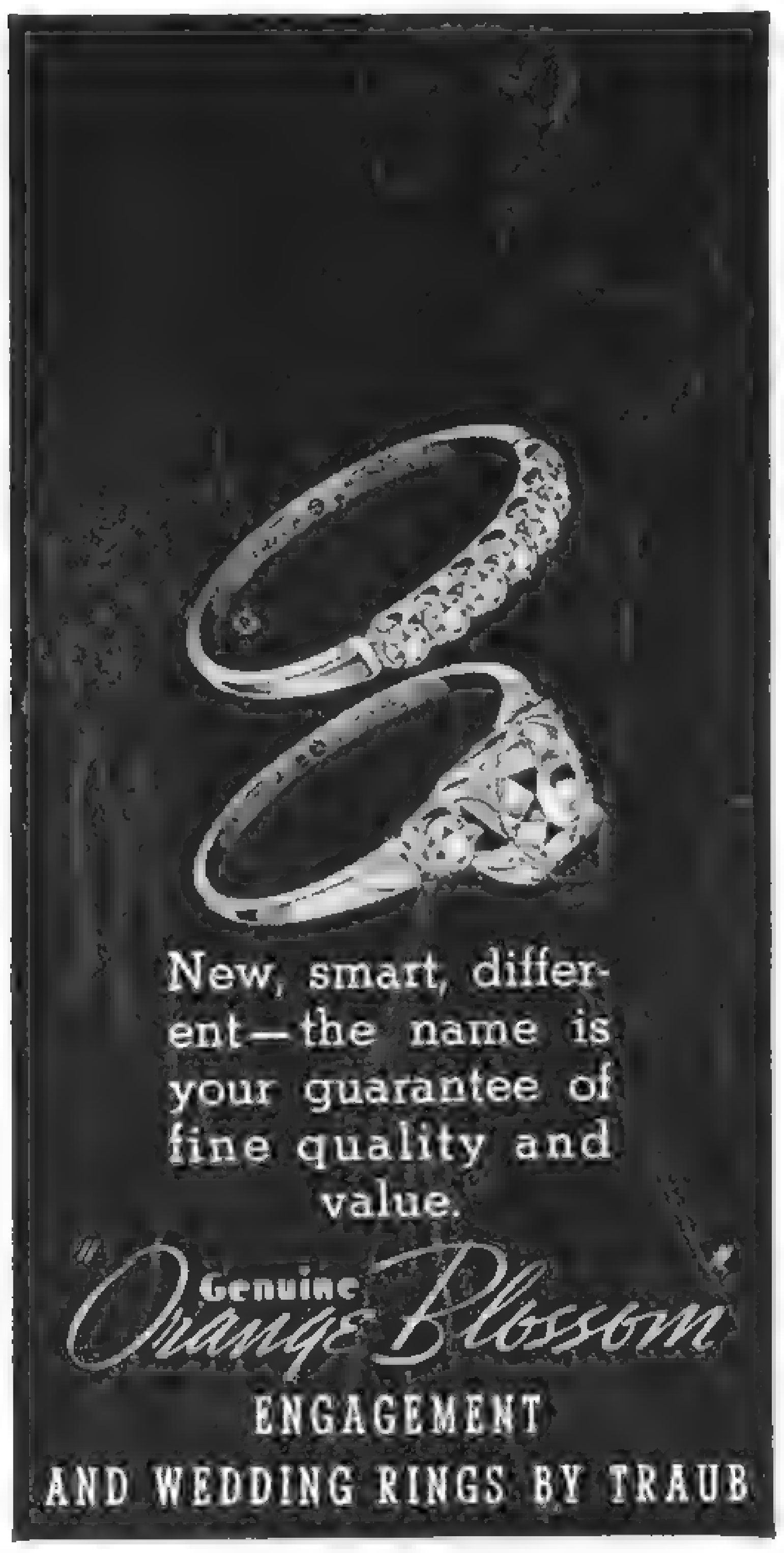
Father's Day is June 19th. Without playing on your heart-strings or waxing sentimental on the codger (be he young or old, a paragon or otherwise) we've fixed it so you can remember him, as he'd choose it himself. Here's how—for $2.00 you can send him a special six months' gift subscription to ESQUIRE beginning with the extra special Father's Day issue for July, and including not only August, September, October, and November, but the Gargantuan, almost incredible, over 300-page Christmas issue for December. Since six issues on the newsstands cost exactly $3.00, you save just 33⅓%, or $1.00.

And that's not all. Along with the July issue of ESQUIRE, which will be mailed in a unique gift package, Dad will receive a special gift card, designed for Father's Day remembrance, signed with your name as donor. All we need is his name and yours, his address and $2.00. Give us these, using the convenient mailing card herewith, on which no postage is required . . . and your thought of Dad on Father's Day, this year, will last for six big months. This special offer is good only until Father's Day (June 19th).

Esquire
CIRCULATION DEPT.
919 North Michigan Avenue
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

A GIFT MAKES DAD KING ON HIS DAY

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE


New, smart, different—the name is your guarantee of fine quality and value.
Genuine Orange Blossom
ENGAGEMENT
AND WEDDING RINGS BY TRAUB

WORLD'S GREATEST *all around* ELECTRIC TOOL

ONLY $6.95 POSTPAID

The new WHIZ ELECTRIC TOOL is the handiest, most useful power tool ever made. Not a delicate instrument but a real rugged tool, equally effective for both power and precision work. Drills through 1-4 inch iron plate in 42 seconds or engraves intricate designs on jewelry. Handles any material: Metals-Woods-Alloys-Plastics-Glass-Steel-etc. Saves time. Eliminates tedious labor. Plug into any socket AC or DC, 110 volts. Chuck 1-4 inch capacity. Ball bearing thrust. Powerful, triple-geared motor. "Worth its weight in gold," to a mechanic or handy man. STANDARD MODEL, with normal speed (uses 50 different accessories, instantly interchangeable), Special Introductory Price for limited time, only $6.95.

DRILLS
GRINDS
SANDS
SAWS
POLISHES
SHARPENS

FREE Accessory outfit (Value $2) includes set of drills, mounted 1 1-2 inch grinder, sanding discs, cutting wheels, mounted brush, polishing wheel, carving bur, etc. FREE with each outfit ordered NOW. We pay postage on all shipments. Will send C. O. D. if desired.

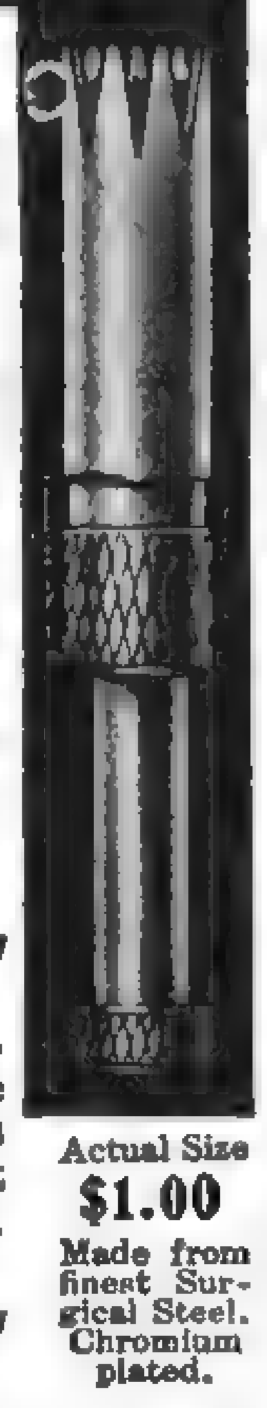
10 Day Trial - Money Back Guarantee

● Special "2-SPEED" MODEL combines Normal Speed and High Speed in one outfit (uses 200 accessories) only $9.95 complete, with same accessory outfit (value $2.00) FREE.

PARAMOUNT PRODUCTS CO.
48 W. 48th St., Dept. 6-EM, New York

Don't PULL HAIR FROM NOSE!
May cause fatal infection

use
KLIPETTE
NEW INVENTION



You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. The use of scissors is also dangerous and impractical. There is *no* better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with *Klipette*, ingenious new invention. Works on clipper principle—smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Cannot cut the skin.

So Simple!

Just insert into nostril and revolve cylinder. Surplus hair comes out easily and gently. Never pulls.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

Actual Size
$1.00
Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated.

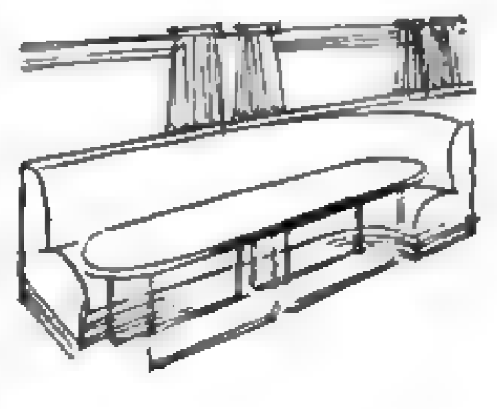
Hollis Co., 207 Market St., Newark, N. J., Dept. E-1
Enclosed is $1 for KLIPETTE. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.

NAME____________________________

ADDRESS__________________________

CAFETERIA CARS. Just in time for summer travel, the New York, New Haven & Hartford will put out 5 new self-service grill cars, with delicious food served at cafeteria prices . . . all this in smart, modern surroundings of red and silver décor. Steaks and chops broiled over charcoal grills; refrigerated beer coils for draught beer, etc.

YOU CAN 'PHONE THE BLONDE IN CAR NO. 2. The North Western-Union Pacific contributes two of the largest Diesel drawn streamliners . . . locomotives so powerful they are divided into 3 units. Car interiors are something special. Bedroom cars with downstairs and upstairs rooms; private rooms with inter-car telephones, and connections for portable radios, available without charge. The "Little Nugget," the bar-car on the City of Los Angeles, is the last word in Victorian whimsy with raucous wallpaper, hand-embroidered lace curtains, pink upholstery, and, so help us, a bird in a gilded cage, to make travelling a lark, no doubt. The Southern Pacific's new "Daylight" between L. A. and Frisco is a vivid streamlined beauty. Cars are several inches wider than standard, there's a spacious tavern car, bar-car and coffee shop where you sit on stools for a snifter.



NEW YORK-CHICAGO COMMUTERS will hail the advent of the New York Central's new 20th Century, a colossus of streamlined steam which will shorten the 960-mile running time to 16 hours. Henry Dreyfus has designed everything from the locomotive itself to such details as china, waiters' uniforms, even the tickets are a triumph of modern design. Interior of the train is done in 3 colors, a smart, soothing symphony of grey, rust and blue in differing tones. The observation car features blue leather couches separated by gunmetal columns reaching to the top of the car, to afford greater conversational privacy. There's a speedometer on the wall, to put an end to such porter heckling by customers as "how fast is she travelling, George?" For comfortable reading, special-lens lights are so placed that there is one over each seat, and there are concealed radio amplifiers galore. Same car also contains a deluxe private suite . . . "parlor, bedroom and bath" (with shower) . . . a dish for movie magnates and such. Dining car has two private dining rooms at either end of the main section. After dinner these are used for a quiet game of contract or contact, as you will. Ingenious seating arrangement in the main diner now allows a man to dine in solitude, or, via curved settees and benches, augment his party to 5 without crowding.

"MAPLE LEAF FOREVER." Canadian Pacific will bring you to great summertime doings out in the Great North West. Indian and cowboy exhibitions in the Rockies, trail riding and hiking expeditions; the Prince of Wales Golf Tournament at Banff, etc. Canadian Pacific encourages you to bring the kiddies . . . even prepares special youthful provender at ½ price; presents each youngster with a dandy book of rhymes and pictures entitled "From dog sled to air conditioned trains" . . . sugar-coated educational feature about Canada. You can plan a complete C.P.R. vacation . . . via rail, stay in magnificent C.P.R. hotels such as Banff Springs or Chateau Frontenac, and sail the Atlantic and Pacific on C.P.R. ships. The Canadian National system is the sportsman's paradise, serving as it does the principal fish and game haunts in Canada. They've just launched 50 air-conditioned day coaches of parlor-car elegance, adjustable seats, spacious smoking lounges, special reading-lens lights and soothing color schemes.

KAN-U-GO
New! Original!
CROSS WORD CARD GAME
50¢

Exciting . . . Absorbing . . . Sweeping the Country! 2 to 7 players or solitaire. 60 card deck . . . secret of KAN-U-GO'S fascination.

4-Color Gift Box . . . At Stores Everywhere

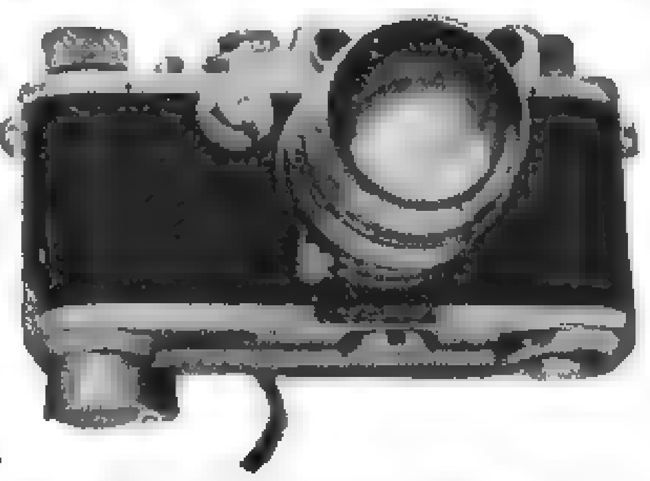
Sole Dist. U. S. A.—
A. A. BURNSTINE SALES ORGANIZATION
200 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.

LEICA PHOTO BY HANS KLOSS

You can catch the "fleeting moment" with your LEICA

It is the microscopic precision of the scientifically constructed Leica Camera that permits you to get the sharp, clear pictures you want, indoors or out, in black and white or full color. Leica has automatic focusing and shutter speeds from one full second to 1/1000th, enabling you to "stop" the fastest action. Ask your dealer about the Leica Time-Payment Plan or write for full information and sample copy of Leica Photography.

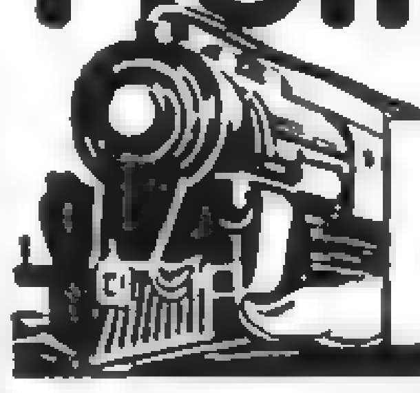
THE ORIGINAL MINIATURE CANDID CAMERA



Model G-1938 With Leitz Xenon f:1.5 Speed Lens and Rapid Winder.

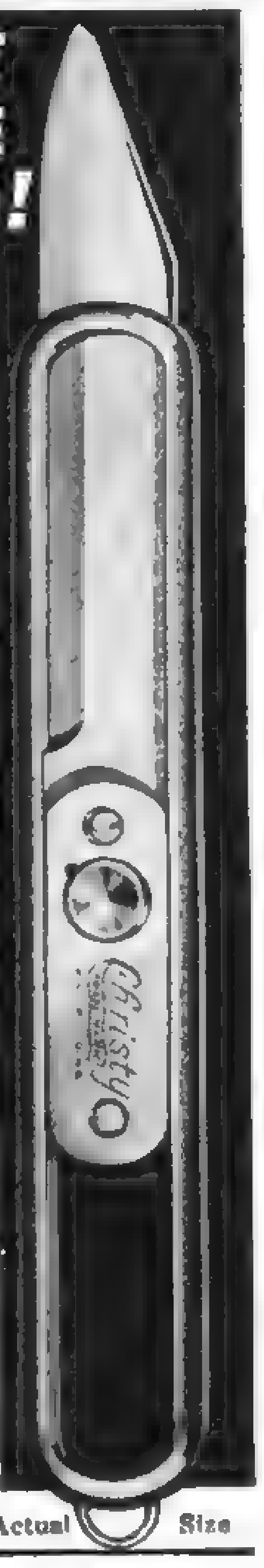
E. LEITZ, Inc.
730 Fifth Avenue, New York • Dept. 72

Mothersills
SEASICK REMEDY



Quickly Relieves Travel Sickness

THE HANDIEST POCKET KNIFE EVER DESIGNED!



● Neat, handy, useful and durable . . . Brass frame, heavily chromium plated . . . Blade of finest razor steel.

Smart . . . practical

Graceful design, light weight; fine enough to wear on your silver, gold or platinum chain.

Three blades in one

Instantly opened or closed with one hand. No broken fingernails. Blade locks easily in any one of 3 lengths . . . really three blades in one.

GUARANTEED TO PLEASE

THE CHRISTY CO., Fremont, O.
Enclosed is $1.00 for a Christy Sport Knife. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded. (Ohio orders add 3c for sales tax.) This offer good in U.S.A. only.

____

Q-11____________________

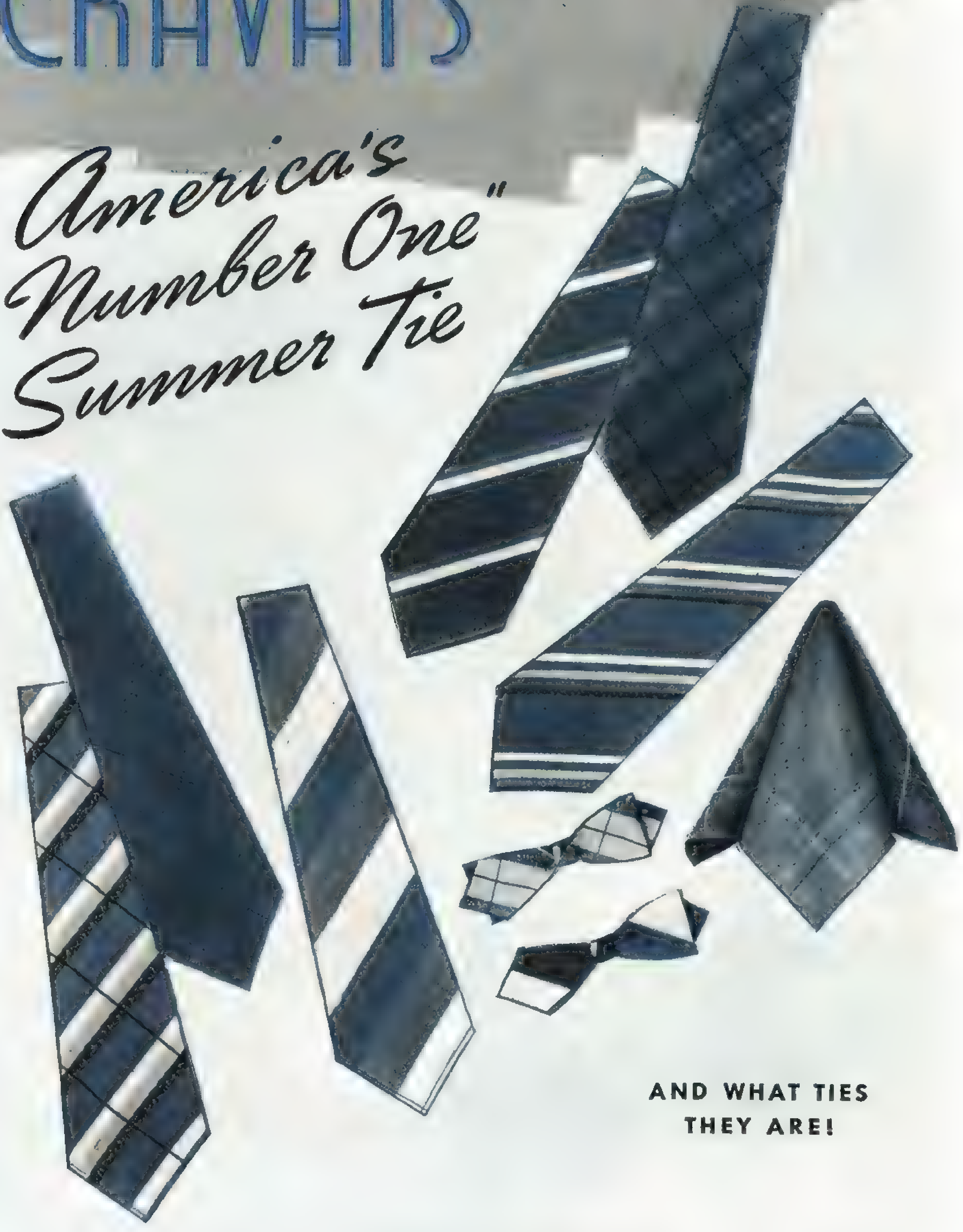
Actual Size

They're all Talking...

GENUINE

PALM BEACH CRAVATS

America's "Number One" Summer Tie



STYLED BY "BEAU BRUMMELL"

AND WHAT TIES THEY ARE!

all America is buying
"BEAU BRUMMELL"
Ties the best

It isn't a Genuine Palm Beach Cravat without the Palm Beach Label.

Palm Beach
REG US PAT OFF
OWNED AND WOVEN BY
GOODALL WORSTED CO.

The perfect gift for Dad—Fathers' Day, June 19th

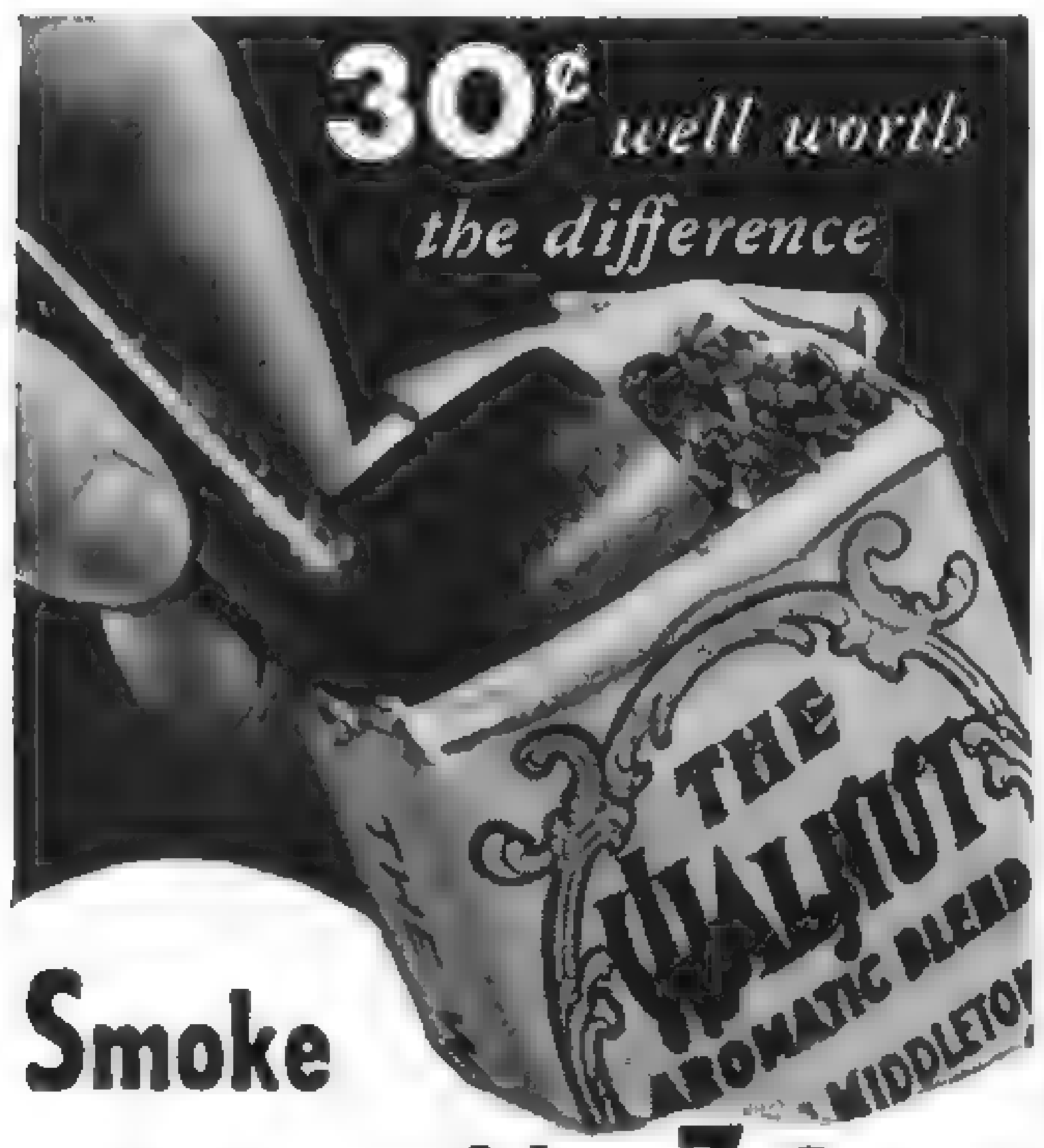
There's only one GENUINE PALM BEACH CRAVAT . . . cool . . . easy to tie . . . hard to muss . . . washable . . . ties a perfect knot . . . patented four-fold construction . . . definitely new patterns . . . weaves and blends . . . available in three hundred color combinations. You'll like this kind of a tie . . . THE TIE ALL AMERICA HAS ACCLAIMED!

Featured by better men's shops and department stores everywhere.

FOUR-IN-HANDS $1.00 HANDKERCHIEFS $1.00
BOWS 75c

THE WEISBAUM BROS., BROWER CO., CINCINNATI

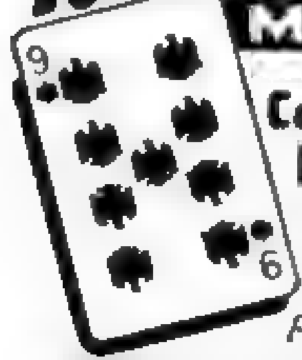
TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE


30¢ well worth the difference
THE WALNUT AROMATIC BLEND MIDDLETON

Smoke
the world's 7 finest
tobaccos . . .
WALNUT BLEND

Discovered last year by thousands of discriminating smokers.

30¢ Sold by your dealer (if not, send 10¢ for sample to John Middleton, 1211 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.).



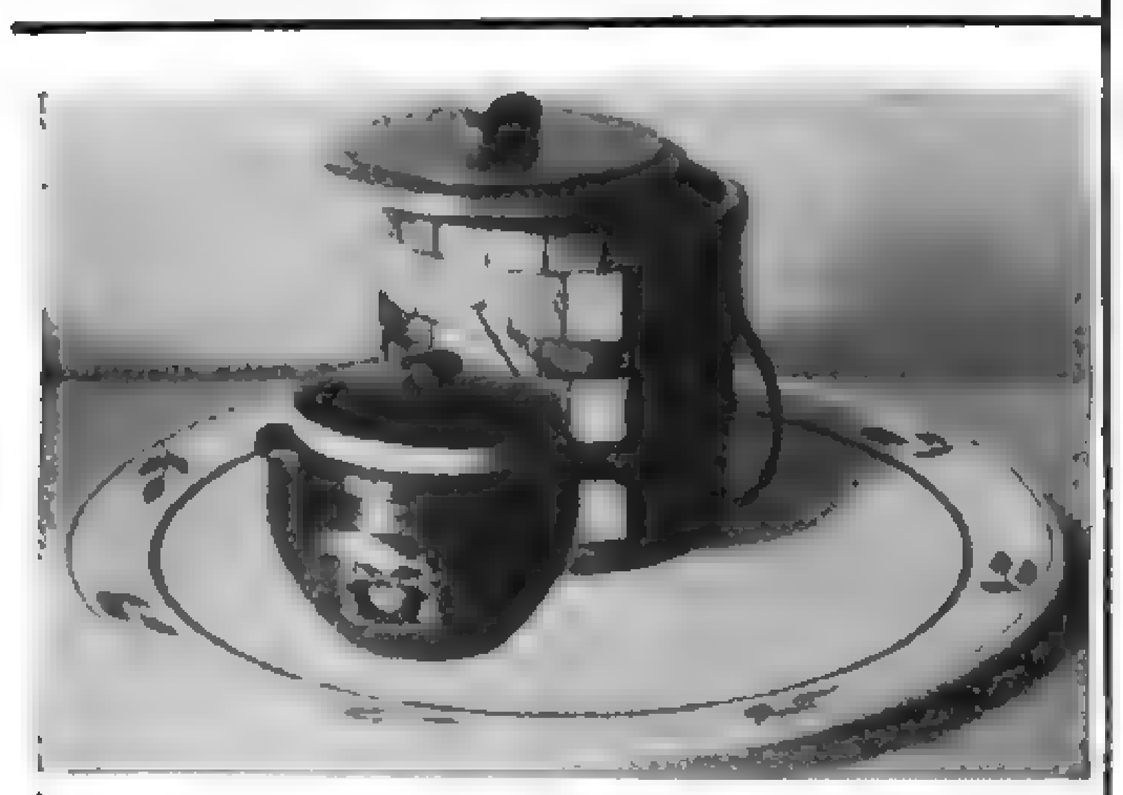
New! 5 SUIT Bridge Cards "EAGLES"
MONOGRAMMED
De Luxe Quality
Contrasting Color Backs
GILDED EDGES
2 DECKS $2.50 POST PAID
ONE COLOR Conventional Design Plain Edges 2 DECKS $1.00
Orders Shipped Same Day.
SEND CHECK, M. O. or STAMPS.
Personalized Gift Catalog FREE
AMERICAN ENGRAVING & PRINTING CO.
1480 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

At Your Next Party—

Serve Pinesbridge Smoked Turkey! Appetizingly different, this new delicacy will delight you and your guests. Ready to serve. A truly epicurean entrée; makes glorified sandwiches, taste-tantalizing canapés and hors d'oeuvres. Turkeys weigh 7 to 15 lbs., smoked. $1.35 per pound, express prepaid, direct from the smokehouse. Money cheerfully refunded if not satisfied. Write to the Farm for free booklet, "TURKEY SMOKER".

R. F. D. #7, Ossining, N. Y.

PINESBRIDGE FARM
Original
SMOKED TURKEY



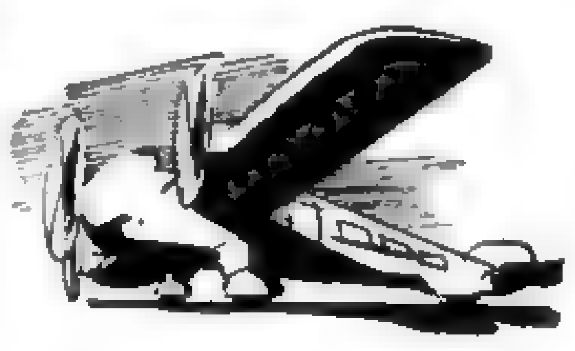
CHEESE — Dad's Gift for DAD

Any man's favorite . . . imported cheese aged in wine and brandy. 1¾ pounds of any DUTCHESS cheese . . . Stilton, Roquefort, Edam or Gorgonzola in a useful Royal Blue Crock (sold by tobacconists at $1 *empty*) with handsome $3.00 inlaid ice bucket or 16" canapé tray. We are embarrassed to say . . . only $4.50. (Add 25c postage; 50c West of Mississippi.)

DUTCHESS FOOD SPECIALTIES CO.
1945 Park Avenue New York, N. Y.

Shoot BENJAMIN Genuine Compressed
AIR
PISTOLS WITH SAFETY $7.50

For Target & Small Game Economical - Accurate - Practical - Adjustable Force-Amazing Maximum Velocity - Safe. Single Shot with Bolt Action - Hammer Fire - Hair Trigger - Safety - Cal. 177 or 22 or BB Price $7.50. Holster $2.00. Also 177 and 22 Single Shot Air Rifles $7.50 - Single Shot BB Air Rifles $6.00 - 25 Shot BB Repeater Air Rifle $7.50 - At Dealer or Direct - No license required - SAFE. Benjamin Air Rifle Co., 899 Marion St., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

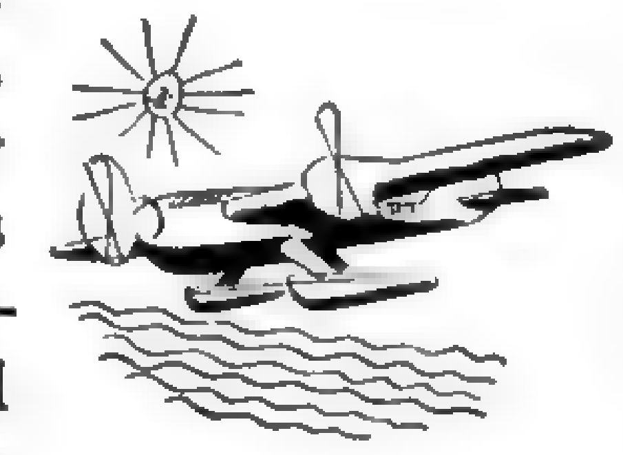


PLANE FACTS. A few years ago, we made an overnight flight to the coast. We ate a cold dinner off paper plates, used paper utensils and balanced our tray on our knees. We sat up all night twisting and turning our torso in anguish. Speed there was, a-plenty, but the expedition could scarcely come under the head of comfort. Things are different, now, folks. To American Airlines goes the palm for bringing out the first sleeper airplane. Ditto the substitution of real china, glassware and silver for the pasteboard equipment. Meals on American are 7-course affairs, and hot. All on the cuff, of course, as is the case with all the big airlines. They have special menus for the kiddies, and even for your little Joe, aged 10 months, they'll make up a special formula. Sleeper planes are swell; 14 of them, each accommodating 14 passengers, 6 upper and 6 lower berths (6 ft. 5 in. long and fitted with soft, downy mattresses) plus the "sky room," a private compartment.

FOUR ENGINES. Air travel will reach a new high this summer when T.W.A. puts on a fleet of 4-engined Boeing Stratoliners, the most powerful in relation to gross load of any airline passenger transport. The Stratoliner is altitude conditioned for substratosphere operation with hermetically sealed cabins in which supercharging equipment can be installed to maintain air pressure at near surface levels. No matter how high the ship may soar, passengers are assured of comfort and quiet. Maximum speed at 4880 horsepower is 242 miles per hour; with only 2 of the engines running the Stratoliner will fly at 10,500 feet. Gas capacity, 1275 gallons, with provisions built into the plane to carry a total of 1700 gallons. Plane interiors are luxurious, the berth compartments are arranged crosswise of the cabin for greater comfort for sleeping passengers during landings and take-offs. Men's lounge has electric razor outlets and large mirrors; the women have a "charm room" with full length sun-gold mirrors.

ALL EXPENSE AIR TOURS. 15 states are served by Eastern Airlines who do a brisk summer business on all-expense tours from 2 to 15 days. Rates include air transportation, hotel accommodations and sight seeing tours.

OFFICE IN THE AIR. United Airlines have ordered a million dollars worth of new Mainliners (10 in all) for summer flights, thus upping the present cruising speed considerably. Business men, pressed for time, can continue their office work in the sky. Dictaphone service is available on all flights, and United will ship your records back to your office or transcribe them for you. There's a typewriter aboard, too. Business over, the T.B.M. can slip into comfy slippers (provided by the line) and relax.



FLYING BOATS. If you're bound for the West Indies or South America, hop on one of Pan American's luxuriously comfortable Sikorsky-type Clippers. One of the greatest thrills of a clipper trip is the dash over the surface of the water with the spray whizzing past the windows as speed is gathered for the take-off. Sikorskys have 4 engines . . . although if need be, they can fly on 2 of the engines. Clippers flying the Pacific are larger than the Sikorsky's and those soon to be delivered for both Atlantic and Pacific are still bigger. Bermuda fans now slip down from New York in a mere 4 to 5 hours, thanks to Pan American's "Bermuda Clipper" and Imperial Airway's "Cavalier," both making 2 round trips per week. Most business men and women accustomed to flying from London to the Continent know Imperial planes with their unique promenade decks. If you are taking the jaunt to Cairo or Calcutta via Imperial, better train down your weight as fares are based on your own weight plus your baggage!

A Custom Made Sandal

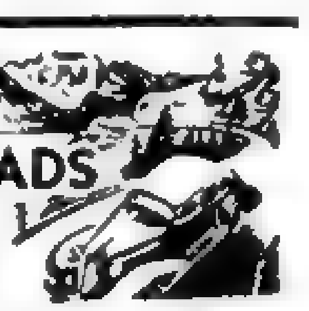
WHY NOT ENJOY THEIR SMART ORIGINALITY THIS SUMMER? *They're only*
$3.75 PER PAIR
Delivered Immediately, neatly boxed, postpaid

Huaracheros in Mexico weave these sandals of steerhide thongs in ever varying patterns so that each pair has a custom built individuality. They are light and cool with the durability that real leather gives. For sports, hiking and loafing through lazy summer days. Low heels, loose heel straps, beige color.

All sizes for men and women

To order, send an outline of the foot and mention shoe size. Specify STEERHIDE

The OLD MEXICO SHOP
SANTA FÉ — NEW MEXICO



BE *at Home* ON STRANGE ROADS

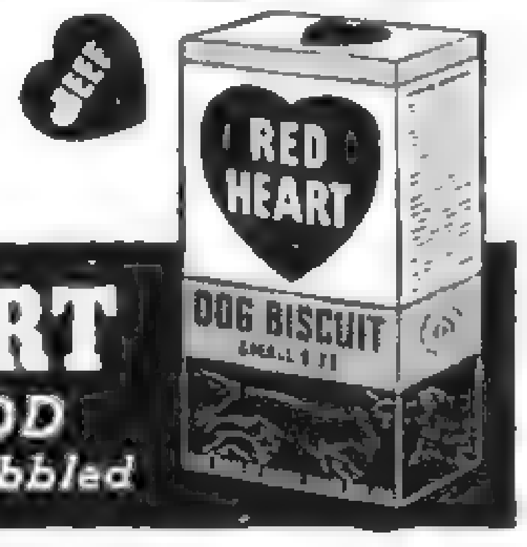
With a Hull Auto Compass you never get confused on strange country roads or city streets. It always tells your direction of travel, saving you miles, money, worry and delays at a cost of only $2.95 at your dealer. Two-piece model $1.95. Write for circular. Hull Mfg. Co., P.O. Box 246-G2, Warren, O.

BEEF
FISH
CHEESE

Now YOU CAN GIVE HIM
RED HEART'S
3 FLAVORS IN BISCUITS

TO SAFEGUARD HIS TEETH!

How your dog will love Red Heart Biscuits! Every package now contains Red Heart's famous 3 flavors . . . beef, fish, and cheese. This scientific dry dog food is really 24 vital foods in one, and guards dogs' teeth three ways: hardens gums; removes tartar and provides gnawing exercise; supplies rich stores of sunshine vitamin D. Send for free booklet, "Dogs—Their Care and Feeding." Dept. E6, John Morrell & Co., Ottumwa, Iowa.



RED HEART
DRY DOG FOOD
Heart-shaped or Kibbled

PREVENT
BALDNESS!

Sensational new Vacuum Helmet stops falling hair, fills in thin spots, grows hair on your head or it costs you nothing. Scientific principle. Send name for facts, price, terms, trial offer and guarantee, all Free. HYDRO-VAC, Inc., Dept. 266, Walnut Bldg., Des Moines, Ia.

Society Brand
HOOKLOOM SUITS

EXCLUSIVE SUMMER ELEGANCE
plus COOL COMFORT

Undeniably the aristocrat of summer suits! One of England's most famous mills furnishes the fabric . . . a sturdy, long wearing, wafer-thin worsted, so totally different, so ingenious in construction, that it defies imitation. In the United States it is exclusive with Society Brand. Made of choice Australian yarns this luxurious fabric masterpiece is distinguished by a unique Jacquard or raised rib effect. And as the ribs are "packed" with pure worsted, the fabric possesses an unusual resiliency that causes wrinkles to disappear overnight. Brilliantly styled and exquisitely tailored, Hookloom suits are no different in quality from Society Brand year-'round suits . . . just lighter and cooler . . . perfect for summer wear.

Available at good stores everywhere. Write for name of store nearest you.

Society Brand Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN
AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

ALFRED DECKER
AND COHN, INC. • MAKERS
CHICAGO • *NEW YORK* • SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES, LTD. • *MONTREAL, CANADA*

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

AIR-, MOTOR-, SEA-SICKNESS

CALLING ALL TRAVELERS!
Avoid Sea-Sickness, Dizziness, Discomfort. Take along MOTHERSILL'S REMEDY for that trip—whether you go by plane, motor, or steamer. It prepares your system against the strain and monotony of constant motion. Special package for air-travel. *75¢ and $1.50 at your druggist, or by mail.* Go in Comfort and Enjoy the Trip. Write for special folder on Children's Remedy.
The Mothersill Remedy Co., New York

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DISTINCTIVE MOTOR ACCESSORIES
By NIL MELIOR—Shown in "Esquire"
Illuminated Crystalix Mascots—$22.50
SUPERCHARGERS and Exhaust Pipe
Trim for all cars, from—$22.50
Musical Horns and Motor Bells—$7.50
Night Driving Glasses—Eliminates
Glare—$2.50
Masterbilt Smoker, from — $7.50. Unity Searchlights, Wig Wag Stoplights, etc.
Nil Melior—Showroom—Waldorf-Astoria
New York—Send for Booklet

CAMERAS

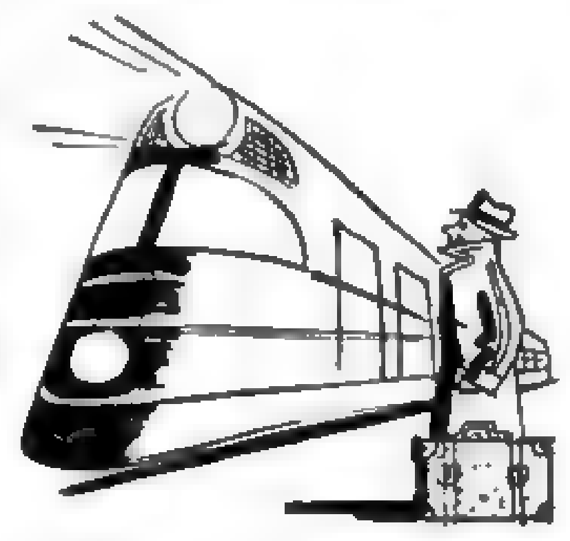
It takes speed of 1/500th of a second to get clear, accurate pictures of action. And you have this speed with the new Improved Voigtlander Brilliant Camera with F 3.5 lens in Compur Shutter. Takes pictures 2¼x2¼. Uses Standard Kodak No. 120 film. Price $39.50, Case $4.50. Send for booklet E. B.
WILLOUGHBYS
World's Largest Exclusive Camera Supply House, 110 West 32nd Street, New York.

DRAMATIC SCHOOLS

Alviene School of the Theatre (45th Year) Graduates: Fred Astaire, Lady Cavendish, (Nee Adele Astaire) Una Merkel, Lee Tracy, Louise Latimer, John Bryan, etc. 3 in 1 course—Stage, Screen, Radio. A technical foundation in Acting, Teaching, Directing and Personal Development in conjunction with Stock Theatre appearances while learning. Departments (Elective)—Dramatic, Elocution, Dance, Arts, Vocal, Musical Comedy, Opera, Music and Fine Arts. Write Sec'y EARLE, 66 W. 85th St., New York City.

EXECUTIVES' MAPTACKS

FREE
SEND FOR IDEA BOOKLET
of Map Systems. Shows modern methods of keeping visible geographic records of sales, etc. Prepared by the manufacturers of
MOORE *MAPTACKS*
MOORE Maptacks are made in numerous colors, patterns, types and sizes, permitting hundreds of combinations. Address
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO.
131 Berkley St., Phila., Pa.



THE RAILROADS GET HEP. At last the railroad boys are on the right track . . . all over the country new trains are going into service, super-colossal in speed, comfort and modern luxury. Trippers who plan summer holidays, honeymoons, etc., via rail, are in for a bit of pretty pampering. On the hottest days you now travel swiftly and smoothly in cool, air conditioned bliss.

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY. When you step aboard the Chesapeake & Ohio (of Chessie Cat fame) you relax in an early American atmosphere. Diners are called Tavern Cars, done with hooked rugs, Duncan Phyfe chairs, Currier & Ives prints, even special white and gold china with George Washington's picture on it. Customers go so for the crockery, the C & O now sells large service plates for souvenirs. The food carries out the Southern tradition with recipes taken from Martha W's own cook book. When you go in to order breakfast you get a cup of coffee, newspaper and cigarettes on the house.

SNORELESS-SLEEP. Early in June the Pennsylvania railroad is launching some 52 new lightweight ultra modern cars designed by the Pullman Company with Rayond Loewy, well known industrial designer. Sleeping cars now protect a person's privacy in the way of Roomettes, small, completely enclosed private bedrooms containing full size 6-foot, 5-inch beds (a relief to men who have formerly been obliged to sleep pretzel fashion on trains) complete toilet facilities, locker for clothes, vacuum bottle and such comforts. The Pennsylvania will also have spacious drawing rooms with 2 full size lower beds, and elaborate master suites. "Single occupancy" sections are now in use on many of the best trains throughout the country, and offer relief for those who have difficulty in pulling on the pants in a pullman. The foot half of the bed can now be raised to vertical position by a handle, and secured with cord and hook so that you can stand right up.

THE HAND OF THE DECORATOR is omnipresent. Such color subtleties as rose, pale greys, blues, maroons, black and silver are supplanting the red carpets and grass green upholstery of yore, plus refining touches like Venetian blinds, stunning draperies and little tables placed just *so*. Take the Santa Fe, for instance, with its imposing fleet of 13 lightweight, streamlined trains, 7 of them Diesel drawn, the rest drawn by a series of powerful steam locomotives. The two Super Chiefs will whirl you from Chicago to the coast, or visa versa in 39¾ hours via The Grand Canyon, and through Dude ranch and Indian country. The décor of the Chiefs ties up with their route. Fabrics, curtains, upholstery, rugs and shades are Navajo, likewise the murals, done by an authority on Indian art. Rare woods have been used throughout . . . African rosewood, black cyprus, zebra wood, etc., and the elaborate cocktail lounge, observation cars and pullmans are luxurious no end! Newest Sante Fe innovations are its two "all-coach" flyers, corresponding to "tourist" class on steamships, and operating on the same swift schedule as the Super Chiefs. Reclining chairs with deeply cushioned seats, comfortable lounge compartments, a combination lunch-counter diner with regular tables and counter stools.

"SWIFT OF FOOT WAS HIAWATHA." Fleeter than the Indian hero is the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul's streamlined speedliner "Hiawatha," whose locomotives maintain cruising speed of 100 miles per hour and top speed of 2 miles a minute. Unique is their "beaver-tail" observation lounge, their gay "Tip Top Tap Room" with its comfy chairs and built-in sofas.

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New Low Price on KODAK BANTAM SPECIAL equipped with F.2.0 LENS *in Compur shutter* with speeds from 1 sec. to 1/500th sec. CASH PRICE $78.75 complete with Field Case, reduced from $115.
Can be purchased on DEFERRED PAYMENT PLAN.
Write for descriptive circular.
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EVERYTHING FOR THE SHOOTER!
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NEW 1938 ISSUE No. 30 READY!
13,250 items, 4,100 illus. All American & most Imported Guns. Exclusive items. New Prices. *(New Time Payment Plan)*. New Ballistics. Gun Parts, Restocking, Ammunition, Scopes, Gunsmithing. Send 50c (check, coin, M. O., Stamps)—OR visit America's Largest Exclusive Gun House
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Avoid baldness. Be sensible and write today for free scalp analysis chart while you still have some hair to save. You owe it to yourself to learn the truth about baldness, thinning hair and dandruff. No obligation.
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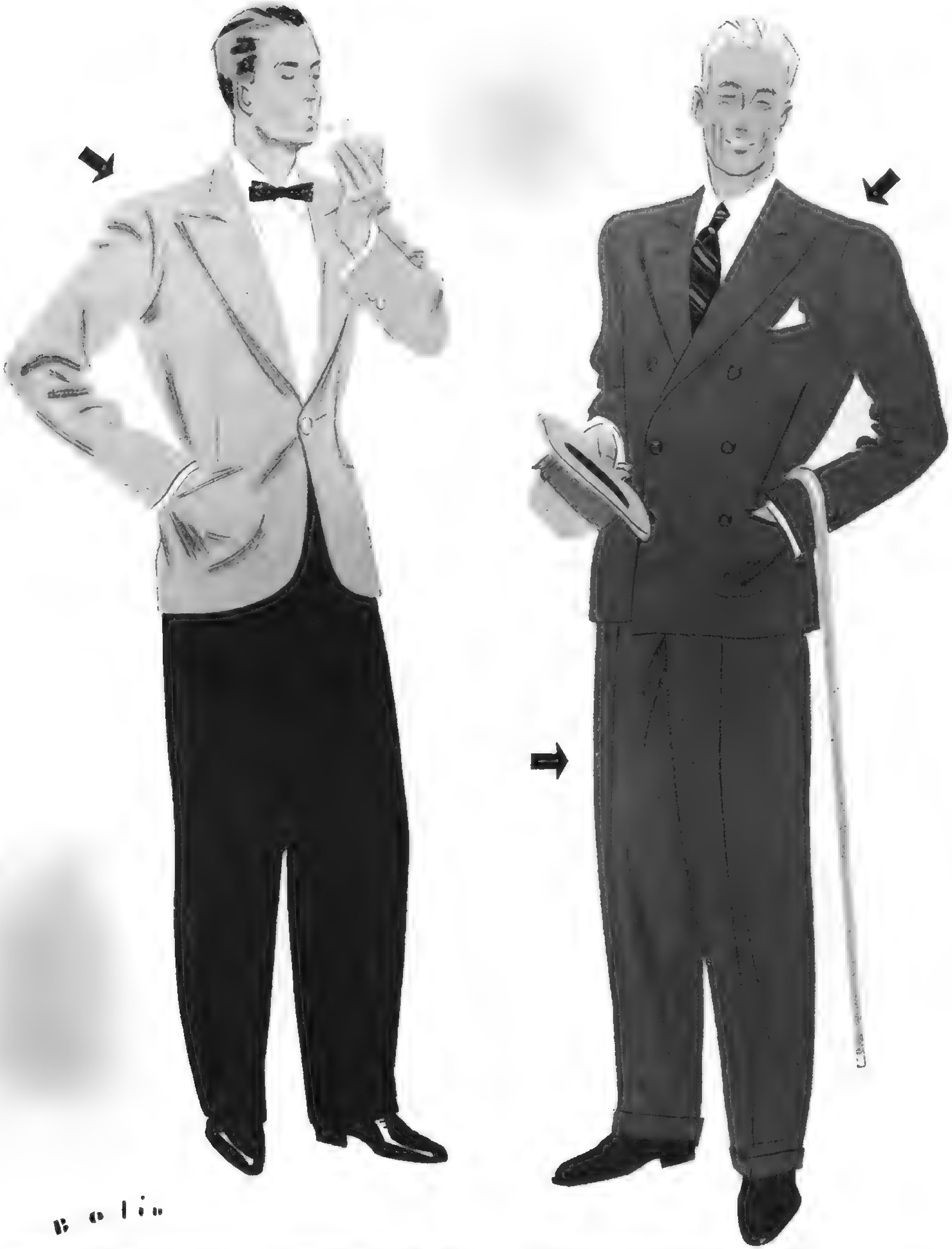
CROWN SPUN RAYON
FOR
SUMMER CORRECTNESS

KENYA CLOTH SUMMER CLOTHES—Spend the summer in the new Kenya cloth made of CROWN SPUN RAYON and cotton. It's cool and porous. Keeps that fresh, well-pressed, well-tailored look. For daytime, a suit of cool Kenya cloth, tailored by Hirshey, in business-like colors. For evening, the correct slate blue dinner jacket, and dark trousers, styled by Rudofker. You'll find Kenya cloth in smartly tailored garments in your favorite stores . . . always identified by the CROWN MARK, with its assurance of quality satisfaction. *If not on sale in your city, write to Merchandising Division of American Viscose Corporation.*



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- Color fastness (colors stay fresh)
- Minimum shrinkage (buy your correct size)
- General Wearing Qualities, fabric durability
- Seam Strength (won't slip at seams)
- Dry Cleanability

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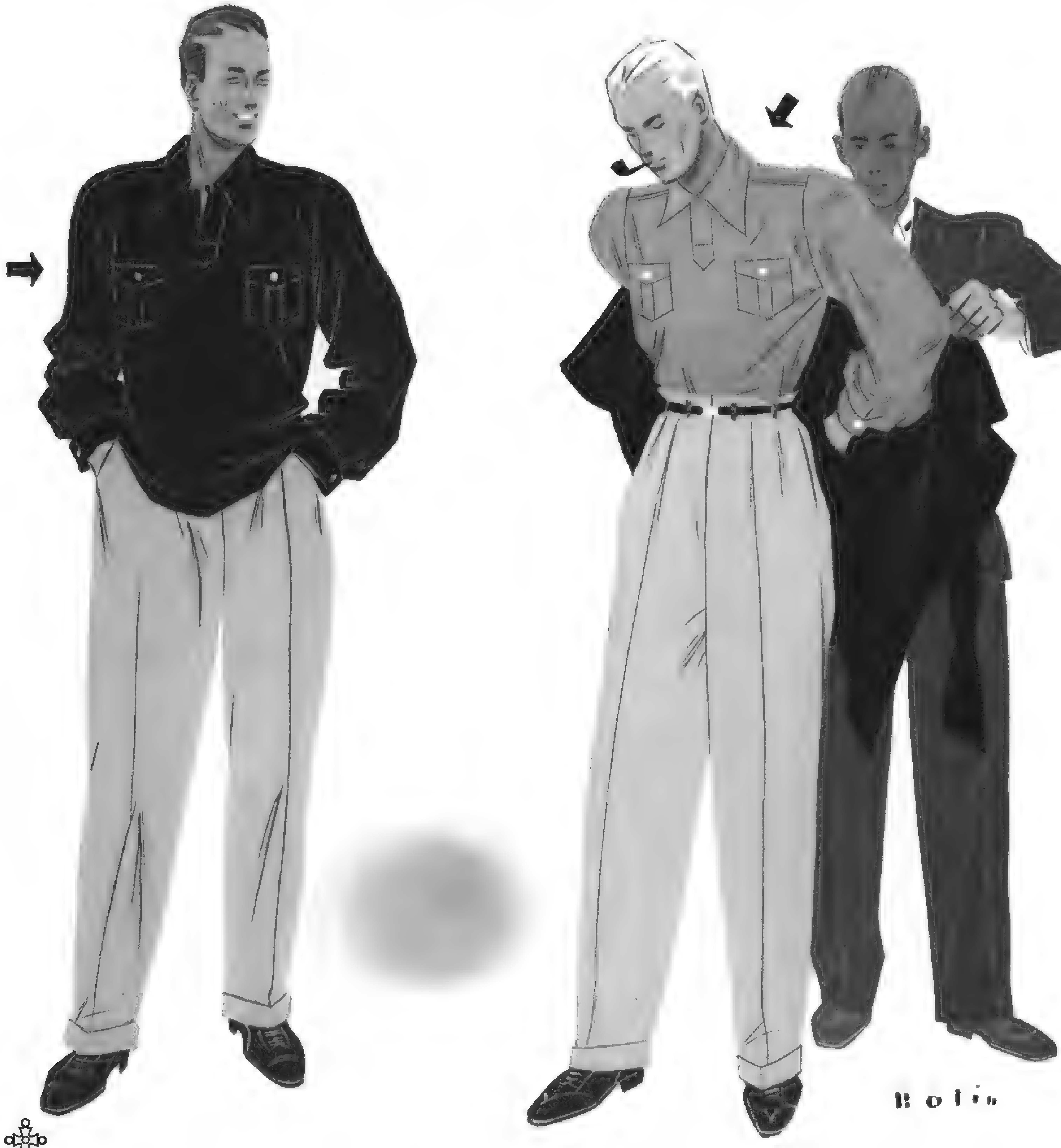

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- ● Washability (easily laundered with care given any fine fabric)
- ● General Wearing Qualities, fabric durability

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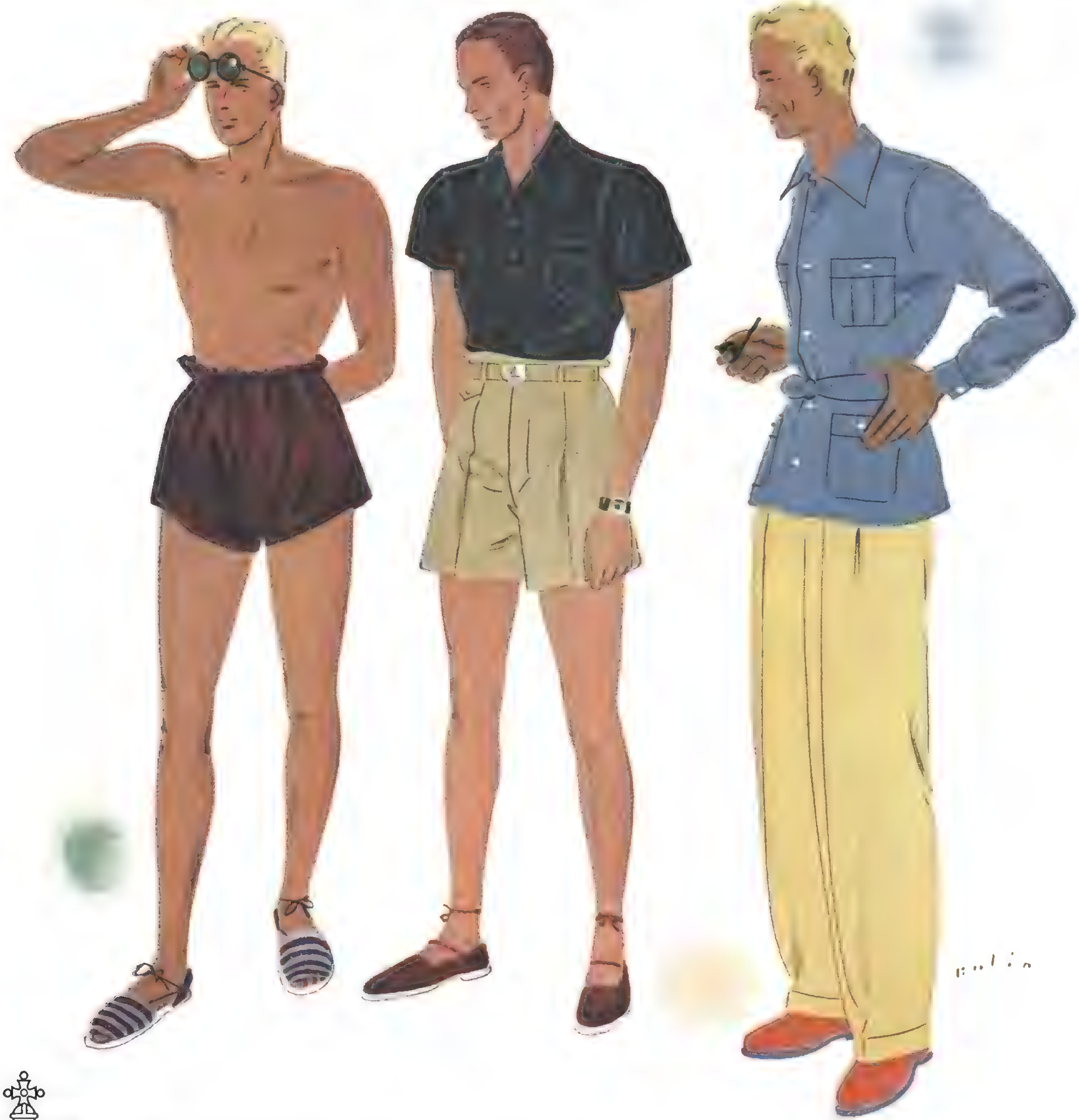
KENYA CLOTH SPORTSWEAR—At all smart summer clubs and resorts, color in sportswear is tops, and men know how to wear it. Here is color with a capital C. In the season's smartest sports cloth, tailored by Puritan, of CROWN TESTED Kenya cloth, containing CROWN SPUN RAYON. Ask for Sportswear of Kenya cloth, identified by the mark of CROWN TESTED QUALITY. You'll find it in your favorite stores. *If not on sale in your city, write to Merchandising Division of American Viscose Corporation.*



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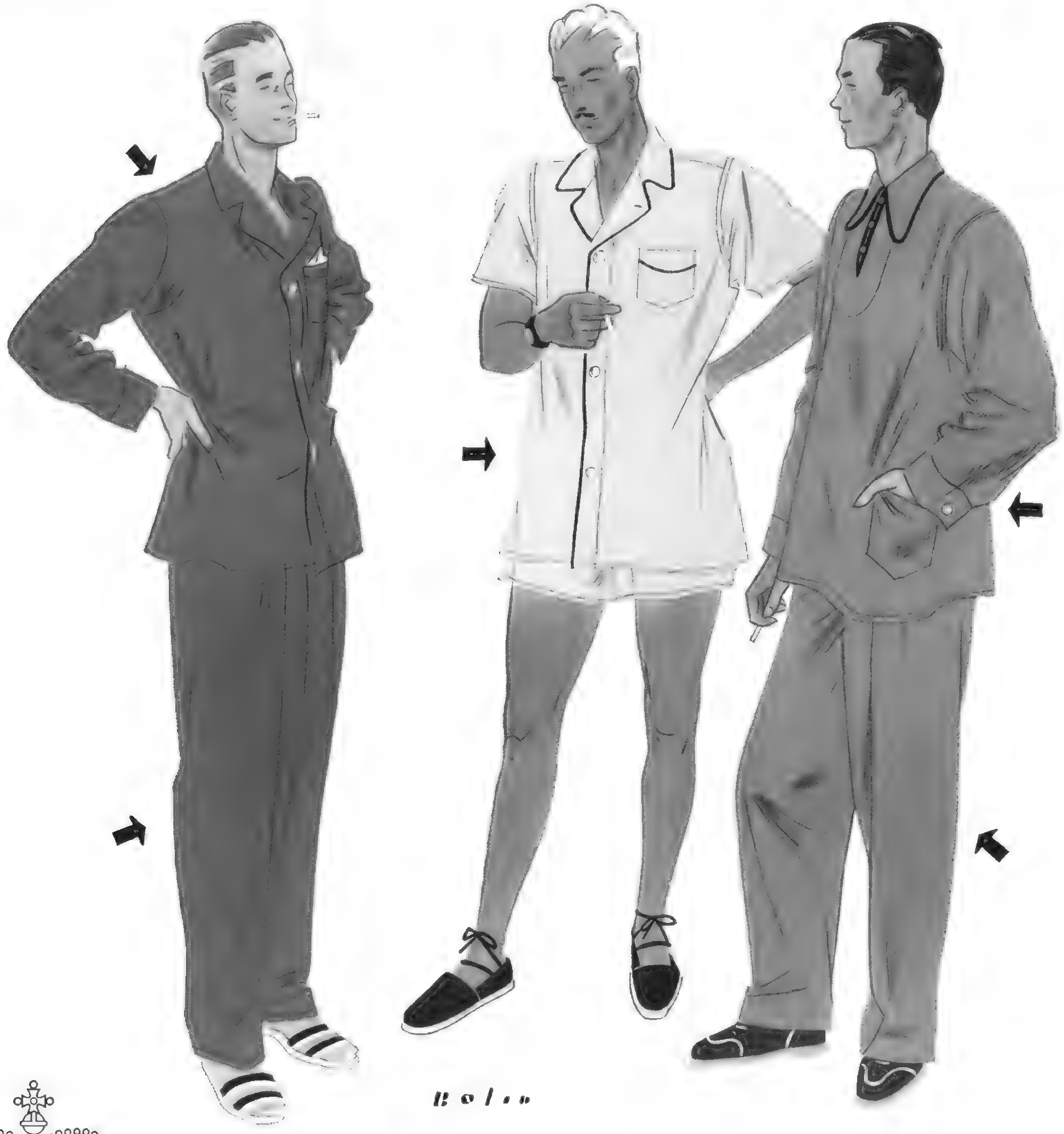
KAYLON PAJAMAS—The fabric is CROWN SPUN RAYON Renaiselle, woven by Fiatelle. It is CROWN TESTED for wear. Practically weightless yet sturdy. Vitalized for crease-resistant freshness. Cool colors in three styles for your summer pajama wardrobe. Cool,—zipper front tuck-in style for sleeping or lounging; cooler,—classic English notch collar style; coolest,—shorts style with short sleeves. Snap fastened trousers with easy elastic waist band. Priced in your favorite stores at about $5. *If not on sale in your city, write to Merchandising Division of American Viscose Corporation.*



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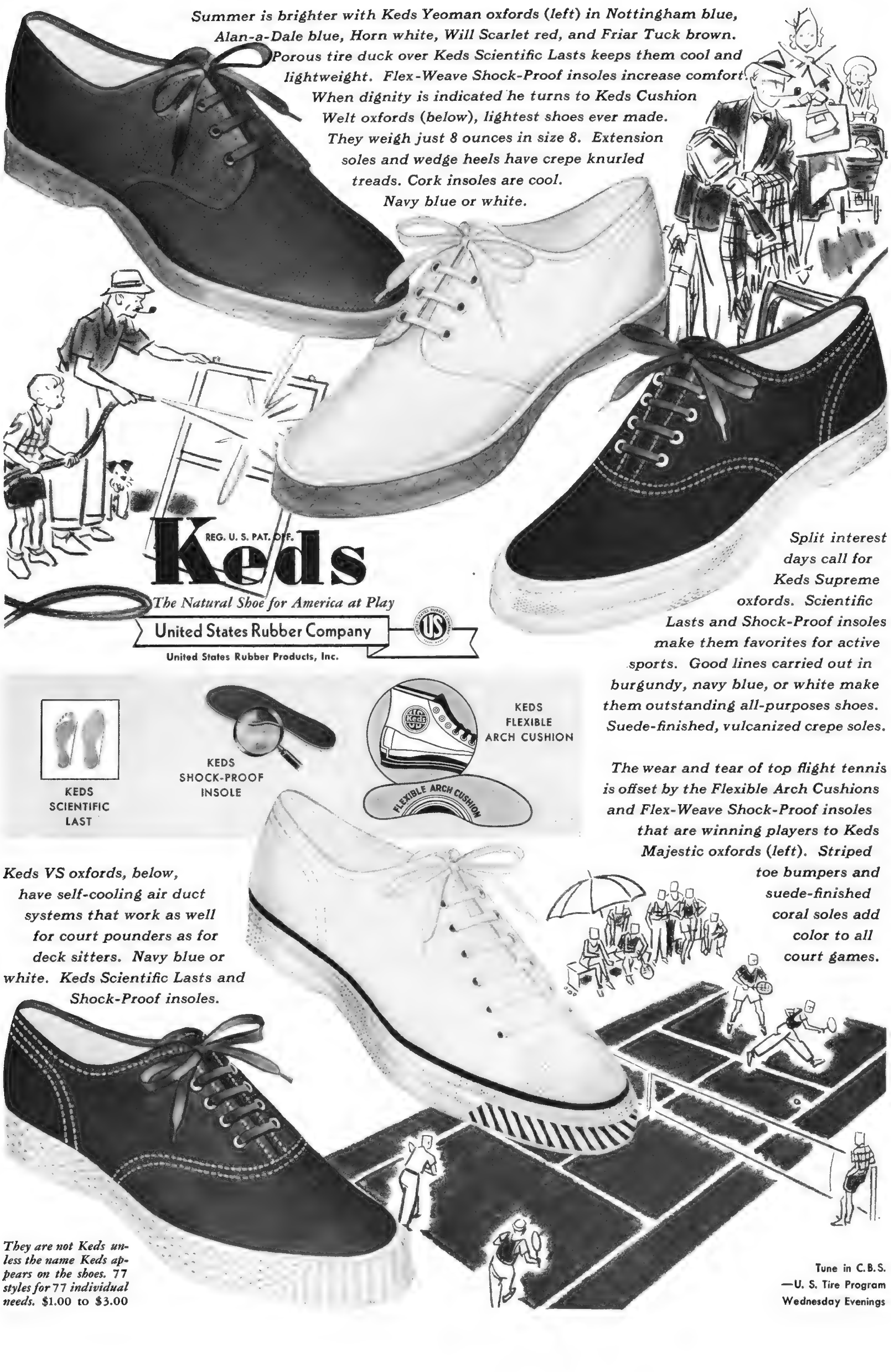

Summer is brighter with Keds Yeoman oxfords (left) in Nottingham blue, Alan-a-Dale blue, Horn white, Will Scarlet red, and Friar Tuck brown. Porous tire duck over Keds Scientific Lasts keeps them cool and lightweight. Flex-Weave Shock-Proof insoles increase comfort. When dignity is indicated he turns to Keds Cushion Welt oxfords (below), lightest shoes ever made. They weigh just 8 ounces in size 8. Extension soles and wedge heels have crepe knurled treads. Cork insoles are cool. Navy blue or white.

The Natural Shoe for America at Play

United States Rubber Company

United States Rubber Products, Inc.

Split interest days call for Keds Supreme oxfords. Scientific Lasts and Shock-Proof insoles make them favorites for active sports. Good lines carried out in burgundy, navy blue, or white make them outstanding all-purposes shoes. Suede-finished, vulcanized crepe soles.

The wear and tear of top flight tennis is offset by the Flexible Arch Cushions and Flex-Weave Shock-Proof insoles that are winning players to Keds Majestic oxfords (left). Striped toe bumpers and suede-finished coral soles add color to all court games.

Keds VS oxfords, below, have self-cooling air duct systems that work as well for court pounders as for deck sitters. Navy blue or white. Keds Scientific Lasts and Shock-Proof insoles.

They are not Keds unless the name Keds appears on the shoes. 77 styles for 77 individual needs. $1.00 to $3.00

Tune in C.B.S.
—U. S. Tire Program
Wednesday Evenings

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Marcos A. Spinelli

Marcos A. Spinelli has written a novel, tentatively called *The Rebel*, which will probably be published by Covici-Friede by the time you read this. He was born in Bragança, Matto Grosso, Brazil, thirty-two years ago. For the past seven years he has lived in America. He is an American citizen, married and much traveled—from El Chaco across Brazil through Europe to the African deserts. He has been educated in Brazil, Italy and France. He speaks a half-dozen languages—or at least he once was able to. And he wrote *The Legless Bullfighter*, page 40.

•

G. Edward Pendray was reared on a homestead-cowranch spraddled across the Nebraska-Wyoming border. After getting an M. A. from Columbia, he did newspaper writing—first on the *Laramie Republican-Boomerang*, then on the *New York Herald Tribune*. He did a stretch, three years, as Science Editor of the *Literary Digest*, and has written popular science books, the latest of which is *Men, Mirrors and Stars*. He was one of the founders of the American Rocket Society. He edits its technical quarterly magazine: *Astronautics*. Another enthusiasm is archeology—thus on page 84, *The Earliest Americans*. In his spare time, incidentally, he is Assistant to the President of Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company. He lives at Crestwood, New York, with his wife (Lee M. Gregory of United Features Syndicate) and two small daughters. And there are two moles in his front yard that have him baffled. He says: "If any of your readers know a sure way to conquer moles, please ask them to write. I have tried traps, poisons, digging. The neighbors' dogs have also been helping me dig. I would fix up any of your readers wanting to go into the moleskin business with a buck and doe mole if I could catch them."

G. Edward Pendray

•

Allison Danzig says: "Born in Waco, Texas. Played football at Cornell until I ran afoul of Gus Sonnenberg of Dartmouth at the Polo Grounds. Left college end of freshman year for Plattsburg and served as lieutenant of infantry in the big scrap without seeing any action except a lot of box cars, snake eyes and little Joes and a few naturals. After the Army holiday, returned to Cornell to get A.B. degree and gave the *Brooklyn Eagle* first crack at my talents. Then on to the *Chicago Tribune* for a month and back to the *New York Times* as sports scrivener. Have been there ever since. Have given issue to a history of court tennis, racquets and squash and a book on lawn tennis, written with John Doeg. Married and the pappy of three door slammers, all of them boys except two."

Allison Danzig

•

Robert Neumann has been fiercely attacked by the Nazis because of disclosures in his novel, *Mammon*. All of his books were banned and burned by Hitler in 1933. He was born in Vienna in 1897. He studied medicine, chemistry and languages at Vienna University. He has been a bank clerk, a dealer in foreign currency, a manager of a concern of chocolate factories, head of a firm of foodstuff importers, a chartered accountant, a sailor on a Dutch oil tanker. He has published poems, plays, parodies, biographies, novels, short stories and movie scenarios. His most successful work is *Sir Basil Zaharoff*. His *Man Hunt in Germany* is on page 66.

•

Richard Sale started free-lancing at Washington and Lee University and by the time he left school, he and his wife (he eloped during his sophomore year) were living by literature. He has written two novels, *Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep*, and *Is a Ship Burning?* He confesses: "I am an inveterate hobbyist, playing with 1. A model railroad which boasts one of the finest locomotive studs in the east; 2. A camera and its inevitable paraphernalia; 3. Big game fishing. The 'Oskie' of the article (*The Ones That Got Away*, page 75) is Oscar K. Williams of Pelham Manor, N. Y. I led him into model railroading, he led me into fishing."

•

Our current **Discovery of the Month** is Dr. William J. Breslow. His *Death, the Mirror*, is on page 77. He has practiced dentistry for nineteen years in New York. He is forty-one years old, married and has two daughters. He graduated from Harvard University Dental School in 1917. During the war he enlisted in the U. S. Army as a private and he was discharged a first lieutenant. He says that his profession offers ample opportunity for studying human conduct.

William J. Breslow

•

C. S. Iverson is a broker in Chicago. They say he was decidedly bearish in 1929 before stocks went sour, that he correctly forecast collapse of the Gold Standard in the U. S. and a big boost in price of gold and gold stocks long before they happened. He was rampantly bullish in 1932 before the big advance started. And again in 1934 when the bankers were shaking in their boots, he told everyone to get ready for the boom. So you'd better read *Inflation?—So What!* —his article on page 39.

Lawrence Gould

Lawrence Gould was a minister for many years, dividing his time between pastoral work and religious journalism. Then he decided that psychology rather than religion was his *métier*. Now he's a practicing lay psychoanalyst in New York City. He has been twice married, and has two daughters. His hope is "to undo the harm of the years spent in teaching people they were 'miserable sinners.'"

•

When Frederick Lambeck was a gangling youth of fifteen he burned to go on the stage, and studied at the Professional Children's School in New York, hobnobbing with people like Ruby Keeler, Milton Berle and Gene Raymond. After two years of silent pictures and practically silent appearances in the outlying theatres, he sold a poem for $4.50 and gave up the drama. He was Associate Editor of *The Publishers' Weekly* for awhile, then a director of publicity. Once he departed to Mexico to do free-lance writing and live the rest of his life. He returned in five months. Then he served as an editor for Doubleday, Doran and Company for five years. Last spring he joined the Conde Nast Publications. He has written a short novel called *Best in the Green Wood.* (Doubleday Doran.)

Frederick Lambeck

Light AS A SUMMER BREEZE

May we suggest, as the good companion of pleasant, gracious living . . . Seagram's "V.O.". Barreled in '32, six years old, this distinctive Canadian whisky is deliciously delicate—yet deeply satisfying. It is, we believe, Canada's finest Canadian whisky.

A Masterpiece Designed for Better Living

FAMOUS
SINCE 1857
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Rare Old Canadian Whisky
DISTILLED AGED & BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
6 Years Old
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LIMITED WATERLOO-ONTARIO-CANADA
"Time Works Wonders"
QUART

Sailing before the wind in late afternoon . . . Sketched on the coast of Labrador.

6 years Old

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Seagram-Distillers
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Seagram's "V.O."

"CANADA'S FINEST"

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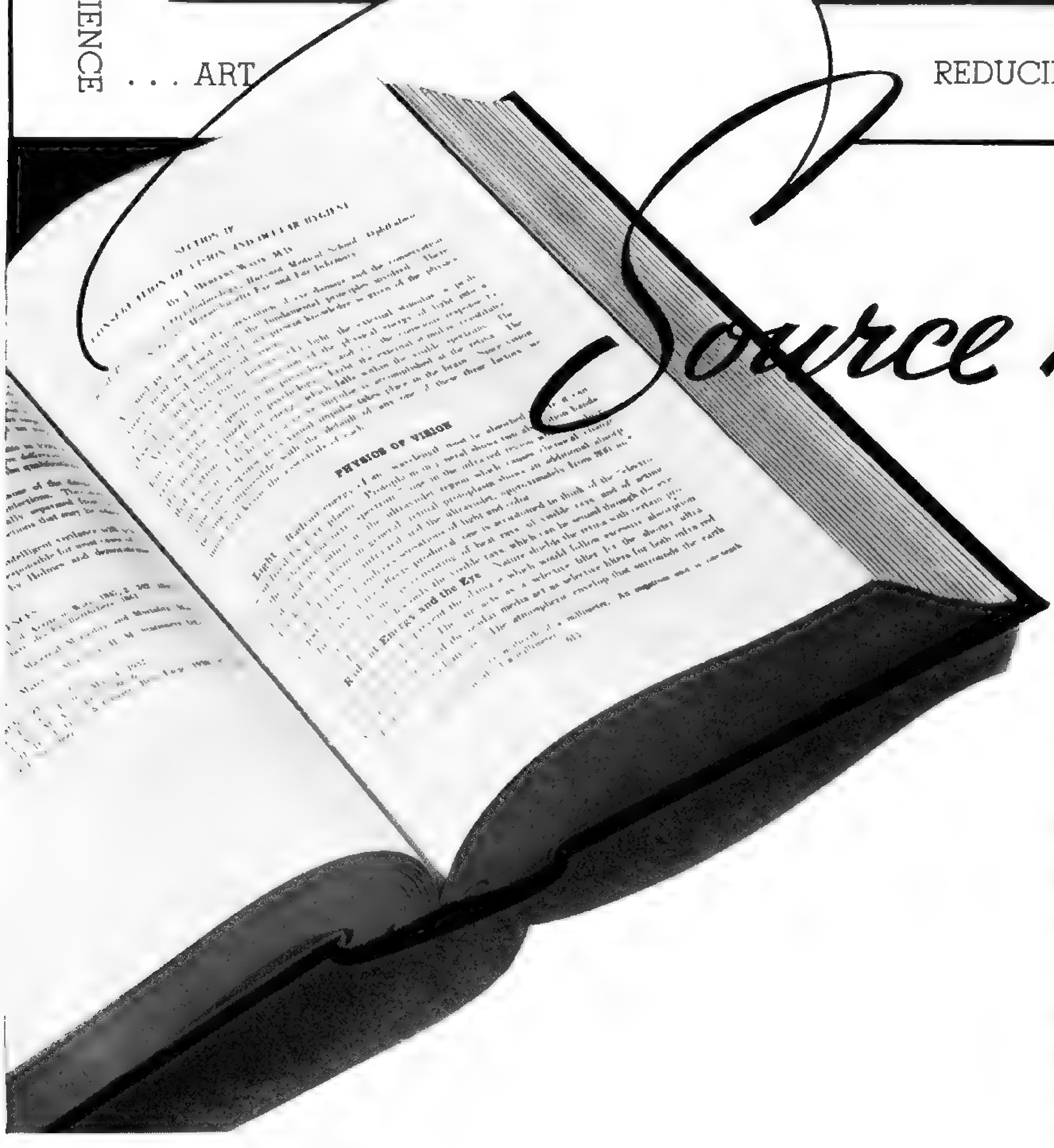
SPORTS . . ETIQUETTE . . SOCIAL PROBLEMS . . PSYCHOLOGY . . WAR PROPAGANDA . . .



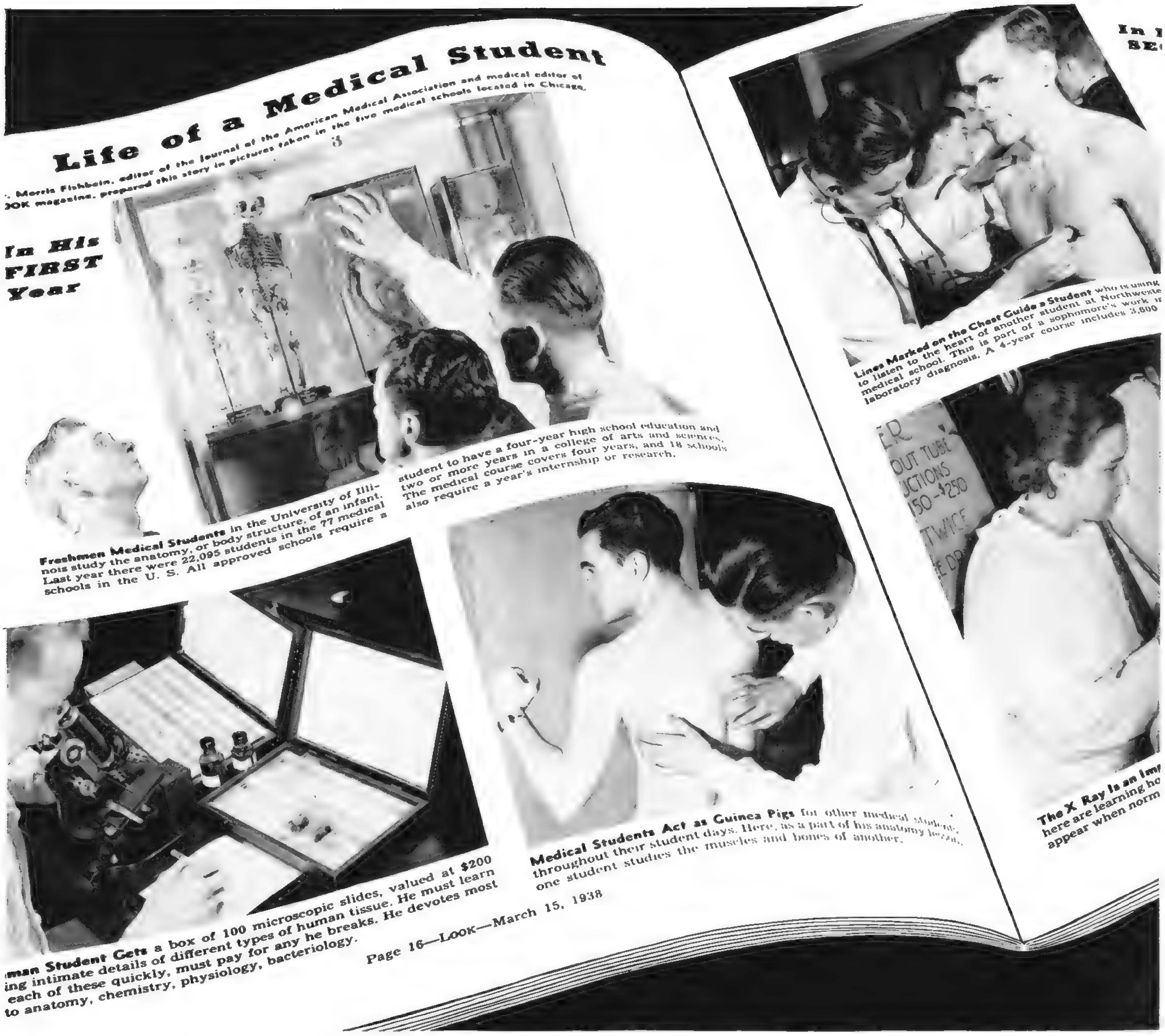
Source Material

Look Presents a World of Worth While Subjects to Millions in SEE-READING Technique

● Watch the average man, woman or child wading through a welter of words in search of information and you have the reason for LOOK'S success.

In this fast-moving, high-geared world of today there is greater and greater need for knowledge and an ever-increasing eagerness to know. Against this are words . . . millions of words . . . more than anyone except specialists and scholars can read.

So came LOOK . . . the new kind of magazine . . . employing a new editorial technique—SEE-READING. Here was the vivid, understandable picture-language that millions had been waiting for. A new way to get the "meat" of knowledge quickly, accurately.



Life of a Medical Student

. Morris Fishbein, editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association and medical editor of OK magazine, prepared this story in pictures taken in the five medical schools located in Chicago.

In His FIRST Year

Freshmen Medical Students in the University of Illinois study the anatomy, or body structure, of an infant. Last year there were 22,095 students in the 77 medical schools in the U. S. All approved schools require a student to have a four-year high school education and two or more years in a college of arts and sciences. The medical course covers four years, and 18 schools also require a year's internship or research.

man Student Gets a box of 100 microscopic slides, valued at $200 ing intimate details of different types of human tissue. He must learn each of these quickly, must pay for any he breaks. He devotes most to anatomy, chemistry, physiology, bacteriology.

Medical Students Act as Guinea Pigs for other medical students throughout their student days. Here, as a part of his anatomy lesson, one student studies the muscles and bones of another.

Page 16—LOOK—March 15, 1938

In
SE

Lines Marked on the Chest Guide a Student who is using to listen to the heart of another student at Northweste medical school. This is part of a sophomore's work i laboratory diagnosis. A 4-year course includes 3,800

The X Ray Is an Im here are learning ho appear when norm

for LOOK'S *Picture Stories*

ARE THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS NORMAL?
Look
10¢

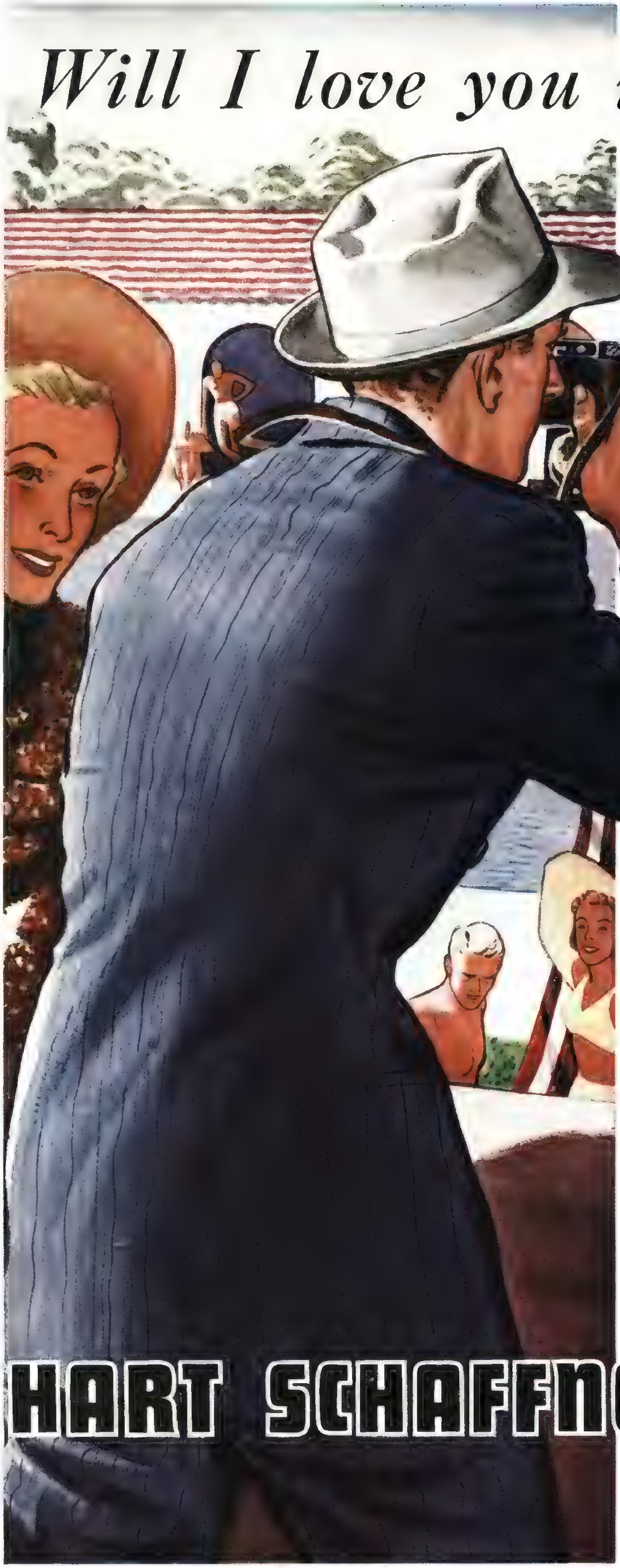
Material is unlimited. Every subject that concerns human interests is a field for LOOK'S picture-language. To date, LOOK families have been informed and entertained on such subjects as taxes, medicine, child-care, swimming, slum-clearance, war propaganda, travel, weight-control, religion, to mention only a few.

Every advertising page in LOOK appears opposite a LOOK picture-article of tremendous reader-interest. This is important. Because surveys now show that advertisements in LOOK share a new high level of reader-availability. It's the kind of whole family reading that gives advertising a new kind of selling power that moves more merchandise per dollar.

Look *Incorporated* DES MOINES, IOWA

NEW YORK	CHICAGO	DETROIT	ATLANTA	LOS ANGELES
551 Fifth Avenue	333 N. Mich. Ave.	Gen. Motors Bldg.	Grant Building	530 West 6th St.
Murray-Hill 2-8730	Central 8127	Madison 6871	Walnut 8615	Tucker 9363

Will I love you in September as I do in May?



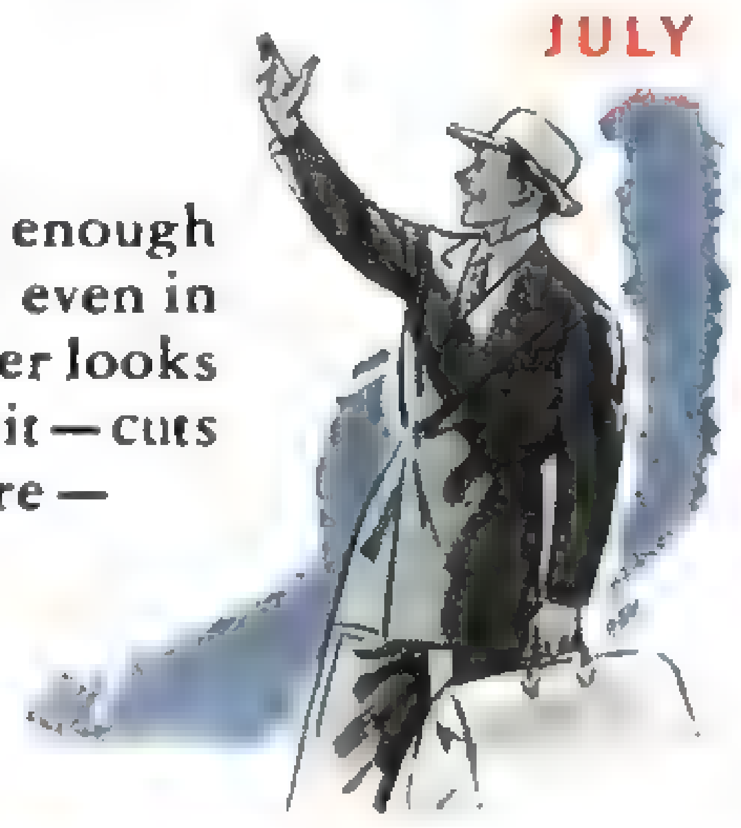
MAY

When you buy a summer suit, ask yourself this question, "Can I wear it *all* summer?" You can, if it's a Hart Schaffner & Marx **DIXIE WEAVE,** because—

JUNE

DIXIE WEAVE is a wool suit. It's porous, doesn't hold perspiration. It never feels clammy and wet, even when you're in an air-conditioned building. And—

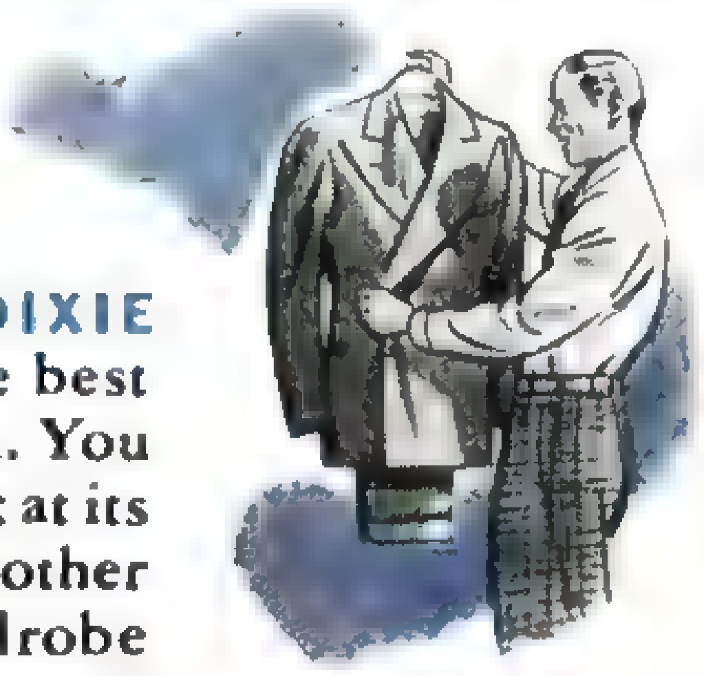
JULY



DIXIE WEAVE has "body" enough to hold its shape and press even in the muggiest weather—never looks as though you'd slept in it—cuts pressing bills. Furthermore—

AUGUST

DIXIE WEAVE will wear and wear! Its fabric, though comfortable on the hottest days, is sturdy. And Dixie has the quality and style of regular-weight Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes. So—



—when you hang up your **DIXIE WEAVE,** you'll realize it's the best summer suit you've ever worn. You can wear it next year, too—but at its low price, you'll surely want another Dixie to add to your wardrobe when Summer, 1939, rolls around!

SEPTEMBER

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A Small Thing to Look For ... A Big Thing to Find

The Great American Delusion

How much can romantic love be expected to contribute to the prospect of a happy marriage?

by LAWRENCE GOULD

• ARTICLE •

"But don't you psychologists believe in love?"

The question is asked, sooner or later, by most of the people I meet professionally, in tones ranging from grief to the pious horror of the shocked idealist.

Of course I "believe in love." I believe in it as a doctor believes in hardening of the arteries, or a psychiatrist in *dementia praecox*. I cannot help recognizing that love is one of the centrally important facts in human life—a fact so important that it deserves the most scientific and dispassionate study. But if to "believe in love" is to regard it as the answer to all of life's major questions, or to make a fetish of it, I shall have to decline. For while love is certainly the cause of a good deal of evanescent rapture, its final result is all too often bitterness and disillusion.

I am speaking of "romantic" love—the "boy meets girl" type; and particularly of the Anglo-Saxon, and still more American tradition that when a man and a woman "fall in love," the admission of their mutual desire and its consecration at the marriage altar is the virtual and satisfactory end of their life story. The phrase, "And so they were married, and lived happily ever after," comes out of the fairy tales and belongs to them. It is no more representative of real life than the belief in "three wishes." And the strange thing is that practically every grown-up person knows this, though few of them will admit it unless they are forced to do so. I do not mean to assert that love and marriage never make a man and woman happy; but I do mean that the love is not the real cause of the happiness. Happiness depends upon the *characters* of the two people, and above all on the measure in which they are able to adjust themselves to one another, and to life as a whole.

The experience of Paul S— would have made a beautiful "love story" of the magazine type. He was handsome, charming, and unusually talented in his profession, which was music. He had worked hard, overcame a lot of obstacles, and at last made good. When he met his Cynthia, it seemed he had nothing more to ask for, since not only did she love him as intensely as he loved her, but she also loved his music, and could picture no more splendid career than to be his life-long inspiration. They were married, and believed that all their troubles lay behind them.

Yet it was only a few months until, as Paul says indignantly, Cynthia failed him. He had been at work on a sonata for weeks, and she had heard it so often that it had begun to bore her pretty badly. It just would not come right, and the young composer was in despair. Suddenly, he "got it," and of course insisted upon playing it for Cynthia immediately. She was in the middle of an interesting novel, and, mistakenly supposing that Paul, with his back turned, would not notice, kept on with her reading. She became so fascinated by the story that she did not notice when the music stopped, and her husband knew she had not listened. He left her next morning, and has never gone back.

Paul, I admit, is a little more self-centered than the average husband, but I think that every man who ever married has at one time or another felt as he did. The human male, like the males of other species, needs an audience for his achievements, and considers himself badly "let down" when the person whom he has expected to be his perpetually sympathetic hearer is too much concerned with other things to listen to him. There is one, only too obvious explanation; where there is so little interest, there cannot be much love. And so, whether he is willing to admit it or not, the unhappy man comes to believe that he has married the wrong woman; while she, faced with his no less inexplicable failures and neglects, is forced to the same conclusion.

Actually, they would both have had the same experience, no matter whom they had married, and "love" would have had nothing to do with it, one way or the other. For romantic love is no more guarantee of lasting happiness in marriage than to have been born under the same sign of the zodiac, or to be of different (or the same) complexions. Falling in love is a psychological crisis—or catastrophe—that may happen in the life of any man or woman. It involves, or need involve no reasonable judgment, and has no relation whatsoever to the qualities which make two people suited to each other and likely to live harmoniously together.

If we insist on "believing in love," we try to escape from this unpleasant fact by making a distinction between "true love" and "infatuation," though the only actual difference consists of the way in which they turn out. Had Romeo married Juliet and been as unhappy with her as a person of his disposition would have been likely to be with any woman, he would doubtless have decided that his passion for her had been the same sort of foolish fancy that he had felt for the Rosaline whom he first sighed for. And so far as his emotions were concerned, he would have been right! Psychologically, love is love, no matter what its consequences or how long or short a time it may last. There is no essential difference between the "puppy love" of the hero of *Seventeen* and that of the Brownings for each other: what *is* different is the *maturity* of the two people, and the other qualities by which their love is modified and balanced.

Love in itself is a more or less abrupt emotional explosion—a surge of desire—based upon the supposed recognition of the beloved person as embodying the lover's conscious or unconscious ideal. Or what is the same thing, when one falls in love it is because something inside him suddenly says: "This is what you have been wanting all your life long!" If you have been in love, you will find it easy to remember the extraordinary sense of having known the beloved person before—the feeling which is expressed in the poetic idea that you must have known each other in a previous incarnation. But unless you are much more aware of your own mental processes than most of us, you will have no idea where the feeling comes from.

Actually, if you are the average sort of person, you began to form a love ideal from the moment when you became conscious that there was a special sort of bond between your parents which was different from and closer than the bond between you and them, or between you and the other children. If you were a boy, the dream began to form in your mind that "some day" you would be able to enjoy the privileges and delights that were your father's. You would "have a wife of your own." But the picture of that wife almost inevitably took at first the form expressed in

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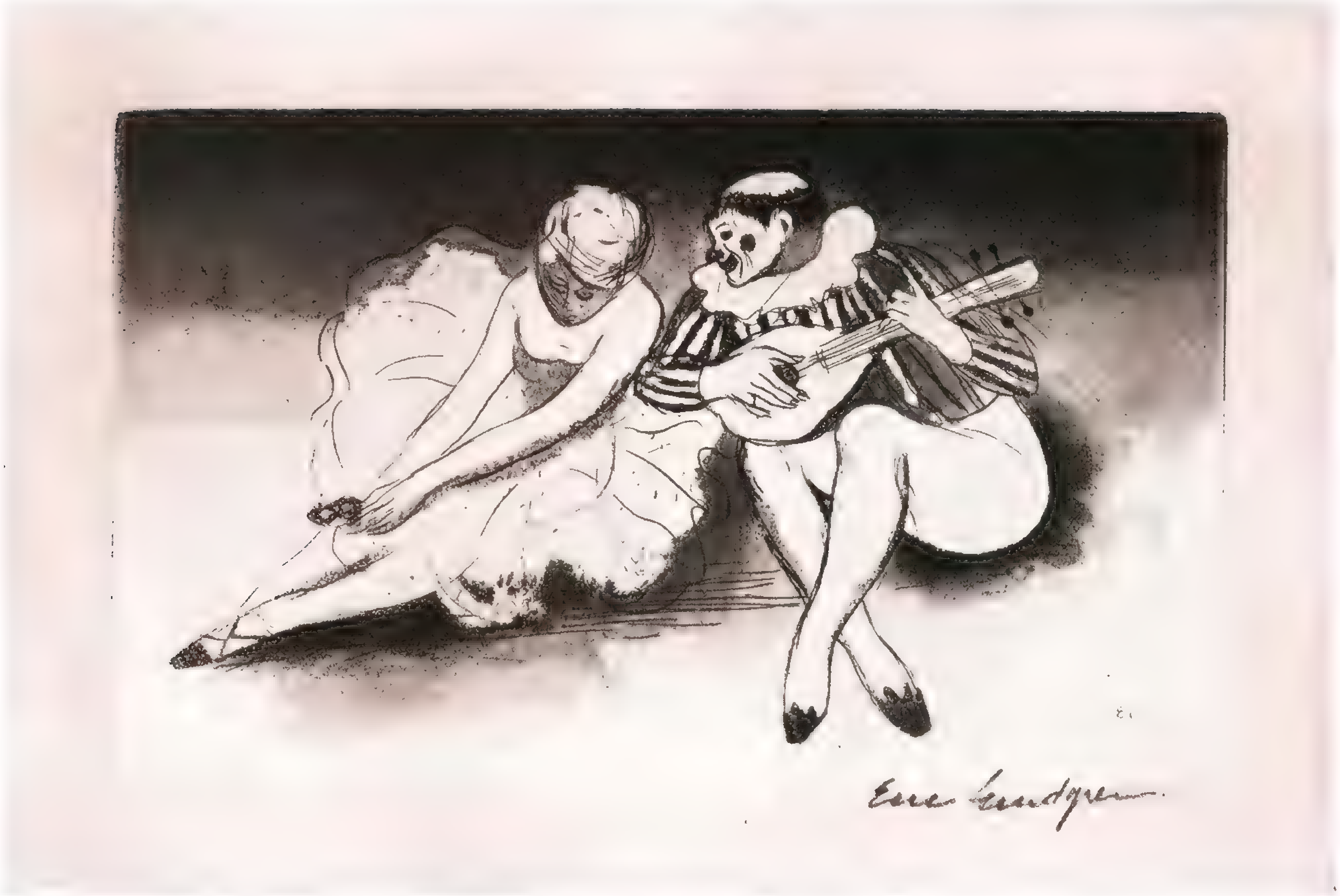


Song for a Bride

by PETER DE VRIES

AQUATINT *by* ERIC LUNDGREN

This moment is an island in a sea of time.
In silence we shall find and shall be found.
In more than sleep we shall forget the fatal chime
That crashes at this chamber with insistent sound.

Sleep and awake and sleep, seek not to measure this
Along whose hush the kisses bloom and burn;
Think never thoughts, pause not to treasure this,
Swift, sweet unreckoning before the tide's return.

For this Beloved is not time, it is a fragment of eternity,
And silent night is more than half or twice the day;
Think not in terms, the rose that fades not will be crushed,
Tomorrow is our hope and we tomorrow's prey.

Not searching we have found, we shall be wedded without word,
The answer crushed in quietness between your lips
—That sea of scarlet in a rose's width—
The question shrieking from the fingertips.

A splash of crimson from impassioned harps. Such is your mouth,
The parting of your mouth! The moment that a song has ripened to,
The single chord from which the music having ripened bursts.
Such is this kiss, warm as the colors underneath the dew.

First miracle and last for us who seek a sign.
Sweetly forget we know what day will come to pass.
Drink. This is the only water ever changed to wine.
Tomorrow we shall be among five thousand on the grass.

Come closely Catherine now and hear me sing
Turn gently Catherine now and see me dance:
With shadows known as words I would remembrance bring
Of all that light and darkness called romance.

This does the husband have, the husbandman recall:
Face breathing into darkness on a pool of hair
Dark shadows blooming strangely on the cancelled wall
The footfall like a signature upon the stair.

Between the revery and revelry of youth
Falls all the labor and the sorrow and the care;
Among the darkness and the light of truth
Falls all the music, which is hope forever wedded to despair.

Our precious pattern. In the evening. At the play.
The simplified security of loves and lusts;
Listening to remember all the lovely lovers say;
The author weaving drunkenly among the busts.

The night shines crisply in the winter air.
Stars tinkle in the frost like mandolins.
And giving you the rash gardenia there
Is pleasure exquisite as violins.

Bright coats and dresses running from the windy street.
Intensify the doorway to the concert hall;
White hands float, and soft balsamic oboes bleat:
This does the husband have, the husbandman recall.

Some music flows among your flowing hair
And sounds and silence flood the tall transfigured room.
Your eyes are nourished by the candles on the table there
That grow two thistles in the quivering gloom.

You were the princess in the story books
The queen in all the poetry we read,
You bathed each morning in the story brooks
The naked girl who took the note to bed.

Ah Catherine! we were the young, we wept
In woodcuts underneath the willows;
We were the splendid immemorial young, we slept
Or slept not sighing on the poets' pillows.

O keep this yet! wear many years such flowers in your hair
Loiter in the moonlight on the marble stair
Shed sorrow smiling on the wistful air
Linger in the literary moonlight there.

I shall be long the husband whom the husbandman recalls
Divinely drunken night-enchanted fool
Who saw you in the garden where the summer swarms and falls
And cried and flung you roses at the pool.

So linger by the wall, nor quickly turn,
Let not such vision be too cruelly brief.
And when you sorrow, queen, be tall, stand weeping by the urn,
Shed tears like silver dew in beauteous grief.

Train whistles wailing downward into sleep
Cool shadows growing on the cancelled walls
Slow whispers in a darkness growing sweet and deep:
These things the husband has, the husbandman recalls.

So you shall be remembered altogether fair
Altogether fair and strange and tall
When at last you pass in darkness down the garden stair
And husbandman and husband both recall.

Time for the Pie-Boy

Afternoons grow long in a factory, and the men have to invent ways to overcome the dullness of the hours

by ERIC KNIGHT

• FICTION •

THEY called the new foreman Bluebottle. He hadn't been in the plant two hours when Big Tim gave him the name.

"Look out! Here comes Bluebottle," he called, from the side of his mouth.

Danny, who was Big Tim's helper behind the saw, started to laugh. The new foreman stopped, and stared at Danny; so the boy quickly went through all the motions of being very busy, wiping the sawdust off the steel table and getting ready for the next piece of lumber to come through.

But the name stuck, and after that wherever the foreman went a man would call from the side of his mouth:

"Heads up! Bluebottle!"

The next man would pass it on, and then they'd all pretend to be working top speed.

The men were delighted at the rightness of the name Big Tim had thought up. The new foreman was like a bluebottle. He circled around the plant in a meaningless sort of persistent way, but more than that, he wore a strange blue jumper suit that buttoned at the throat, entirely covering his clothes.

Undoubtedly that suit was the main reason the men disliked Bluebottle at first. They had never seen an outfit like that in their town before. Correctness in working clothes varies with the locale and the industry. In the sawmill the custom was to wear corduroy trousers, a grey flannel shirt, and any old ragged coat and hat you had handy. The old foreman had worn clothes like that. The only difference was that he kept his coat on all day, while they hung their coats on nails in the walls, and rolled up their sleeves.

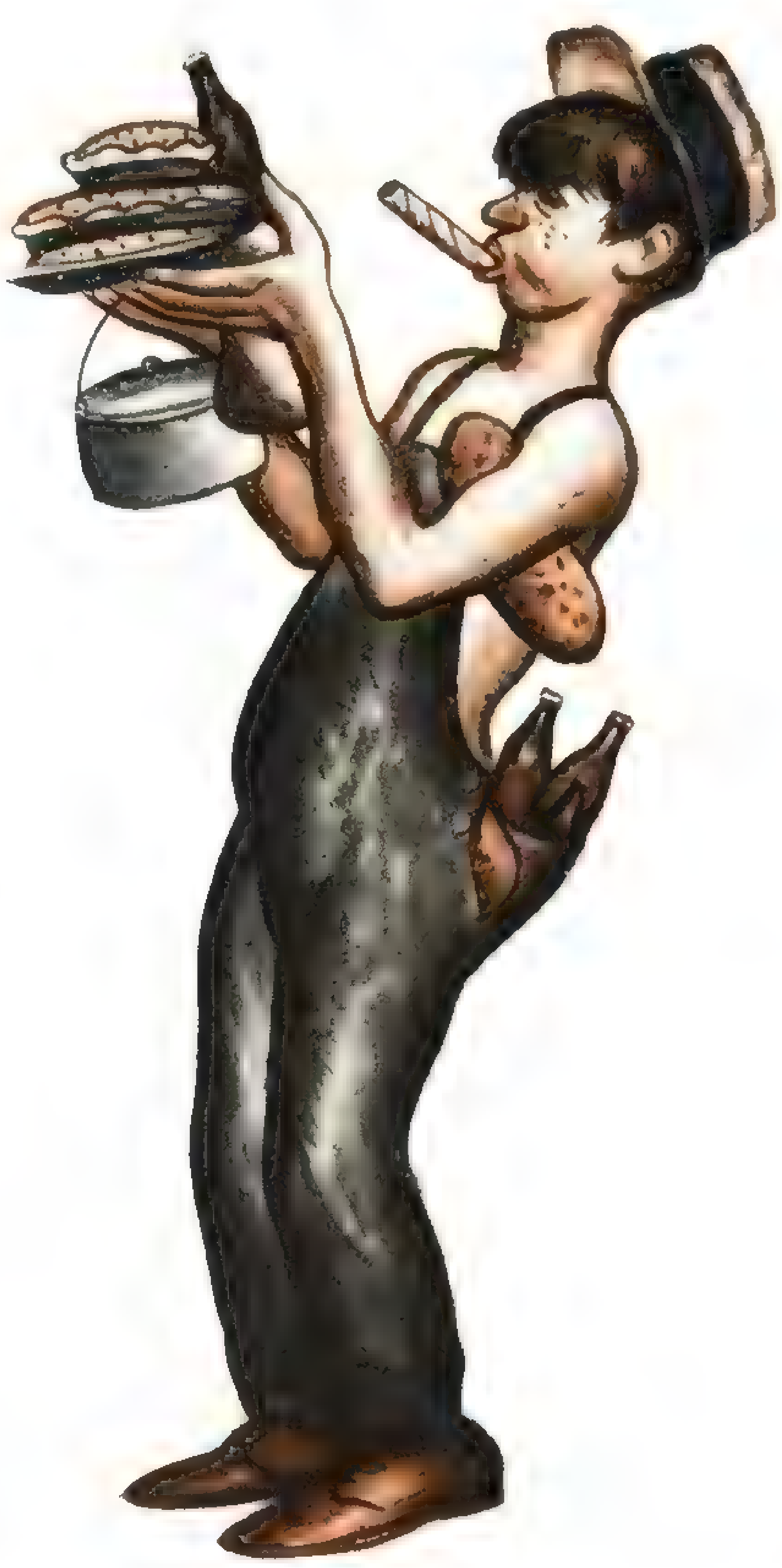
Then all day long the saws would rip and scream, and upstairs the machine-planers would drone and growl, and the air would be thick with fine wood dust that settled into their clothes and eyebrows and mustaches and even clung to the fine hairs on their forearms. At the end of the day they smacked and patted themselves with their hands until they had got rid of enough dust to be decent for the walk home.

The jumper suit Bluebottle wore seemed to the men, in some undefinable way, an unsportsmanlike evasion of all the factory meant—as if he were ashamed of the dust and the mill that they had to work in.

As the day went on, they also became convinced that he knew nothing about the things they were doing, and thus their sense of craft was outraged. It is hard to say how they knew this, for he never spoke to any of them. He just stood and stared at them. His dark, handsome face was expressionless, but the thin stripe of a mustache that he wore made it seem as though he were sneering at them.

When he was gone they would look over at each other and wink and give a sort of snorting laugh—a silent laugh that seemed to say: "Hell, I'll bet he doesn't know Douglas fir from white pine."

Before the end of the day the men were all banded together in unspoken warfare on Bluebottle. He came around too often. It is one of the unwritten laws of all factories that whenever the foreman is near you, you save his face by working smartly. In return he knows you ease up when he's not around.



TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

But Bluebottle came around too often. The old foreman used to let them alone in the afternoons. Anyhow, he didn't need to watch them. He could sit in his cubby-office and tell by the sound of the mill just how much work was going through and how steadily the men were on the job. Bluebottle couldn't do that. He had to keep patrolling and watching them. They had to keep speeding up while he was there. They didn't like being pushed so often. So they began tricking him. They would make a great show of being busy, with lots of action, but really they were getting less done than if he'd left them alone.

But, in spite of all this, no doubt Bluebottle would have got used to them and their ways, and they would have got used to Bluebottle and his ways, if he hadn't been so foolish as to stop the pie-boy.

Whenever there are stories about industrial troubles and discontent, people always talk about wages and output. But more often the content of workmen—or their lack of it—is based on something like the pie-boy. In other factories they probably have other names for him. But in the sawmill they called him the pie-boy.

Always, every afternoon, Big Tim would look at his watch. When the minute hand was right on the hour of three, he would throw his head back and shout:

"Ay-ioooo!"

As soon as he did that Danny, behind the saw, would howl the same way:

"Ay-ioooo!"

The other men and boys would take it up, until the whole mill would be ringing with a chorus of wild yodels that could be heard above the machines. Then the men would begin to call:

"Who's the pie-boy? Come on, who's the pie-boy?"

Each day, in rotation, it was a different boy. He went round from man to man and got their orders, and then he'd steal out through the fence to the corner store.

Mostly they were silly and useless things the men sent out for: a plug of chewing tobacco, or coughdrops, or licorice, or, in summer, a bottle of pop or Coca-Cola. But mostly they sent out for small pies that the old store woman baked and sold for a nickel.

It was not so much that the men wanted or needed these things, as that it provided an important break in the aridness of the afternoon. For men in factories have to learn ways of overcoming the monotony of the hours. The mornings are not so bad, because there's always lunch to look forward to. But the afternoons are long. The desire to wish the hours away grows stronger and stronger. The minutes creep past slowly and there is nothing to break the weariness of life.

It was that way in the sawmill. Danny, behind Big Tim's saw, knew that it was always in the afternoon that tempers got bad, and

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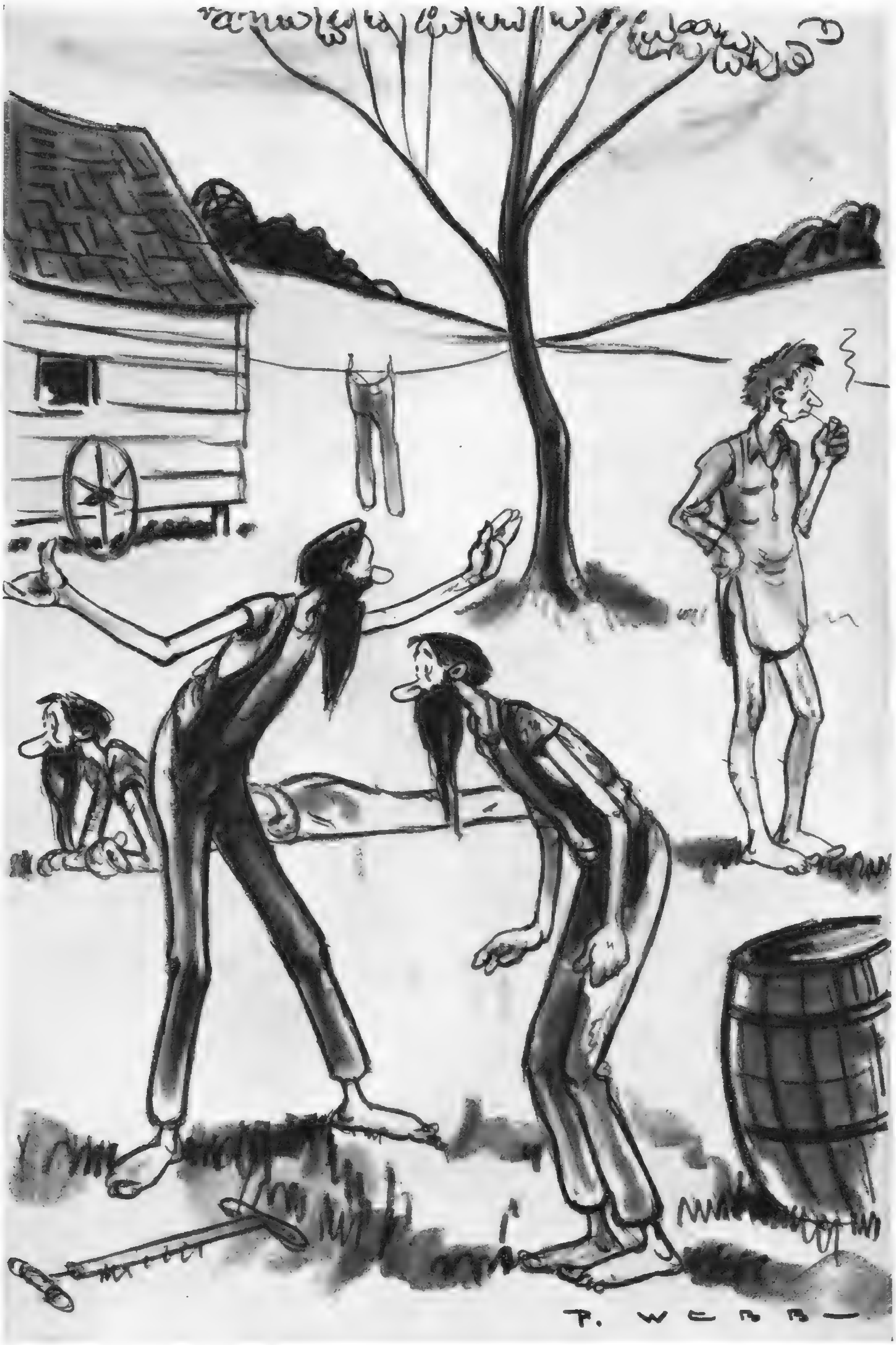


*"Hey—Cousin Toad—hyar comes the new school marm—
Gran'maw sez fer you to slick yore hair down a bit"*

Inflation?—So What!

Inflation is like alcohol, and the party gets wild only when there are too many drinks on an empty stomach

by C. S. IVERSON

▪ ARTICLE ▪

ONCE again the economic machine is in the ditch. The stock market was the first to crack up. Now business has collapsed. Just as we seemed to be out of the depression, along comes another breakdown!

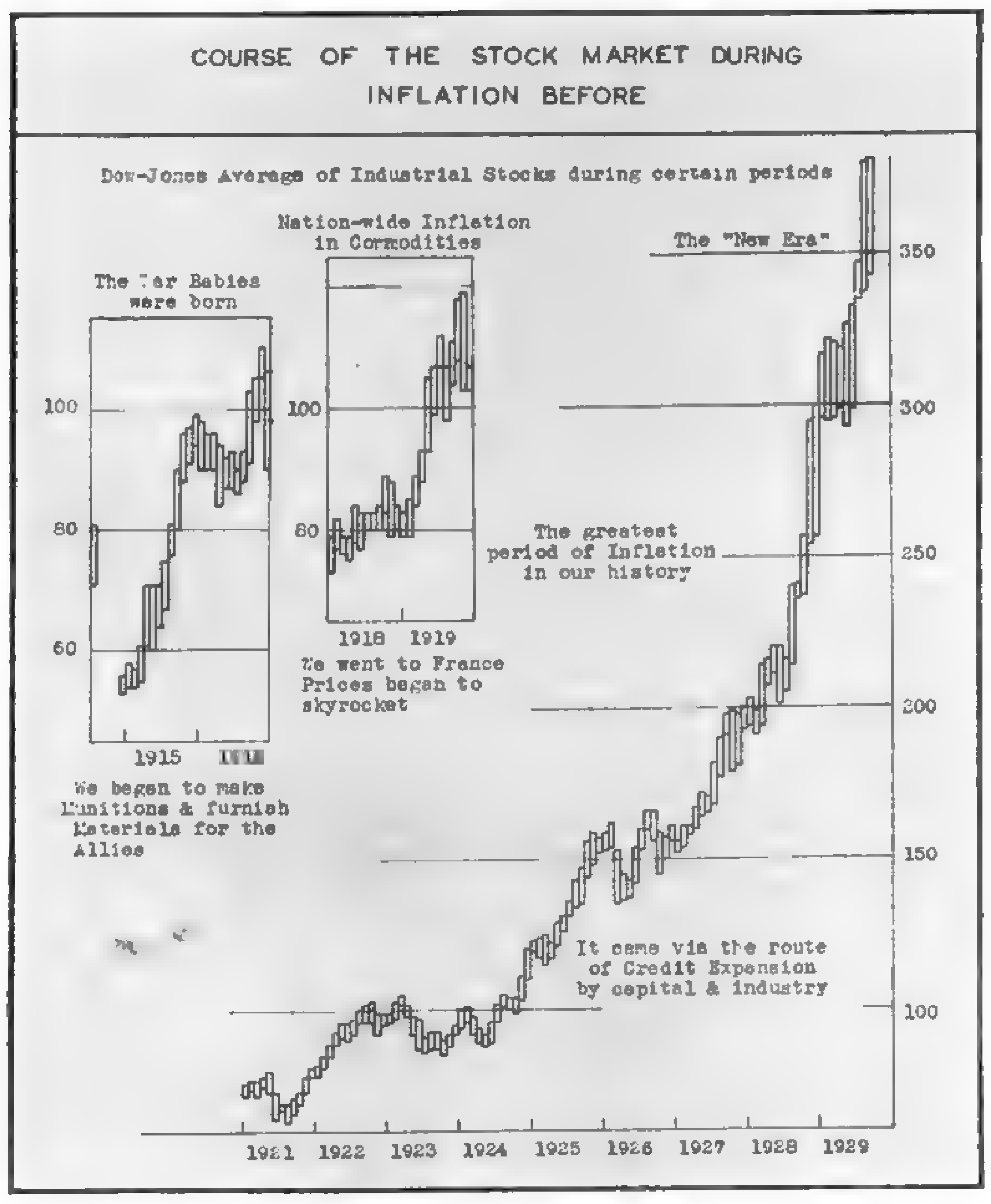
What is the matter with the old machine? It used to chug merrily along, but since '29 the thing has gone definitely haywire. After the wreck in '32 we put all the parts together. We huffed and we puffed and we primed the darn thing till finally it began climbing the hill. The distance from 1932 to 1934 was made in low gear. Then we shifted into second speed and when the mileage turned 1936 we finally got going in high. Suddenly it exploded and here we are in the ditch!

The crew from the Brain Trust Garage which overhauled the wreck are in a turmoil. One says the brakes *were* relined, but must have *stuck*. Another blames the carburetor, but the man who fixed it says there was water in the gas. One claims the pump leaked dry while the tire expert says the tires were inflated with too much air. While the argument rages, you and I wonder how long we will be stuck before we resume our journey.

These repeated crack-ups are no joke. Every single one of us is affected. The facts in the case of a Chicago woman of the middle-to-better class are eloquent testimony. Ten years ago this woman and her husband, vice-president of a prominent concern, lived in an exclusive section of Hinsdale. Their home could have been sold for approximately $40,000. Her husband's income was about $10,000 per year. Accumulations of a lifetime reached upwards of $200,000. When her husband died in 1934, she moved to a small hotel. In 1936 her investments were worth nearly $75,000 and the house was rented for taxes and upkeep. She was getting along quite well. In October 1937 the market crash wiped out all but about $7,000. She still owns the house, but today it wouldn't bring over $10,000 in cash at the most.

Let us look at a man in the financial district, just past 40 years of age. This man is a salesman—a good one. In 1928 he switched from real estate to securities. A brief spell of good earnings was followed by all but bankruptcy in 1932. Then with almost superhuman effort he dug in and during 1936 his actual earnings were between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars. Suddenly his earnings took another nose-dive. At the rate of the last several months it looks as though, try as he will, he will scarcely earn $40 per week!

This man's brother has a typical white-collar, salaried job. In '27, '28 and '29 his earnings were about $100 a week. He kept his job all through the depression, but the salary swung all over the map. With identical work (only in constantly greater amount), his salary dropped in 1932 to $25 a week. In 1936 it recovered to $47.50 a week. Now it has slumped to $35.


COURSE OF THE STOCK MARKET DURING INFLATION BEFORE

These are actual cases. There are thousands upon thousands which follow the identical pattern. In the midst of a most unstable sort of existence, we wonder if the good old days will ever return and if prosperity is gone forever. Surely the ups and downs of the last decade have been stupendous.

About us are the vast resources of the world's richest nation—food, grain, cotton, coal, oil, water power, silver and gold. Almost every and any thing which can be manufactured, made, grown or produced abounds within our borders. We do not lack for space, labor, capital, or markets. Yet, despite it all, we find ourselves definitely in the ditch. In the midst of plenty we are also in the midst of trouble and want. There isn't any question about it—our business and economic machine is on the blink. Something is radically wrong when an engine will run only in reverse.

Let us face the situation squarely. This latest crack-up is real. It came with lightning speed and business has collapsed. It isn't a case of the banks closing as in 1932—they are sound today. It isn't the danger of insurance companies folding up—they are safe now. It isn't a case of wholesale defaults and receiverships like we faced five years ago. But, it *is* a *real jam*. Here is what has happened—

To Business:	*High Aug. 1937*	*On Mar. 5, 1938*
General Business Activity	111	79
Automobile Production	158	56
Steel Mill Activity	131	39
Electric Power Production	109	94
Misc. Freight Car Loadings	103 (July)	67

(*New York Times* Indices, adjusted for seasonal variation.)

To Stocks:		*High Aug. 1937*	*Close Mar. 12, 1938*
Spring '37 Highs	(195) 30 Industrial Stocks	190	122
	(65) 20 Railroad Stocks	54	25
	(34) 20 Utility Stocks	30	18

(Dow-Jones Averages, fractions omitted.)

You and I are in a predicament. We have been living in the modern, not the old-fashioned way. Our forefathers were used to the horse and buggy and the slower way of life. They traded with goods and paid bills with cash. Today we live in a highly industrialized, commercialized world. We live for the most part on credit. The salesman has a drawing account against future sales. We charge a suit of clothes at the store. We pay this month's gas bill next month. The doctor, if paid at all, gets a check. We pay our bills when the eagle screams, if he doesn't miss, next pay day. Yet, we must also have *some* cash. The landlord insists on his money each month. At the chain grocery store we have to lay it on the line. At the gas station no money means no gas. Here is where the rub comes in. Our modern machine is wired with an intricate network of credit. A short in the wiring brings trouble!

What can the New Deal mechanics do *this time* to fix things?

Government finances, we know, are in something of a mess. The National Debt under the New Deal has multiplied faster than a bunch of guinea pigs. None of us ever worry about paying off the Debt, but we are concerned the way Government Income never meets Expenses. Our relation with the Government is something like the father with a loving daughter in college. Daughter is given a generous allowance which she spends in no time—then charges everything else at all the stores. Who, ultimately, pays the bills? Ask Dad—he knows!

Recently the Administration has been trimming Expenses. The Budget, it is promised, will some day be balanced. "Bravo" say we. But, on second thought, *can* it *soon* be balanced? With corporation earnings doing a fade-out, salaries being sliced or cut off completely, it is logical to assume that government revenues and income tax returns this year will be sharply lower than in 1937. The

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The Legless Bullfighter

Jose might have lived happily in Capin Branco, enjoying everyone's fear, had it not been for Perdida

by MARCOS A. SPINELLI

•FICTION•

Almirante Antonio Cassado was a Portuguese giant who had come into Matto Grosso to try his fortune in the diamond fields of São Pedro. But fortune never quite smiled fully upon him. It continued to grin at him from one corner of its mouth. That was why the giant's honesty rebelled one day and he stole and hid a rather large diamond under his tongue.

His partners disliked his action. And the giant had to knife his way through them all to prevent them from chopping off his left ear: it being the preliminary punishment meted out to a first offender in the diamond fields in Matto Grosso.

He fled into the jungle. But as he was still being pursued he crossed the border and took refuge in El Chaco in the Indios territory. Here his mind found peace and his left ear went on flapping beside his head.

Now the virgins of the tribe liked him and graciously fought among themselves for the privilege of sharing his hammock. But the giant, true to his Christian upbringing, selected Konoru from among the contestants and made her his lawful woman. Later he fell in love with her. For Konoru was a thoughtful fourteen-year-old woman with a glistening rubber-like body and a soothing giggle. In due time Jose Olimpo Cassado was born. He first saw light of the moon one night right on the Bolivian-Brazilian border. For here it was that Konoru was caught with sudden labor pains so severe that she fell off her mule and gave birth to him. This fact accomplished, the giant gathered mother and newborn in his arms, hoisted himself into the saddle and rode on deeper into Brazil.

From his father Jose inherited abnormally large hands and shoulders. From his giggling little mother he stole a tendency to make his what was someone else's. And so by the time he was ten his halfbreed body was twenty years strong and already crisscrossed by countless scars inflicted upon him by his victims. But whipping, kicking, blows with machete flats only stirred his indignation and sharpened his tendency.

"Ai," he complained to his little mother as she nursed his cuts after a beating, "those sons of juiceless bitches have done this to me."

"Ai, my son."

At twelve he fell in love with a two-year-old mule and courted her for months. But besides caressing her and babytalking to her he was unable to persuade her to follow him quietly. The mule's foam-white head and deep chest and steely legs haunted and ruined his sleep.

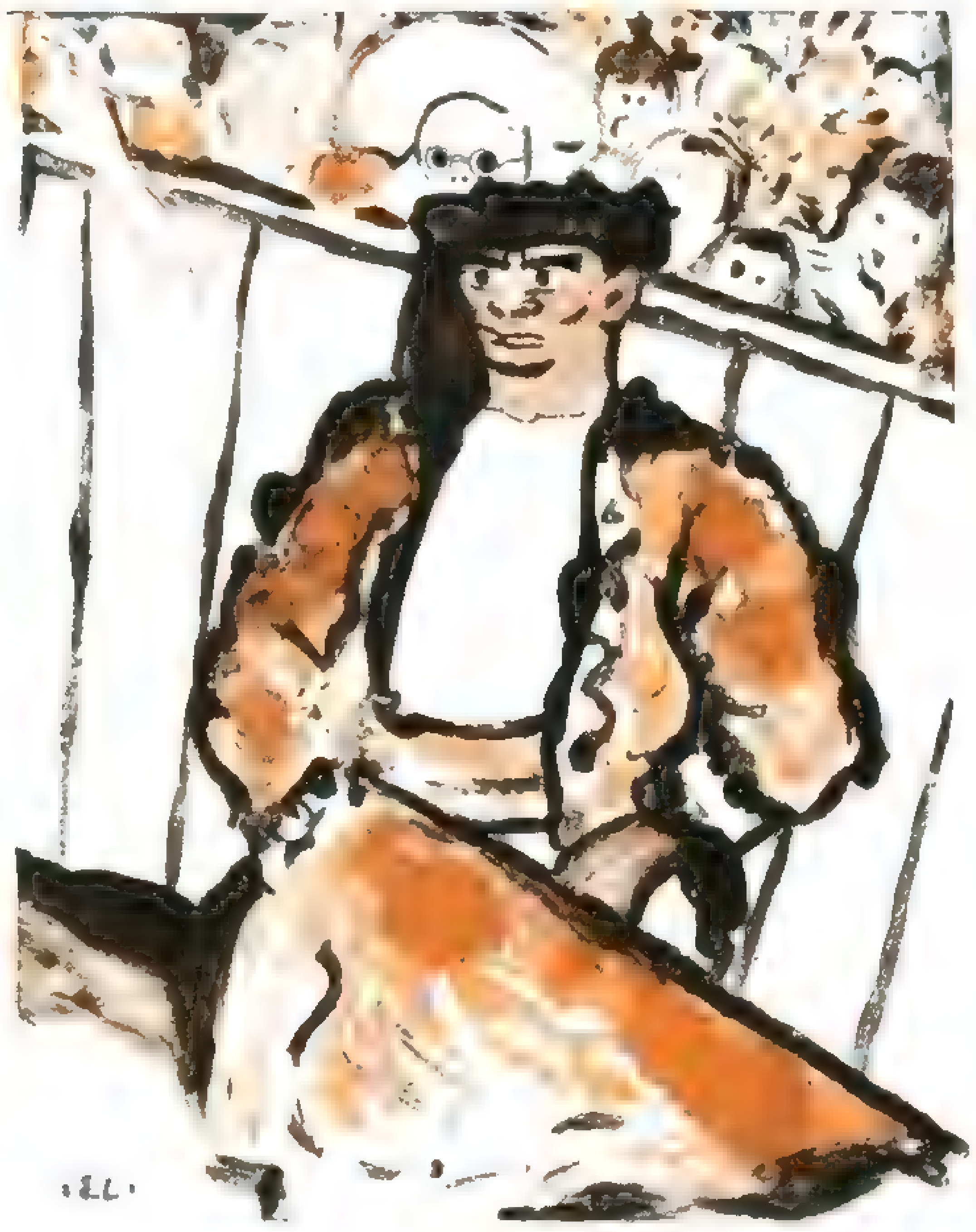
"Ai, senhora," he moaned broken-hearted to his little mother, "what can I do?"

She sighed, and thought a while.

"Ai, son," she said, "try under the moon what you fail to do under the sun, what say?"

"Ai!"

The sun dived beyond the serra and night rushed in without discernible transition. Jose sneaked into the corral where the mule was sleeping, stroked her to consciousness, babytalked to her, slipped the lasso around her neck and—two shots rang out and two bullets whispered hurriedly past his ear to run for his life.



"Ai, senhora, a son of a juiceless bitch has done this to me," he said dejectedly as his mother sucked his bullet-clipped ear.

"Ai, my son, be patient," she consoled him. "You are too young, yet, I think."

"Ai."

He grew up so fast and so much that at fourteen he had the hands and shoulders of his gigantic father whom he despised as much as he loved his mother for whom he faced any risk and rode any distance so long as he could bring her a token of his filial love. Light-heartedly he would ride weeks on end through the jungle to the mission to steal holy pictures and candles—particularly colored candles with which she loved to grease her hair. And once, in exchange for a bullet in the thigh, he brought her a beautiful poncho he had gently jerked away from under a sleeping wayfarer.

But the time came when his mother's giggle vanished and her childish Indian face was filled with darkest apprehension: for some time now he hadn't brought her anything. Yet he had been to a fair and twice to the mission. Apparently he preferred to spend his time in restless meditation as though he were arguing with himself as to his future.

"Ai," she sighed, "why have you stopped being a good son to me?"

"Ai, senhora, I've been thinking, I think. I can't be bothered with small things no more. I am a man now. I have decided to be a horse trader, what say?"

"Ai," she cried happily, and once again the vanished giggle returned to light her face.

And so Jose became a horse thief.

At sixteen Jose was already a notoriously lucky horse thief and still a whole halfbreed. Then, overnight, he became a half man: a man without legs. For he made the unpardonable mistake of lassoing a colt in the presence of its mother. She neighed the alarm—a swarm of bullets answered her call—Jose stumbled away with his legs shot to pieces.

A sad sight was he squatting in front of his waddle-house under the sun as the mosquitoes attacked his still bleeding bare stumps wrapped up in strips of his own flesh, his fever-enameled eyes deep and stony in his pain-welted face as his powerful hands fingered the earth feelinglessly. Beside him squatted his little mother, silent and desolate, sharing his dishonor.

For many days he lay under the sun stupefied with fever. And for many nights he fought and shouted deliriously in his mother's thin arms as the underbrush creatures kept respectful vigil outside the camp fires. As she rocked his huge limp half body she sang Indian prayers. She sang white men's prayers. She sang her own songs. She sang with her breast and arms on fire because his body was burning with malignant fever. And so throughout the nights she sang her son alive. She sang death away. But one night death caught her mute and sneaked into her son. Feeling his head slump over her shoulder and his body grow cold in her arms she turned him moonward, fanned the fire around him, and began to scream and pray and dance death out of her son's body.

The cauterizations healed. His eyes lost their painted and stony look and suffering relented its grip from his face. Soon his powerful hands were busy weaving reins, lassos, whips. And smilingly he began to trapeze his half body on his strong arms as he moved about. Helped by his little mother he began his education all over again. Again he learned how to keep the saddle. And presently he was riding as well as ever. But his humiliation knew no limit when he was forced to ask someone to help him into the saddle. Rather than do that, however, he would lead the horse to a hogback or to an ant-mound or between deep furrows and thus gain the saddle—unaided.

One day the sun rose to find his little mother not by his side. A few weeks later she reappeared riding a horse whose mane almost touched the ground. She was thinner and looked smaller. She had the face of an old woman. But now again she giggled happily. He giggled back, understandingly. He frog-leaped to the horse, grabbed the mane and catapulted himself into the saddle—unaided, before his neighbors' curious eyes.

"Ai, senhora," he said, "I want live no longer where my legs are buried. I go, senhora. Adeus."

"Adeus, meu filho."

He slapped the horse's ears and galloped away deeper into the jungle. He left his mother for mother jungle. He wanted to free himself from the searching and questioning eyes of those who had seen him helpless and humiliated. Of those who had ceased respecting him, that is ceased fearing him. It was the fear of not being feared that forced him to desert his little mother and hide in the bosom of the jungle where, free from the persecution of human eye, he patiently and painfully trained his arms to take the place of his legs and where he developed a thousand fighting tricks which made him a much more dangerous man than he had hitherto been.

A jungle-faced, gorilla-bodied man was Jose when several years later he galloped into the settlement of Capin Branco one day at sunset. Across his powerful sweating bare chest lay his rifle, and a machete with a monkey tail at the handle kept guard on his back. His revolver butt shone white against his halfbreed belly. Perched in the saddle a trifle backward, his empty trouserlegs flapping against the horse's flanks like wings, he shouted savagely as he galloped around the square.

Presently he reined in before a hut and asked for food. He was invited to come in. He filled himself to the throat and drank himself into seeing flames leaping before his eyes. Thus charged he was about to frog-leap out of the hut when the host asked him to pay for what he had consumed. Pay? Whence he came nobody paid for anything. Money? He had no money. The host reached for . . . Jose dropped on his back and opened fire. Then he hurled himself out of the hut. With hands and teeth he hoisted himself into the saddle and, his brain still wandering through alcoholic infernos and his blood coursing in his veins like a mouse under a carpet, he roamed in and out of the settlement roaring for a mate till he found and fell upon her from the saddle.

"Ay, ay, woman, what say?"

"Ay, man!"

He settled in Capin Branco. He made a living by selling whips and lassos and reins and horse-girths which he himself wove, and by closing horse deals. His workmanship was good, his price to the customers' liking, his knowledge of horses reliable, and he himself a likable ruffian. He might have spent his life in peace, enjoying everybody's fear and respect, had he not fallen in love with Perdida.

She was a beautiful mulatto. An independent spitfire who lived alone in a hut on the outskirt of the settlement. She made a living by weaving hammocks which she sold at the fairs. He wanted her and told her so—she called him a legless to his face and he—he marveled why he hadn't killed her. He trailed her—she evaded him—till one day he finally cornered her. His whip swished in the air, coiled around her ankles, brought her down—he knocked the knife out of her hand and indifferent to her struggle and deaf to her shouts was about to take her when the hoop of a lasso haloed his head for a second and then closed around his neck. Lying on his back within a fence of horses' hoofs and surrounded by grinning horsemen he gave no sign of life till he felt his strength come back to him then—rolling on his back he emptied his revolver and rifle point-blank into his executioners. A cloudburst of fire rained upon him. Turning on his belly he unsheathed his machete and scythed down as many ankles as came within his reach. He carved his way to his horse, catapulted himself into the saddle and, streaming with blood, galloped away—

MONOTYPES BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Sunrises and sunsets came up and went down through rainy and dry seasons as life in the jungle flowed on in a turbulent torrent of monotony. Playing hide-and-seek with beasts and men and bullets alike Jose galloped through Matto Grosso. And the four winds never ceased carrying the news of his feats to every hut in and out of men's way. Jose the Legless had entered his name in blood in the legend-steeped ledger of the Matto Grossonee jungle.

Under the cleft-mouthed sun pouring molten light on the red-dusty road which crossed Matto Grosso Jose was riding to Las Vargen to the fair—or rather to the bullfighting which would close the festivities. His legless linen trouserlegs waved at the sides of the horse like white wings, and his huge brimmed hat slapped on the back of his head threw a disk-shaped shadow on his gorilla-sloping shoulders. Lax in the saddle, leaning a trifle backward, hands together holding the reins against his chest, and elbows flapping outside, he sang in time to the horse's lope.

"Vamos morena vamos,
Vamos embora,
Vamos para o sertão
Vamos meu coração . . ."

As he sang his insulting black eyes surveyed lazily the compact green growth of the jungle pressing against the borders of the deserted and curvy road. Through the quivering molten light half naked men and women squatting on the thresholds of their waddle-houses looked like animated studies in mud—dried up, cracked mud. And through their parched lips a thread-like voice exchanged salutations with the rider.

"Bon dia, amigo, se Deus quizer."

"Good day, friends, if God wishes," Jose boomed in response. He rode on.

He urged Bonito to a gallop. And both rider and mount became one as they raced before a pursuing cloud of red dust.

He galloped into the fair grounds and rode his horse through crowds clustered before the stalls. As people jumped aside he deluged them with his roaring laughter. Men fingered their weapons, women swore at him, girls screamed. The children clapped their hands.

"Eiiiiii, Jose amigo," they shouted.

"Ay, meus amighinhos, make way."

Shouting and laughing his way clear Jose rode to the big wall-less hut on the farthest corner of the square. Here he leisurely slipped down from the saddle and swung his half body under the inverted V-shaped roof of the hut.

Accordions and guitars were playing a maxixe. Women and men and children dressed in their brightest holiday costumes squatted on the ground eating and drinking and smoking. In a clear space fenced with saddles and weapons and cooking-gear and wonder-eyed babies a dozen couples were dancing—perspiration-beaded faces, glowing eyes, sparkling teeth, taut bodies.

Jose paused for a moment to watch them and to spit a few salty remarks to some of the women, and then continued to that corner of the hut where a long and wide board on two packmule saddles served as a bar.

He gulped down his first drink. And his second. His third one he began to sip, as his insulting eyes roamed about. Suddenly his nostrils quivered and his eyes narrowed, his teeth snapped close together and his chin stuck out like a mule's kick. He slipped his knife from his back to his belly-button, handle downward, ready for battle.

"A bottle of aguardiente," he called without turning his head. He pushed it into his shirt and, eyes spearing ahead, he trapezed himself through the crowd to a tough looking bunch of itinerant bullfighters entertaining a woman: Perdida!

"Ay, morena malvada," he whined half threateningly as his elbows spread out and he flapped beside her.

"Ay, caboco malvado," she said in a high-pitched voice that shook with restlessness.

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A Couple of Pages of Dialogue

Like he kept saying, that picture might be a flop at the B. O., but was sure to be an artistic success

by LOUIS PAUL

• SATIRE •

The trouble is this. Once you're pegged at three-fifty a week, try and get a raise. That last musical the seven of us cooked up was a B.O. wow, and yet here I am working my fingers to the bone for peanuts. B.O. can stand for Box Office or Body Odor. Interchangeable synonyms? Can't use it. Even if it weren't too subtle for the horse-opera patrons they'd kill it up in the front office. Maybe I ought to knock out a couple of pages of dialogue this morning. Trouble with that is, if you get anything done in a hurry around here they think it smells. Funny how people figure a script writer is the little pampered darling of fortune. What we go through! Three-fifty a week. It sounds like Death Valley Scotty's gold mine until you deduct agent fees and front—a duplex apartment, ads in the *Hollywood Reporter*, the Troc and Al Levy's, a big dingus every so often for story editors and assorted bums. And that's not counting the income tax and—In fact I'll have to get twenty bucks from Jerry to see me through until Saturday.

This may flop at the box office, but it's certainly going to be an artistic success. All the characters and events depicted herein are entirely fictitious, having been lifted directly from the newspaper headlines. Make a note of a funny story to be worked into next comedy that comes along. Visualize a script writer so dumb that nobody's feelings can possibly be hurt. (Plenty dumb.) He is protesting against the suggestion of plagiarism. "Listen, how could it be plagiarism? I can't even remember the name of the magazine where I read it." Not so good. Lousy. In fact, to put the proper movie-land tag on it, it stinks. Whatever else you may think about Hollywood, we have a mighty colorful vocabulary. A thing is either marvelous or it stinks. Magazines. Well, how about this, then? The editor shakes his head. "We've got so few ads this month I guess we'll have to pad the magazine out with reading matter." Better. A little better.

This may flop at the box office, but—I wonder how much Sam Goldwyn pays a gagman for writing the marvelous solecisms he pulls off. "A verbal contract isn't worth the paper it's written on." A thing like that lives. It's permanent literature, like Andersen and Grimm and Shakespeare. I think I've got an idea for Walt Disney. Donald Duck in *The Ugly Duckling.* Can you imagine that tomato turning into a swan? It'll knock the schoolkids out in the aisle. Or how about this? A burlesque to be called *So What? and the Seven Dopes.* I guess maybe it stinks. Disney doesn't need me. He's doing all right as it is.

Once you're pegged at three-fifty—Maybe I never should have come to Hollywood. I figured I'd get me a nice pile of dough socked away and then pull out and build myself a little shack somewhere and really go to town on a novel. That first novel of mine got pretty good notices, even if it did sell only three hundred copies. Maybe that publisher phonied up his ledgers. It doesn't seem possible that a swell book like that only sold three hundred copies. You can't trust publishers farther than you can kick a pumpkin. In fact you can't trust anybody. Just the same that was a pretty good book. The guy on the *Des Moines Chronicle* said it showed a remarkable knack for anecdote and plot manipulation and was full of quiet humor. But you can't feed yourself and send money home to a hard-drinking grandmother on the royalty from three hundred copies of a book. I've been here two years, and what a pile of dough I've saved! Twenty bucks from Jerry till payday.

Maybe I ought to do a couple of pages of dialogue; it may be an artistic flop, but it's certainly going to be a success at the box office. The truth is, I ought to pull out of here when my contract is up and go over to Paramount. They say a writer gets a chance over there to do a screen play without having it torn to confetti by the director, the assistant cameraman and the gatekeeper. On the other hand, I know what I've got here. Maybe I'll get ambitious and work up an original in my spare time for Charlie Chan. *Charlie Chan in Hollywood.* A star is shot on the set. A gun with a silencer is concealed in the camera lens. Everybody suspects the cameraman but Charlie Chan, so you know right away somebody else must have done it. We'll make it the script writer, who thinks the star stinks and will ruin his picture. The characters and events depicted in this motion picture are entirely fictitious, and the names of real persons are never knowingly used. Maybe I ought to write a couple of pages of dialogue.

Or what a script writer thinks about. This is what a script writer thinks about: that damned dame. She thinks I can put her in the movies. Me. I am lucky I can put myself in the movies. Everything is going along fine, and then sex rears its ugly head. She thinks all you have to do to get into pictures is to flop on some guy's couch and zingo! your name is up in lights on the marquee of the Capital Theatre in New York. Phooey. Maybe I could talk Frankie into mugging her for a screen test, but what the hell, I'm just as human as the next bird. You'd like to be loved for yourself alone and not because these screwballs think they can use you. Say, that wouldn't make a bad Grade B a-tall! Maybe I'll write it up. Dame puts herself at the mercy of movie producer (I'll make myself a producer in this picture—dramatic license). But this producer has ideals. Aw, the hell with it. No audience'd swallow a story about a movie producer with ideals. The hell with it. I guess it stinks.

Think I'll call up Eddie Hollis and see what's new. "Operator, get me Hollywood 1251. No—one two *five* one. That's right. Warners'? Scenario. Scenario, operator. No—*scenario.* Where the people sit at typewriters and write. Yes, the place where they write the stories that appear on the screen. Who do I want? Mr. Hollis, Edward Hollis. *Hollis.* Like in—in Hollis. Hello. Hello. What number do I want? Look, operator—I had my number once. Hollywood 1251. Thank you. Hello, good morning, this is Warner Brothers—I mean I want to speak to Ed Hollis in scenario. Say, do we have to go all through that again? The name is Hollis. Do you remember that picture at Sid Grauman's last week, *Isn't Love Lovely?* Yes, well this fellow I'm talking about wrote it. Edward R. Hollis. Thanks. Yes, I'll hold the line. De, de, de, do, do. Bei mir bist du schön, please let me exp—Uh. Hello. Hollis? Ed Hollis? Yes, I'm holding the line. Oh, hello, hello. What? Oh, he's not in? Thanks."

Hell, it isn't eleven o'clock yet. An hour till lunch. Maybe I'll go over and inhale a slug of Java. No—been drinking too much coffee lately. The lining of my stomach feels as though I'd swallowed a live canary. Maybe I can use that line. Better jot it down. Suppose I ought to write a couple of pages of dialogue. Anybody thinks holding down a job in Hollywood is a cinch just doesn't realize what us guys go through. Producers: Give us a story like *The Front Page.* Or *Ben Hur.* Or *Hamlet.* Or *One Night of Love.* Directors: I can't film that damn scene; it's not visual. Cameramen: This is a camera, not an X-ray machine; people can't guess what's

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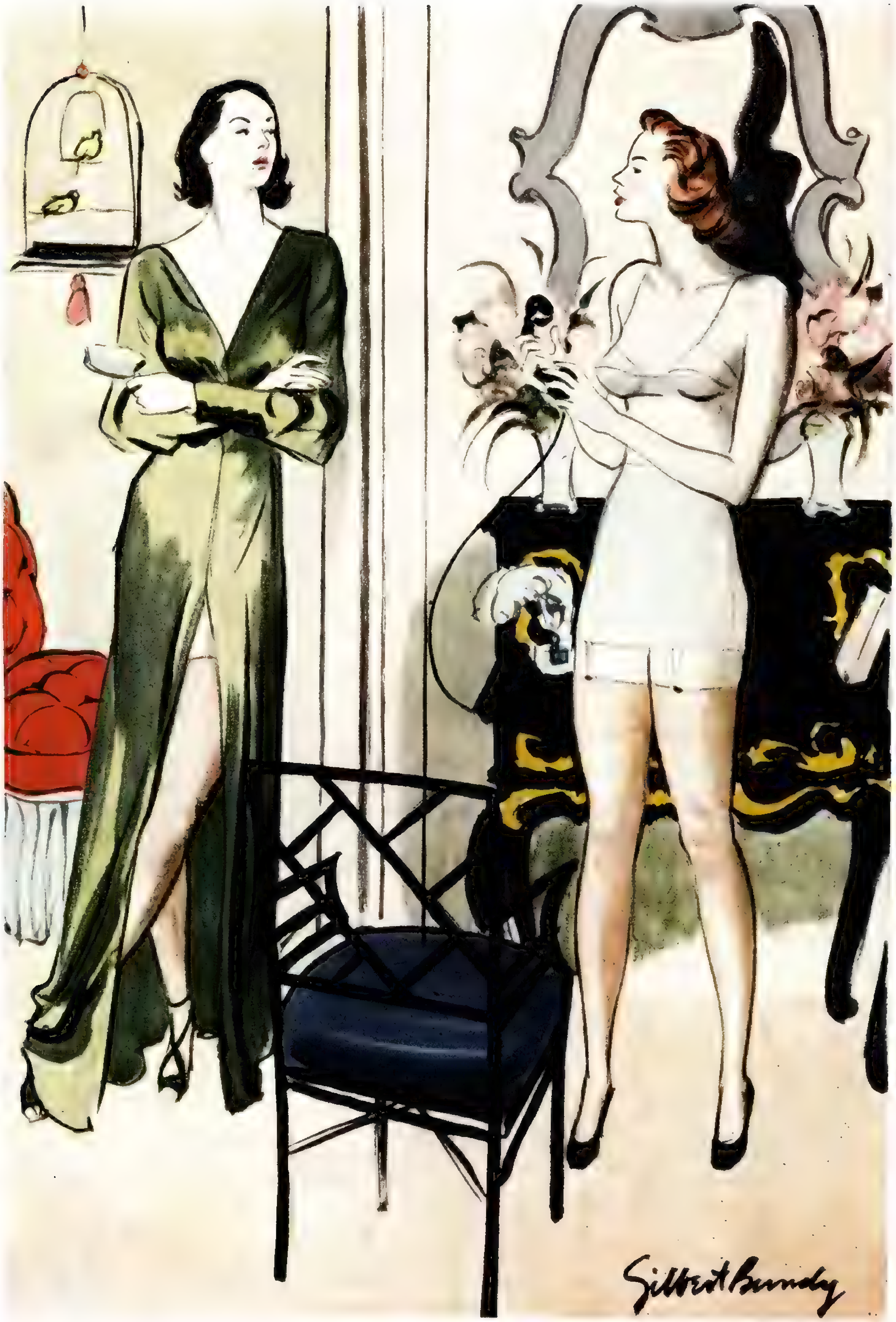
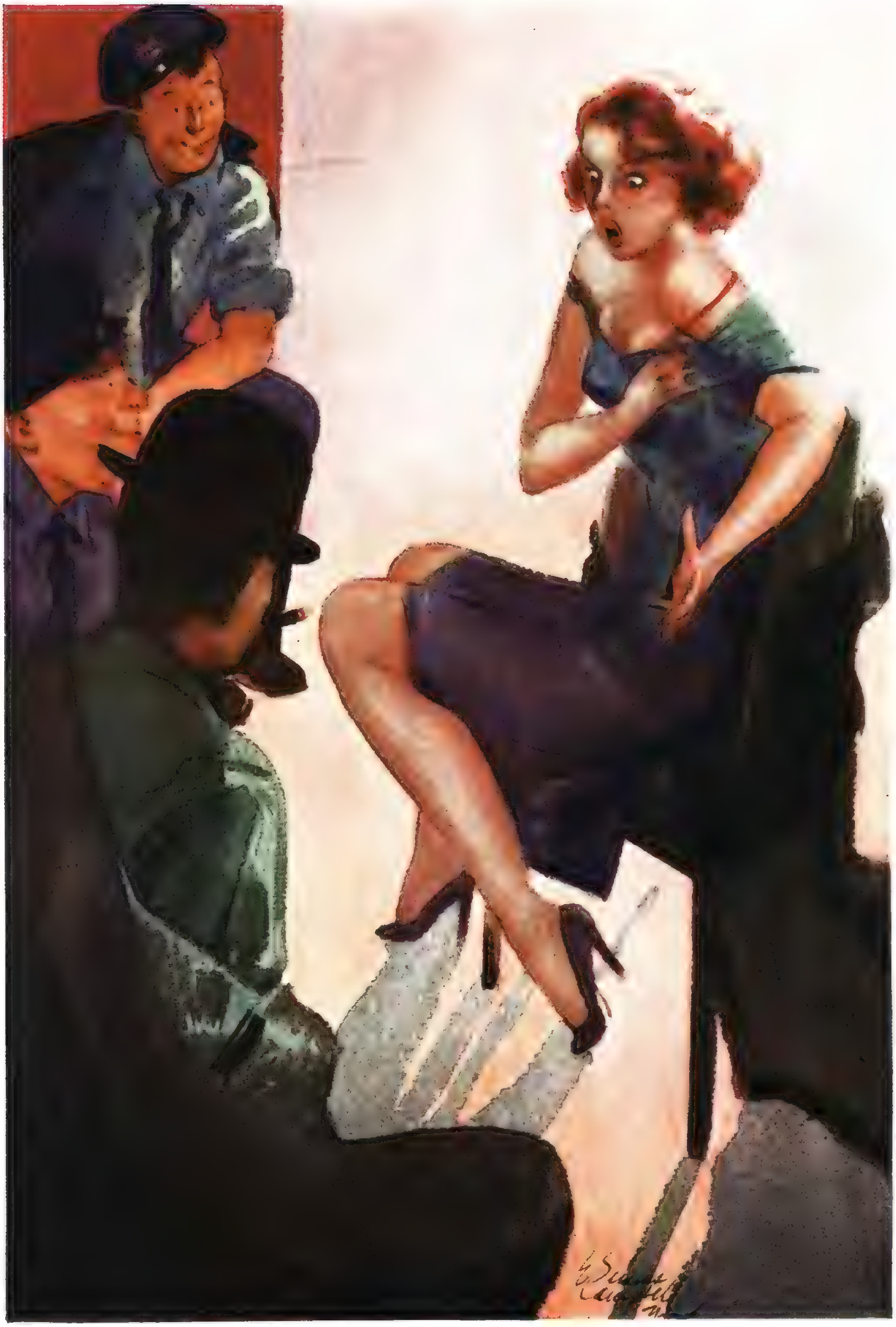

Gilbert Bundy

"It's the Lovelorn Editor. He says my problem is so interesting that he wants to come up and discuss it in person"



"Well you've all frisked me! Now are you convinced I haven't a gun!!"

Seventy-Five Mile Gun

The course of history might have been modified had the Kaiser seen the firing of the Number Three Gun

by FRED C. KELLY

• ARTICLE •

Just twenty years ago this spring Paris witnessed a miracle. Something happened which everyone, including the best scientists, agreed *couldn't* happen. On March 23, 1918, explosive shells from a mysterious source fell in the heart of the city. To believe that they were shot from a gun beyond the German lines, the nearest of which were seventy miles away, seemed almost as fantastic as to assume they had come from the moon. "*Incroyable!*" declared one Frenchman after another. But the incredible soon had to be accepted as fact. Almost as astounding as the mysterious bombardment itself was the speed with which those on the French side, by scientific detective methods, discovered exactly where those death-dealing shells were coming from. Within three hours after the first explosion French General Headquarters knew in a general way the location of the gun—or rather *guns* for there were more than one—three carriages and seven guns; and within thirty hours French artillerymen near the front were retaliating so accurately that the position of Gun Number One, which had fired the first shell, had to be abandoned.

In the investigation to locate the "Big Berthas," it fell to the lot of an American army officer, Lieutenant Colonel Henry W. Miller, ordnance engineer for the railway artillery of the A. E. F., to play an important part. Colonel Miller, now in the engineering faculty at the University of Michigan, has prepared a book on these long-range cannon called *The Paris Gun.** And though Colonel Miller modestly omits all reference to his own exploits, for which he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, his book makes it clear that the episode of the Paris Gun is still one of the outstanding dramatic events of modern warfare.

It was 7:20 in the morning of that fateful Saturday, March 23, and Paris was just beginning to bestir itself when the first strange explosion occurred, near the Quai de Seine. What could have caused it? No airplanes or dirigibles were in sight; no sirens had sounded, and besides air raids had been made only at night. Could it be a belated explosion from a hand-grenade factory that had blown up a few days previously? No one had been injured on the Quai de Seine, but twenty minutes later, a mile and a half away, on the Boulevard de Strasbourg, near a railway station and a busy subway entrance, a second explosion killed eight people and wounded thirteen. As the scores who witnessed this tragedy were hurrying by different subway lines to all parts of the city, the news rapidly spread. Reporters and policemen were soon talking to eye witnesses and jotting down notes. Military authorities were trying to learn something from fragments of metal scattered about. Some of these fragments were grooved, others threaded. They *must* have come from an air bomb, but if so it was unlike any bomb anyone had ever seen. A common theory was that the bombs had come from a new type of plane flying too high to be discovered. Many believed that German spies had captured pieces of French artillery and were firing from within the French lines. Others thought the Germans might have developed a new rocket, a super-projectile which would fire a smaller one while in flight. Meanwhile New York newspapers had their Washington correspondents interviewing the best minds at the War Department who explained in great detail the numerous reasons why a gun shooting seventy miles would be an impossibility.

Explosions continued during the day, on an average of fifteen minutes apart, and planes of the Paris Defense Service were searching the sky for raiders. But within two hours officials of the military and the government had rejected the whole idea of air bombs. The projectile experts were convinced that the explosions were from shells shot out of a gun and that the gun was beyond the French lines. Applying what evidence was available, the experts reasoned in this way: The impact against all buildings struck had been on the north and east sides. Hence the projectiles must have come from the northeast. Now if a line were extended to the northeast it would touch a little pocket or corner, near the city of Laon, and that was the section of the German front nearest to Paris. Here was circumstantial evidence. Soon this was to have confirmation by other evidence much more definite. A shell had passed completely through the wall of a building but had not exploded until it had also made a hole in the floor. Now, the fuse is set off when the shell first strikes and a small fraction of a second must elapse before the internal detonation bursts the shell. Because of the great speed of this shell, it had traveled some little distance *after* the percussion cap had been set off. From this set of facts it was possible for the technical experts to estimate just what the speed of the shell must have been.

The two holes it had made in the wall and floor gave the exact direction from which it had come, as well as the angle of its line of descent. Mathematicians could now plot the path of the projectiles and determine approximately its starting point, a little as astronomers can calculate the entire path of a comet from a small segment. Once again the evidence pointed to the Laon corner, more particularly now to a point near the village of Crepy, five or six miles back from the German front line, 74.5 miles from Paris. Moreover, sound-detecting instruments indicated the same spot.

Next the investigators turned to topographical maps in possession of the French army. Because of constant war dangers, such maps are always much more complete and detailed in European countries than any we ordinarily have in the United States. Every church steeple, every building that can serve as a landmark, is accounted for, even in times of peace. It so happened that particularly good aerial photographs had been made during a recent reconnaissance tour of the whole Laon area. The French had maps, too, showing all railroad lines in enemy territory —and they knew a gun so large as the one they were seeking would have to be moved by railroad. Sure enough, the photographs showed a little spur leading off from the railroad at a wooded spot near Crepy and at about the same place the various mathe-

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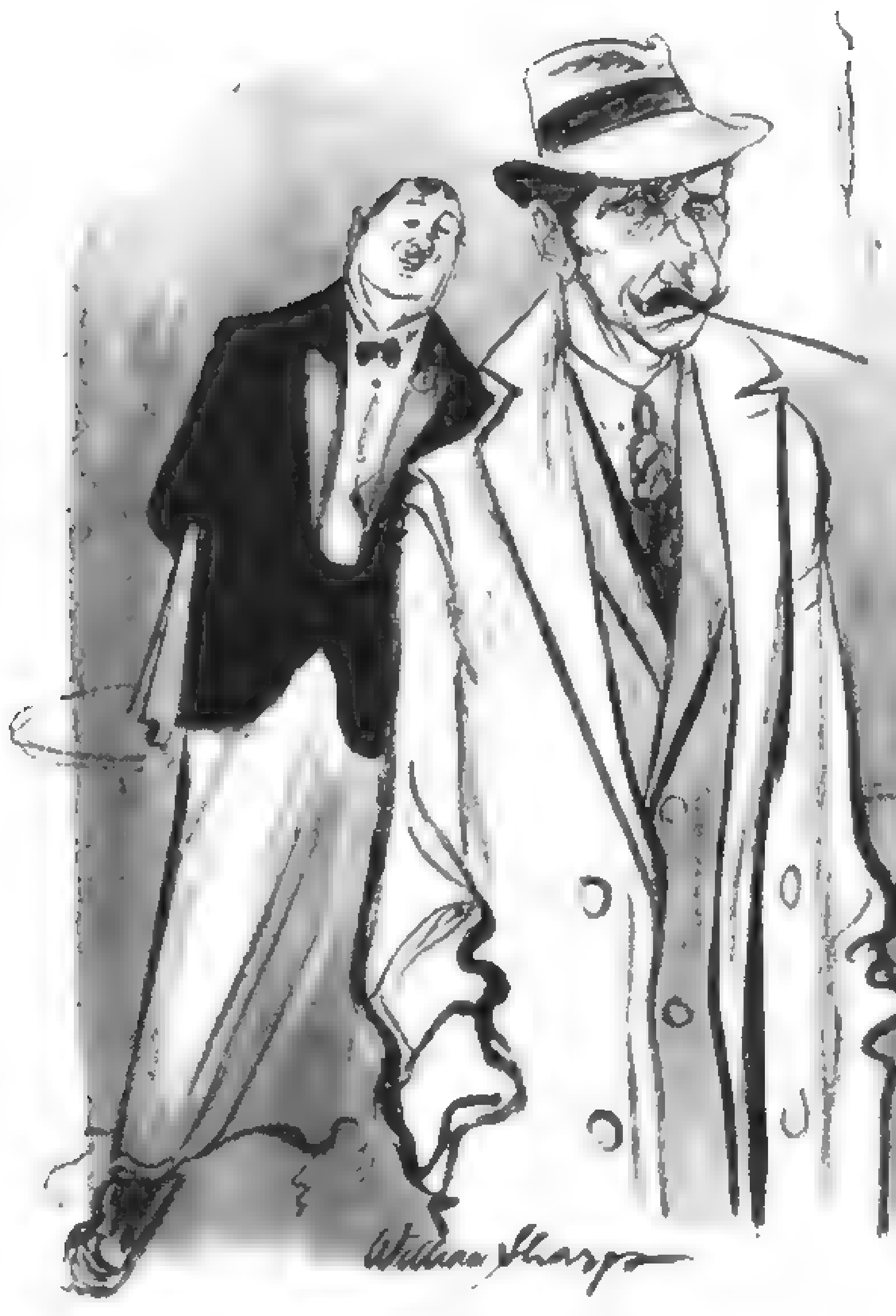
The Underworld Suitor

All he could gain from making love to Mitzi was the price of checking his coat and hat

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

• FICTION •



The Grand Café *Maláta* was located in the outskirts of Budapest. In a street which was important and thickly populated, but exceptionally poor and filthy. The corner policeman observed the entrance of the café with perpetual suspicion. The *Maláta* was a rather low-class café. The clientele which sat around its tables was the best evidence of how crime is bred by abject penury. There was not one respectable man among the patrons. The proprietor was a fence with a long police record. The headwaiter had spent two years in the penitentiary for passing out counterfeit money; the waiters were professional go-betweens and gigolos after hours. It was written all over the members of the female orchestra that each one of them had had a taste of the House of Correction and an intimate acquaintance with the County Hospital.

At half-past eleven in the forenoon gilded girls were having yoghurt for supper in this café; after which they slunk home along the walls, disheveled, half-drunk, yawning, and squinting in the daylight, accompanied by the avid glances of the kids of the neighborhood.

A stocky, middle-aged, little man came into the café. He had a two-days' growth of whiskers and his coat was white in the back, as if he had leaned against a wall. The waiter wiped a table for him and greeted him with deference:

"Your humble servant, Mr. Szörényi! Coffee?"

This Szörényi was a murderer, and as such universally respected.

Then a dandyish-looking boy came, with sharply creased trousers and a polka-dot tie. He, however, was not even waited on until he paid for his coffee in advance. This boy was not respected. Everybody knew he was a thief of the lowest order. He wasn't worth bothering about. There was nothing to his profession. In the Café *Maláta* only daring and bold birds of prey were appreciated and honored. This smoky, stale, dank joint was a miniature diorama of human society.

There was only one innocent being in the whole dive. It was the nineteen-year-old girl who sat in the checkroom, keeping an eye on the belongings of the criminals and of the occasional Saturday night patrons.

This was a proof of the fact that the *Maláta* was a "grand café." Big enough to make a go of its checkroom. That was at least what the proprietor had hoped when he rented it to Uncle Leim, an old jewelry salesman. Mitzi, who was in charge of the coats and hats of the scoundrels until late in the evening when her mother relieved her, was the daughter of the old peddler.

When she was not busy Mitzi spent her time reading newspapers, Wallace-, and Jókai- novels behind the counter. She talked fashions with the streetwalkers. The murderer she addressed in a friendly tone as "Uncle Szörényi." She saw around herself every kind of crime. But she herself did not sin. Perhaps just because she had a knack for purity, but more likely the reason for her immaculateness was the fact that she was well provided for in a middle-class way. She had enough to live on. She was not driven by the compelling force of either cold or hunger, those powers which were giving categorical commands to most of the café's patrons whose coats hung on the racks with numbers pinned on them.

It is very seldom possible for a nineteen-year-old girl to be entirely ugly. And Mitzi had an especially easy situation on her hands in the checkroom of the *Maláta*. She was incongruous with her surroundings. On her face there was no make-up; on her legs there were no silk stockings. In her clean little blouse, with her smoothly combed, nut-brown hair, she was among the cheap nocturnal hussies the exception which always has an exciting effect because of its rarity.

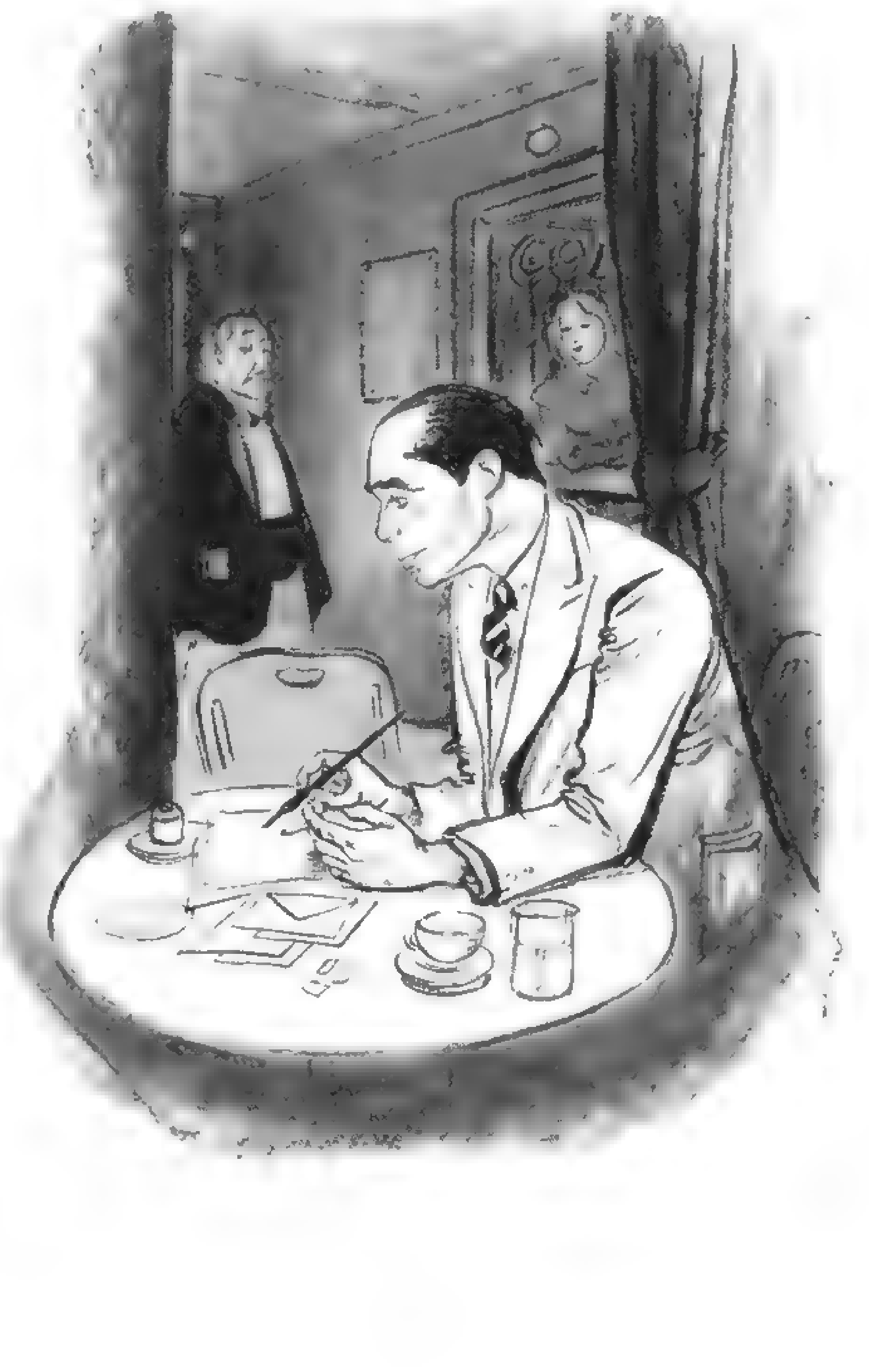
Consequently it was no wonder that many of the male patrons would stop off at the counter of the checkroom for a few minutes of teasing with Mitzi. In the beginning she had no favorites. She was equally nice to everybody. But finally her heart spoke out, and the figure of a good-looking young man began to emerge from the gallery of the beaux.

The chosen youth was not the emaciated, vulture-faced, cynical, big-city vag. He had a healthy, red face which smacked of fresh provincial air. He went around with a brief case, like an industrious bureaucrat. And one could never see him at night. He always came during the day. On the trolley, from some distant section of the city. He would sit down at a corner table. Having opened his brief case, he would ask for pen and ink. Then, while he wrote letters, he drank coffee and ate scrambled eggs with sliced green peppers and sausages. He would write five or six letters in one sitting. His work finished, he would light a cigarette and go play rummy or billiards with the proprietor and the most notorious sharpers of the café, by his courage thus revealing the fact that he, too, must have had a few important entries on his police record.

Love had a very proper beginning between the two young people. First they spoke just a few words, ceremoniously addressing each other as "miss" and "Mr. Szügyi." Then the "miss" evolved into "Mitzi," and the "Mr. Szügyi" into "Kálmán." The games of rummy and billiards ceased. Mr. Szügyi would spend hour after hour leaning on the counter. Finally he wouldn't even lean. He had the waiter bring him a chair and sat in front of the girl with such leaden earnestness that no one dared make fun of them.

It took Kálmán Szügyi three weeks to capture the first line of defense. And, on a Sunday afternoon, when the father personally took up the watch in the checkroom, he succeeded in luring his inamorata to a cinema.

They sat down next to each other, very close and warm. It was dark. Mitzi was like a dish of baked ice cream. She was subject to the opposing waves of love and terror. She felt the boy's knee touching her leg with imploring tenderness. The darkness became constantly thicker and hotter around them. Finally, in a moment charged with electricity, when Clark Gable was just performing on the



lips of Joan Crawford an intricate feat of mouth surgery, Mr. Szügyi kissed Mitzi.

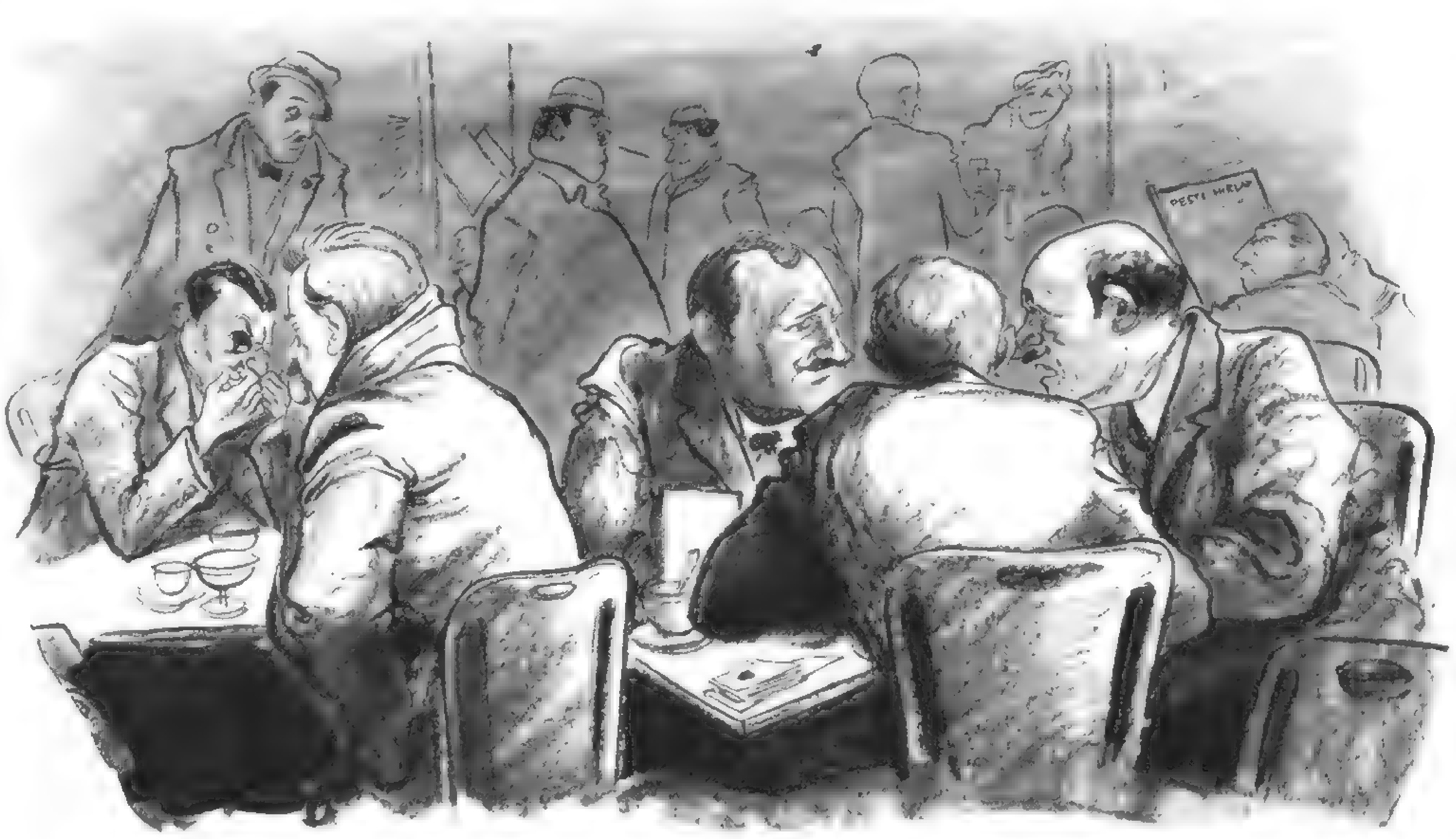
Mitzi could not move. Trembling she felt on her ear the faint breathing of the boy's nose as he pecked at her naked neck with wet little kisses.

But even the longest film has an end. The cinema became light. And the crab-red Mitzi, casting a suspicious glance with her chicken-eyes at the boy, asked him:

"Say, Kálmán, maybe you're trying to put me up, too?"

This "put me up" idiom had a complicated denotation in the Budapest underworld. It referred to the technique of the matrimonial swindler who makes love to a woman for the purpose of taking financial advantage of her.

The innocent Mitzi knew well the terminology current in the Grand Café *Maláta.* And in this case she made use of the "put me up" expression in a very appropriate manner, since any girl might have had ample reason to beware of Mr. Szügyi. Because it was well known by everybody in the café, including Mitzi, that Mr. Szügyi specialized in matrimonial affairs. Frankly speaking, he was a professional matrimonial swindler, which, in the long run, is a very beautiful and unlimited profession, but not reliable enough for the purposes of a young maiden who would prefer to believe that her neck had been kissed with serious, honorable intentions in the dark cinema.



Mr. Szügyi was hurt, deeply hurt.

"How can you think such a thing, Mitzi? Can't you feel I don't look at you as a prospect?"

Mitzi felt reassured. After all, she could see her Kálmán with a raised visor. Why would the boy want to "put *her* up?" She had no money. Then, there was her father with his sly, old lizard eyes. The small dowry which was being accumulated and guarded for her at home was so small that for all practical purposes it was nominal. As far as financial profit was concerned her beau could derive no gain from making love to her, outside of saving ten *fillérs* every time he checked his coat and hat in the café.

In the dark and sultry cinema a powerful spirit was released from his bonds. Intoxicated, Mitzi let her fingers, pricked with the pins of the checkroom, slip into the hand of her beau.

Mr. Szügyi whispered:

"I'd like to hold your hand like this through an eternity! Gosh, Mitzi darling, I ain't kidding: I've fallen for you something awful!"

They went to the cinema three more times. Once they spent half an hour kissing in a gray taxi. During the fifth week Mr. Szügyi asked Mitzi to take him to her home because he "wanted to talk with her parents."

Mitzi's father knew Szügyi well. He knew all the steady patrons of the *Maláta.* He was well informed as to the boy's profession. But he had no moral scruples about it. He had enough on his record himself. For the outer world he did maintain a front of middle-class respectability. But in private he traded in jewelry of suspicious origin and broke up perfectly flawless watch chains and signet rings into old gold, for reasons known only to himself.

The two men shook hands pleasantly.

"How do you do, Uncle Leim!" said Szügyi, making a simultaneous bow in the direction of Aunt Leim.

"Welcome! Have a seat, Mr. Szügyi! Serena, bring the apricot liqueur!" Uncle Leim received the guest.

Mr. Szügyi needed no preliminaries. He had had a lot of practice in such matters. After the second glass of apricot he asked for Mitzi's hand, whereupon the girl ran out to the kitchen, her face poppy-red.

The suitor spoke splendidly. In exact, clear, and consecutive sentences. He described the pure love which he felt for Mitzi, and the respect and the friendship with which he looked upon Uncle Leim. He was at the age when a man feels the necessity of having a quiet home of his own, he said. And he would like to have an answer at once: might he hope?

There was silence in the simple room which was decorated by a high-backed davenport and many embroidered table covers. Mitzi's father pondered, narrowing his sly lizard eyes. It didn't disturb him for a moment that the man who was asking for his daughter's hand was a well-known and registered matrimonial swindler. He was a man who could separate the true emotions of the heart from the necessity of earning one's living by means not universally condoned. He was pondering on financial matters. Finally, he asked the suitor quite candidly:

"All right, Mr. Szügyi! But do you earn enough to provide for my daughter in the manner to which she is accustomed? Because, as far as I am concerned, I haven't got a red farthing. Outside of a small trousseau I can't in fact, I don't, want to give a single *fillér!*"

Mr. Szügyi answered this question in a quick and practical manner. He opened his brief case, which he had brought along under his arm. And, presenting his extensive correspondence, he proved that his enterprise had an unusual volume of business. It was so. Mitzi's suitor was corresponding at the same time in eight different "affairs." The father of one of his fiancées, a well-to-do fish merchant, was already addressing him as "my dear son." The widow of a master baker, in a letter beginning "My Only Beloved Kálmán," directly asked him to come to her if he should happen to need some money by any chance.

Uncle Leim read everything carefully. Then, having finished the last letter, he quietly nodded, signifying that he saw a definite promise for his future son-in-law's business success.

"This is one line in which there is always something stirring!" he said, satisfied.

Mr. Szügyi enthusiastically corroborated this remark:

"Yes, Uncle Leim, there is always something to do in my business, especially if one is serious, industrious, and not afraid to take chances!"

At this point the suitor pulled forth carefully folded papers from his inside breast pocket. And, in order to prove his diligence and business initiative to the parents of his fiancée, he presented official documents to the effect that despite his youth he had served two terms in connection with his matrimonial undertakings. Five months at one time; a year and a half at another.

Mother Leim began crying. But in her quiet and soft simpering there was parental consent:

"We must give the child if such a nice, industrious business man is asking for her."

"Don't cry, Serena!" said the father. "This is a hard life. But they'll get along somehow!"

The happy parents did think secretly that perhaps their daughter's future might have been a little more secure if she had been asked in matrimony by some one outside the regular clientele of the Grand Café *Maláta.* But if this was the way it had to happen, one shouldn't kick about it. There are few young men nowadays who really want to get married. And even the most ancient professions are now full of risk and danger.

It was agreed upon that the prospective bridegroom's profession was exceptionally dangerous. For which reason the father and the mother were somewhat perturbed, as if they were marrying off their daughter to a miner.

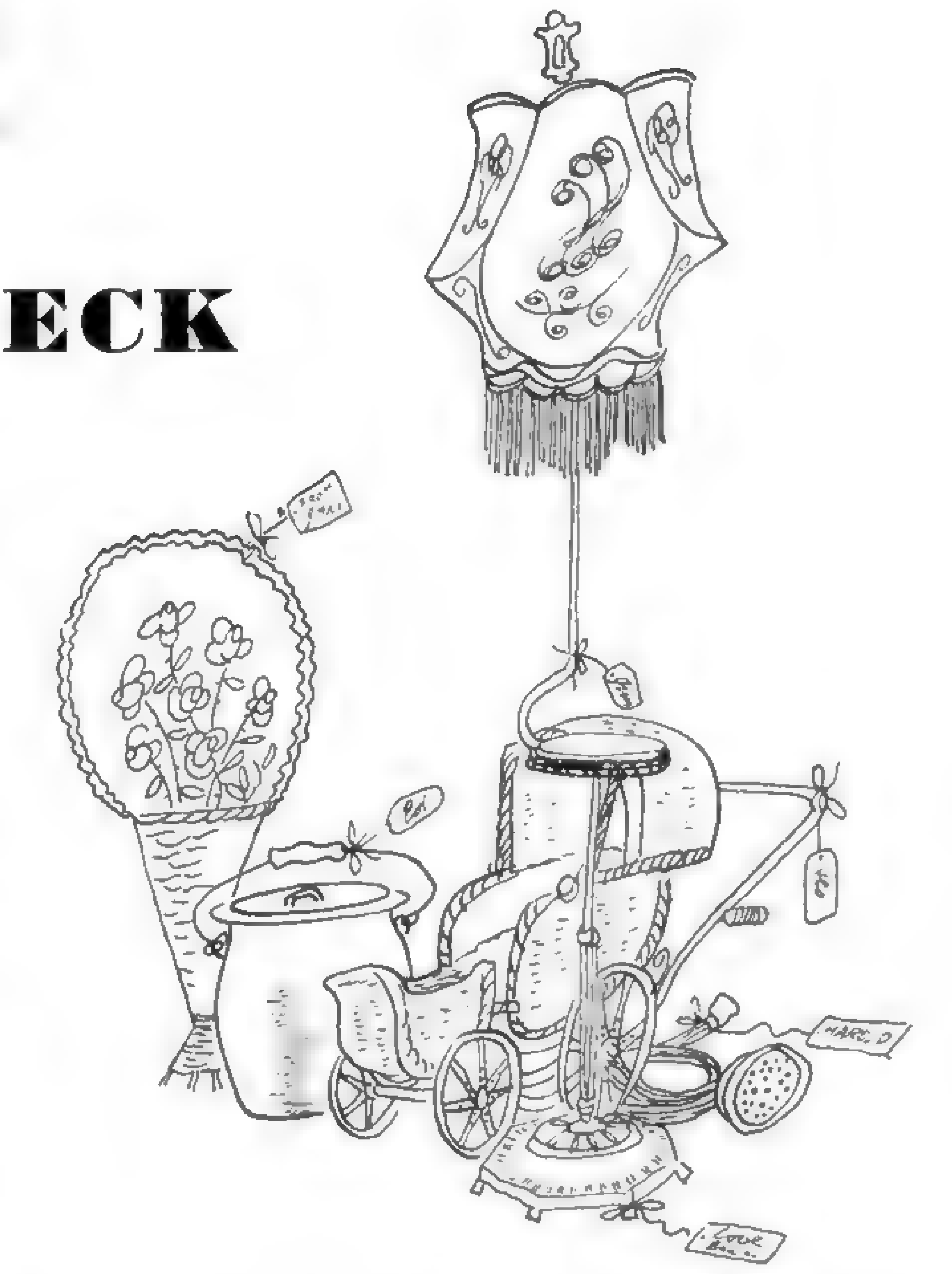
He, too, has a dangerous profession. He descends into the gaping black throat of the mine; he is threatened by explosions and cave-ins. But still, he must descend! There are many men who must earn their daily bread surrounded by many thousand dangers. #

For Bachelors Only

How to select a wedding gift they'll keep in plain sight even if they don't expect you

by FREDERICK LAMBECK

▪ ARTICLE ▪



When a man marries, all acquaintance with his former companions ceases; and unless it is renewed by sending them the cards of the newly-married couple, they are no longer on visiting terms. Reasons of economy may render an extensive connexion imprudent, and sound discretion will immediately suggest that many of the bachelor's most agreeable companions would be very improper connexions for a benedict, and by no means prudent associates of the hearth. Custom has established this Rubicon, and has dictated that no offense shall be taken by those who have not the passport. . . .

In case you are beginning to feel worried about your qualifications as a prudent associate of the hearth let me quickly explain that the preceding admonitions are not mine, but those of a predecessor. They are quoted, lock, stock, barrel and Rubicon, from *True Politeness, A Hand-book of Etiquette for Gentlemen* By An American Gentleman—a tidy tract published many years ago (in the year 1848, to be exact) by Messrs. Leavitt & Allen of New York. I present them here through the courtesy of ancient copyright laws and changing customs. Nowadays it is assumed that anyone who was good enough to play with Rollo while he was courting Miss Dinsmore in the back room of the Plaza is a fit associate of the hearth. Indeed, in these grasping days reasons of economy may render an "extensive connexion" prudent, rather than imprudent, and you may be sure you are still on visiting terms, for a while at least, if you promptly follow your cue when you receive the cards* of the newly-married or betrothed couple. The cue calls, of course, for the immediate dispatching of a wedding present.

As a far from friendless bachelor now getting along in years, I have had a great deal of experience selecting these gifts which, unlike Christmas or birthday remembrances, must be selected with not one person in mind but a happy twain, and which must be (no matter which of the twain happens to have been one's special friend) impersonal and yet, one hopes, suitable for cherishing. Love may transpire to be a thing of the moment but a nuptial gift is still traditionally something to remember you by and not something intrinsically impermanent nor yet of such a precarious quality that it courts accident. Married men don't know the bewildered hours they are spared in giftie shoppies; they have wives who make out shopping lists. It is to bachelors, and principally those who have no mothers to guide them, that I offer my experienced warnings and suggestions.

You know, of course, that you should time the purchase of your gift so that it may be delivered within ten days of the wedding. If you're going in for something that requires monogramming remember that the engraving takes time, and don't get absent-minded and have Rollo's monogram messing up the tray or the silver cigarette box. He may be your friend but this is Miss Dinsmore's wedding. It is because of this that presents are always addressed to the bride at her home. It is one of the holds she has over him.

If you're not pally enough with the bride to know her tastes and the way in which she intends to conduct her house the wisest thing to do is to take Rolly to lunch and introduce a few tactful questions. These should include, first, the size of the apartment or house into which they are moving—there is no point in donating a cast-iron hitching post to a parlor, bedroom and bath; second, whether there are going to be three servants, a twice-a-week cleaning lady, or no servants at all until Rolly pulls off that Pittman deal; and, third, the amount of formality which Mrs. Rollo is going to introduce into her dining and darning.

The servant question determines whether or not you should go in for the decorative but nuisance offering—such dust-catchers as those knickknacks that are riding high these days on the crest of the Victorian wave, elaborate reproductions of whatnot conceits, whims in china and porcelain, amusing in Rex Whistler's settings for *Victoria Regina* but maddening to keep in order unless you have a servant who hasn't enough to do—and who is adept at catching *objets d'art* before they hit the floor. Goblets and glasses that are curiously shaped, with bulbous bottoms but tight middles or monocle-sized openings at the top, are to be bewared of no matter how many servants there are. They may look like fun, but drinking from them and drying them is a hazardous, upside down performance. Ditto for hammered-silver pitchers, cocktail shakers, almost anything in hammered silver; it is hard to clean and it is not "smart" enough to be worth it. And when it is used for salad-bowls—well, maybe I'm prejudiced in my taste for chopped green salads that are mixed in a bowl that can take the hacks of the chopper without shattering or bending into a surprised V. These are by no means all the things to avoid if you'd rather not be the cause of the bride's servant trouble, but you get my point: choose your gift with some thought to its consequences and upkeep. Consider its practical uses, not the appearance it makes on the shop's gift table. You may be spared the distaste Mrs. Carlton always felt for poor Sam. He presented her with a really handsome set of Tunisian brass ash trays that he had lugged all the way from Algeria, but Mrs. Carlton was continually darting from the room with them. "If there is anything worse than the smell of smoldering cigarettes in a brass ash tray I don't care to encounter it," she would exclaim, and always add: "I wish that Sam What's-His-Name had kept the blamed things. But of course he was Mr. C's best friend in college and I can't throw them out."

The style of living to which Miss Dinsmore subjects your erstwhile crony naturally determines whether you're going to give them the dozen fish-shaped bone dishes or the electric toaster, and it is an important matter to have settled at once, particularly if you're susceptible to salesgirls who can hypnotize you into taking the most elegant and useless bit of chi-chi. It is not only a question of how much money Rollo has; some girls cover up the second-hand table with damask and lace and a Tiffany windowful of silver. And some millionaires' daughters are simple and practical-minded, even to a point of prim plainness, and they want their houses to be. So find out if you're going to be decorating a Cecil B. DeMille set or a triumph of Russian Art Theatre realism.

The next important information you must

Continued in center of page 145

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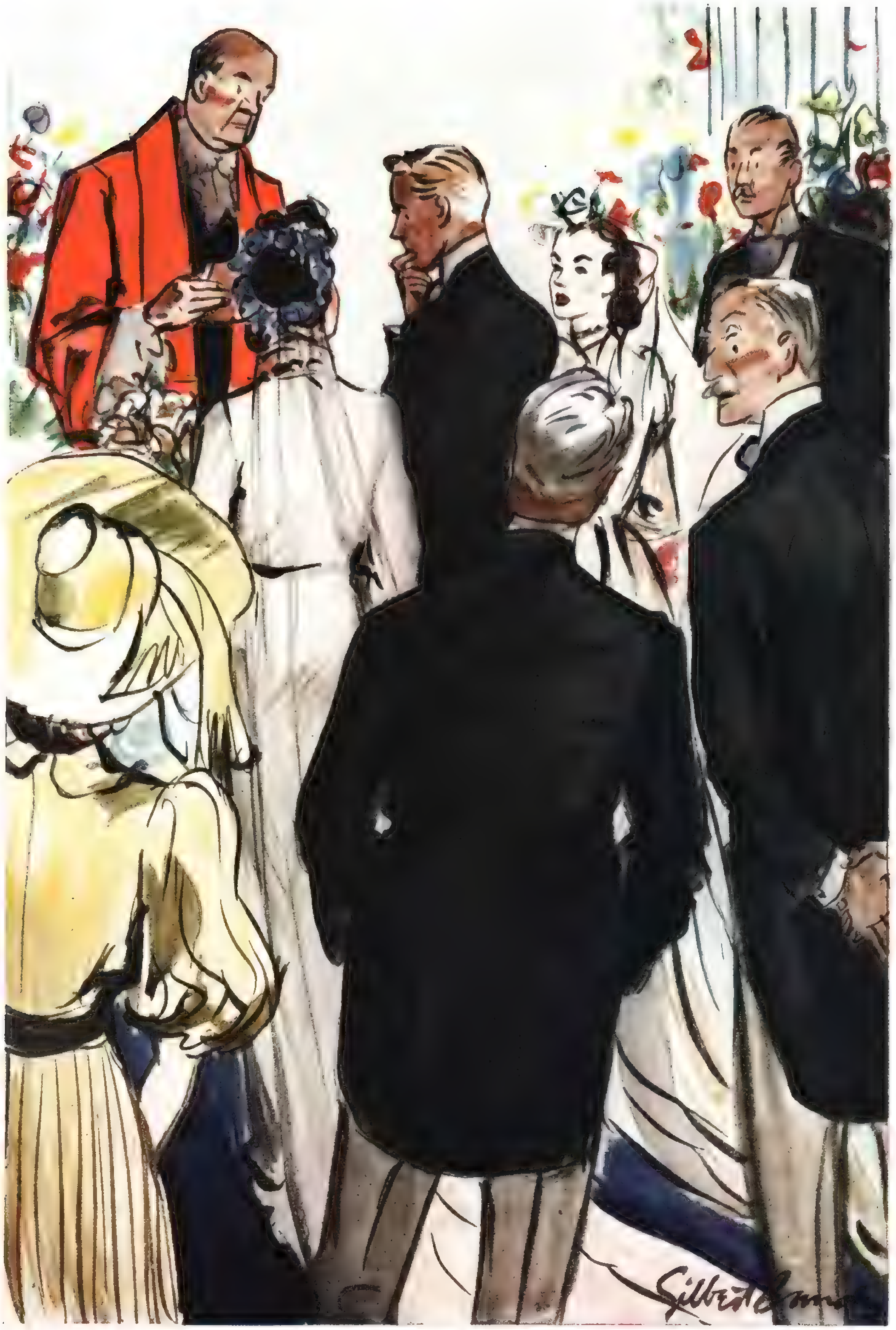
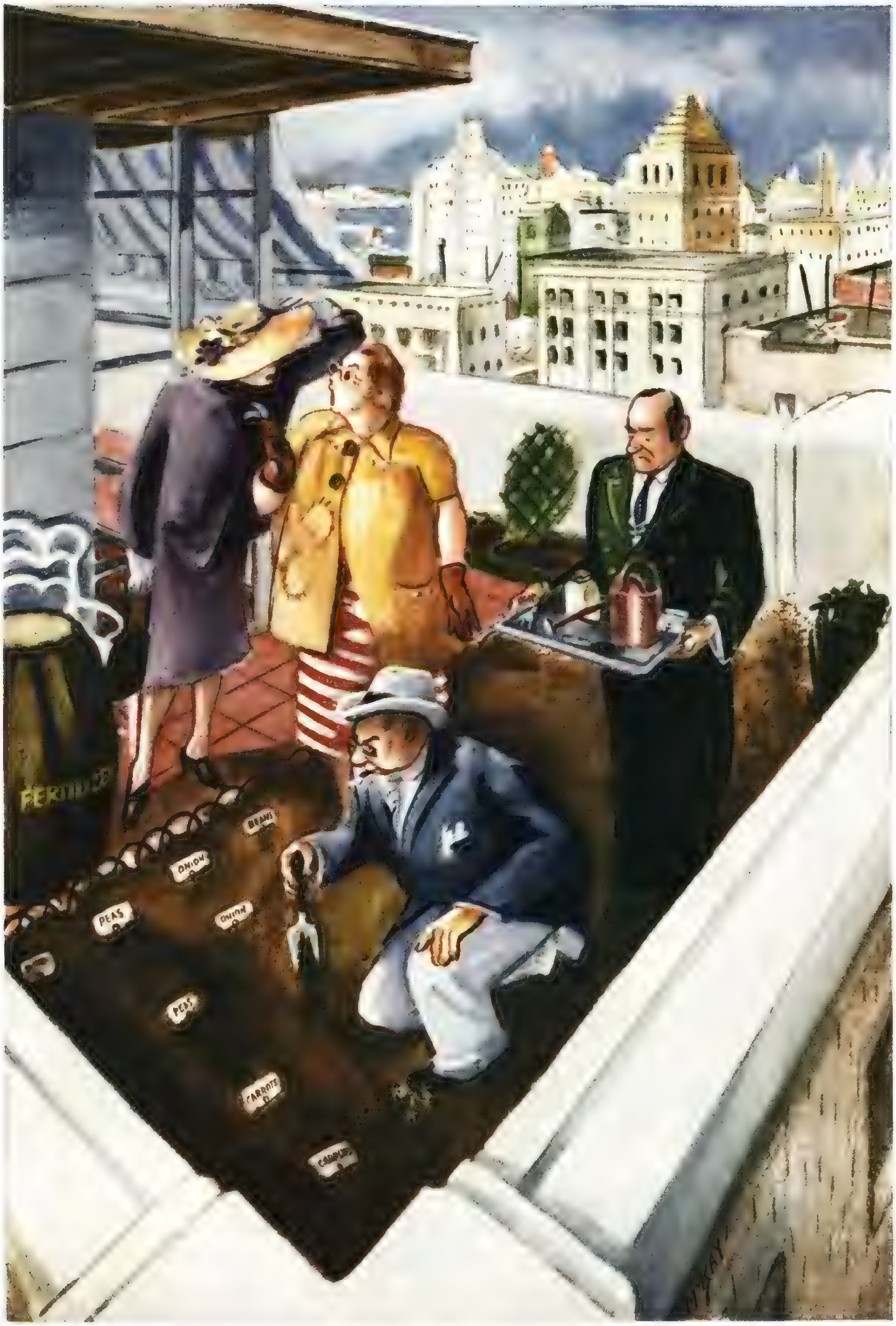
*"The styles of card and envelope are so varied that none are more fashionable than others. The cards are sometimes united by a white ribbon."—*True Politeness.*


Gilbert Bundy

"Baldwin always was one for making last-minute decisions!"


FERTILIZER
BEANS
ONION
ONION
PEAS
PEAS
CARROTS
CARROTS

"If the country goes berserk—at least we'll be sure of something to eat!"

The Manager Nobody Knows

Bill Terry doesn't give a damn about baseball as a sport—every crack of the bat means money in the cash box

by PAUL WORKING

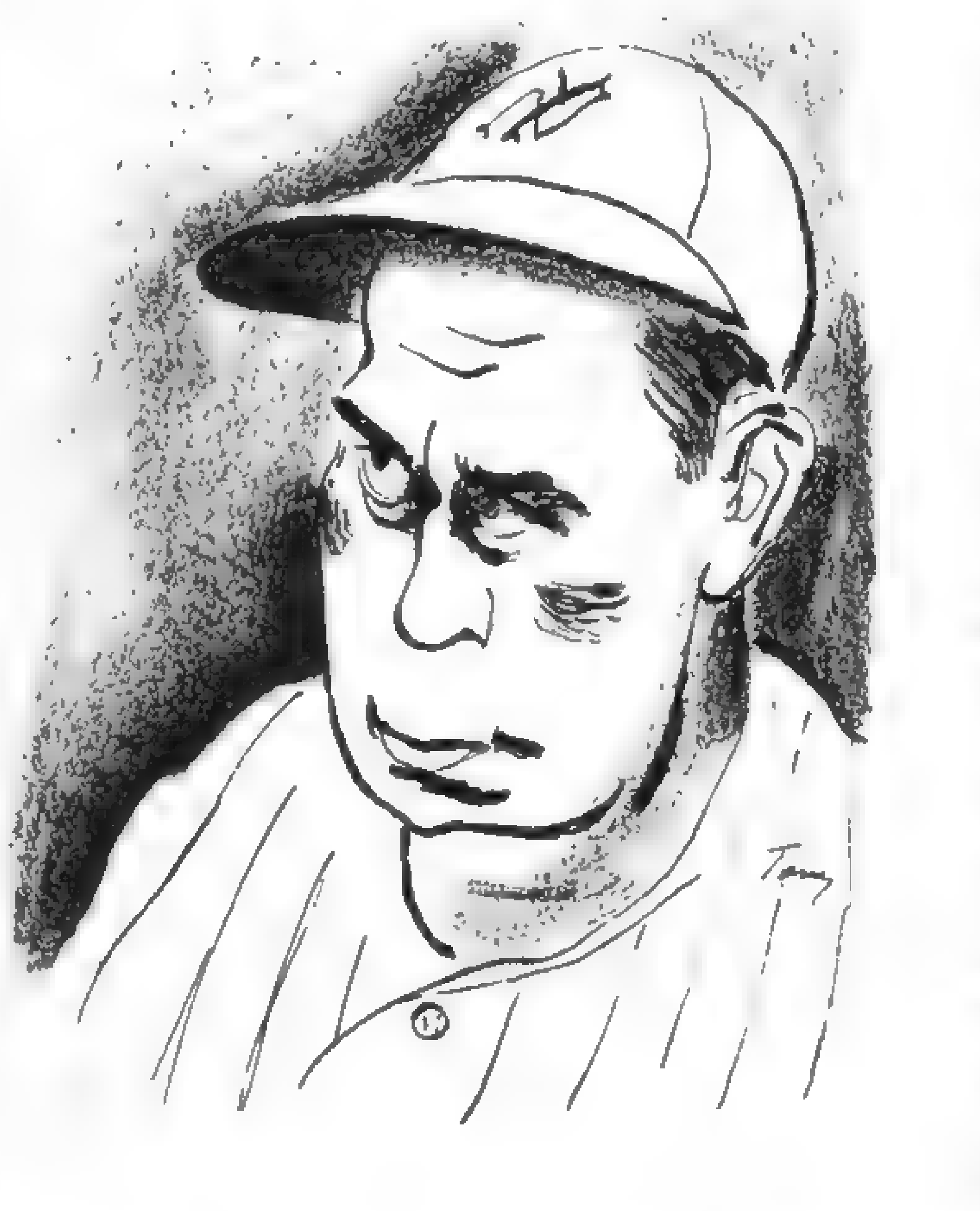
• SPORTS •

IN PROTESTS that cannot be described accurately as a "tells all" gem of literature he claims that forces of malice, indolence and untruth do him dirty. In plaintive paragraphs he doth declare his sterling character as he performs in the role of a scrivening ghost's control and as partaker of payment for said paragraphs. Nevertheless Bill Terry of the New York Giants continues to be the most unpopular man in baseball today. There are those who insist he is the most disliked figure in the game since old Abner Doubleday took a few tucks in a beanbag and fathered our national pastime up at Cooperstown, New York, a hundred years ago, but this may be an exaggeration. Some of the Giant manager's critics say that there isn't a city in the National League where Terry can dig up enough friends for a rubber of bridge, but this is probably untrue, also, for Terry is strictly a seven-card stud man at all times. It is betraying no confidence, however, to admit that Memphis Bill is the War Admiral of the Sneer Sweepstakes and a Babe Ruth in reverse, so far as public adulation is concerned. Terry knows this but he doesn't seem to be able to help himself. In fact, he now claims to enjoy it. "Let those mugs hate me until they bust," Bill laughs bitterly, "so long as they pay their way into the ball park!"

Terry makes enemies like the Yankees make base hits—only easier and oftener. He can even cause the clients to castigate him by remote control, which is good work if you can get it. There are box office boll weevils in the back woods, pool room termites who never got nearer to a big league ball game than a radio loud speaker, who will vehemently assure you that William Harold Terry is an All-American so-and-so, if not the world's champion this-and-that. Fans, ball players and sports writers lose few opportunities to give him the Bronx banzai, the Hester Street hoot, every time he sticks his little black monkey cap out of the Polo Grounds dugout. Such unpopularity must be deserved, so let us look into the matter and try to find out what has caused this condition.

In the first place, Terry is strictly a business man, a money man. There is no romance or glamor in baseball for him. His is a dull, prosaic job, like scooping string beans in a grocery or slicing slabs of ham in a meat market. Terry was a fleet fellow footing it around those base paths in his playing prime. And he has always been a similarly swift citizen streaking after a stray dollar. Terry thinks of batting averages in terms of bank balances, the crack of the bat is like the tinkle of a cash register to him, and the roar of the crowd in his ears signifies but one thing; its volume gives him a rough idea of how much coin is in the box office. Games won or lost mean just so much World Series money; aside from that the whole thing leaves him cold.

Fellows like Babe Ruth and Dizzy Dean love baseball for itself alone, as well as from the business angle. It is a game, a pastime, a sport, a pleasure, besides being their source of income. His playing days behind him and his managerial chances slimmer than a race track sandwich, Ruth haunts the Yankee Stadium and even cruises around the Southern Spring training camps. Dizzy Dean plays ball with kids on street corners down in Florida all winter. McGraw, Mathewson, Cobb, Rube Marquard, Wagner—those oldsters made plenty of money playing ball, but they got a helluva bang out of it, too.



But Terry is different. He admits he doesn't like baseball, although he has played it about as brilliantly as any first baseman since the days when the second bounce was out. But it is merely a means to an end with him, he says. He gets no thrill out of laying that lumber on the equine's epidermis and seeing a homer soar over the fence. It is just a trade, baseball, like bricklaying or shoemaking. Unlike all other big league managers, Terry has never attended a World Series, unless his team has been in it and he had to be present for business purposes. Bill once declared:

"Once I'm through with baseball, I don't care if I never see another game. I wouldn't look out my front window to watch Tinkers, Evers and Chance, with Matty pitching and Ty Cobb running the bases."

And in that very credo, I think rests at least part of Bill's unpopularity, regardless of the blame he hangs onto the baseball writers. The fans know Terry is money-mad and they don't like it, although just why this should concern them is something that escapes me. But I guess it is because Joe Doakes, chiseling $1.65 off his relief check to see the Giants play, resents the idea that a man like Terry should be playing, not because Terry likes it, but merely for the wages involved. For Joe is having fun for his $1.65 and he likes to think that those players down on the diamond are having fun, too—that it is a game and not a business he is paying his pittance to witness.

Of course, Terry's tactlessness helps the situation, too. Bill has a rare faculty for saying the wrong thing at the right time. Most of these remarks find their way into the public prints.

I am sure that Terry in his consistent carefulness about money now does not harbor his former evil thoughts about baseball writers, since he has learned that he also can get money for putting his explanations and rebuttals into print. A lady literary agent accosting him at breakfast in Boston probably would not have the rude reception he confesses having granted an eager newspaperwoman of that city. If there's money in it Terry is open to reason.

The case of the female interviewer in Boston, to which Terry referred in his memoirs, had an entirely mercenary background inasmuch as the Giants, at that time, were putting on a campaign to build up their weekly Ladies' Day. Apparently, after due reflection, this commercial aspect of the interview burst upon Terry. It may even have occurred to him that the publication of newspapers with large circulations cannot wait on the Terry digestion. At any rate Terry has endeavored to explain that incident's reflection of the Terrible Terry.

Terry's surly and unsportsmanlike attitude toward Joe McCarthy, the Yankee manager, hasn't endeared him to his public, either. The last two years the Yanks have dusted off the Giants in the Series. When these brawls were over, Terry contrary to the customary etiquette of the diamond, studiously refrained from congratulating McCarthy on his victories. Last Fall, when the Yanks took the fifth and deciding game, the Yankees threw a champagne party in celebration of their triumph in the Commodore Hotel. The entire Giant staff was invited to attend. Horace Stoneham, owner of the Giants, Eddie Brannick, the club's popular little secretary, and others went to the affair. But Terry sulked in a near-by bar and would not join in this gracious gesture.

"Why don't you be a good fellow and go over there, Bill?" a newspaper man persuaded the petulant Terry. "You'd make a big guy of yourself if you walked right in and grabbed Joe McCarthy by the hand. He'd do it for you, if the tables were turned. Go on over and give yourself up like a man!"

"Naw," grumbled the churlish loser, "the hell with 'em—let 'em have their fun!"

Terry may be a short sport and an ungracious guy, but by his own and all others' confessions he is nobody's pop-over when it

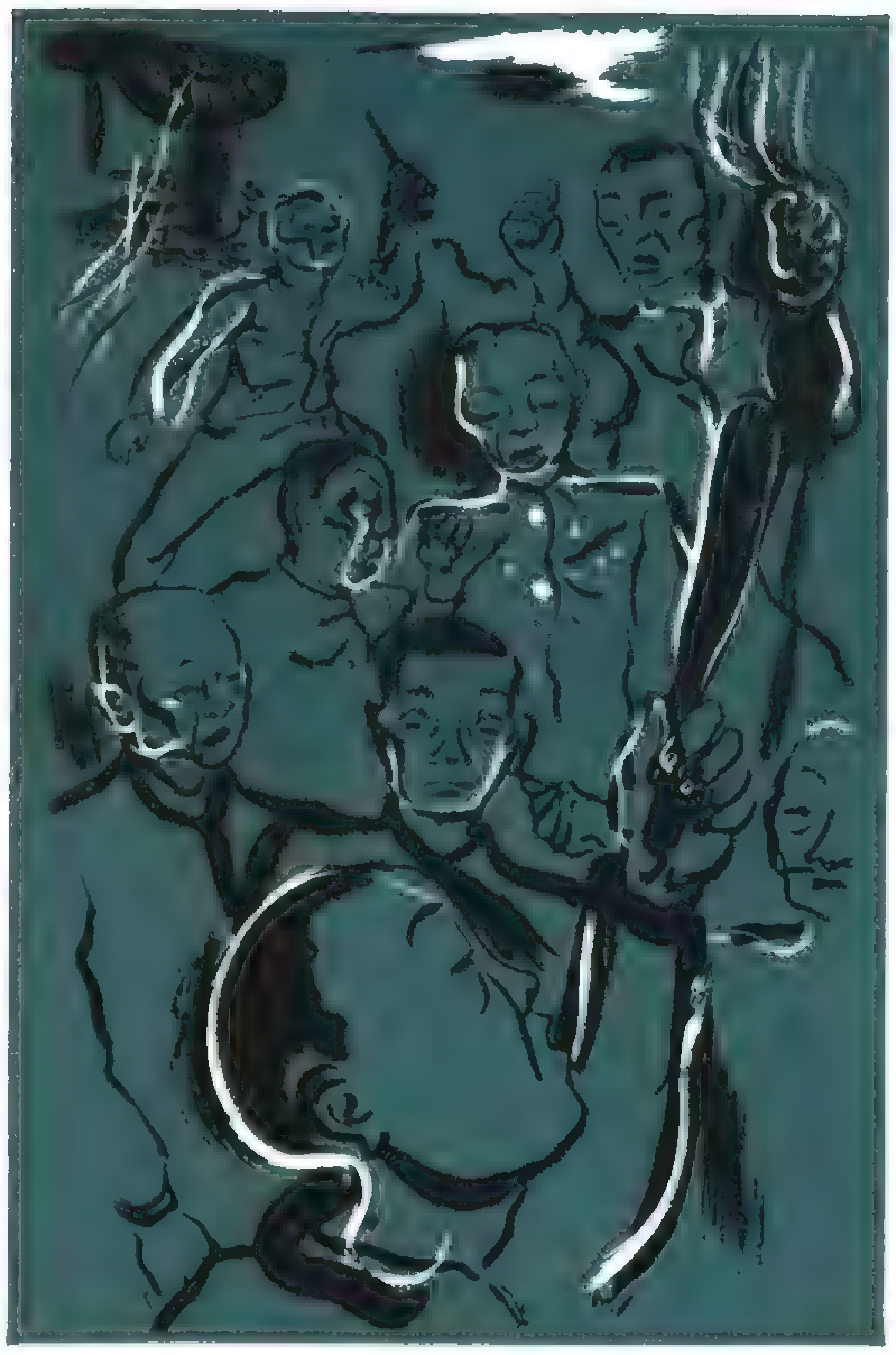
Continued on page 143

The Hara-Kiri of Baron Kura

He was not a business man and so he failed to understand why there should be no rice for the people

by MANUEL KOMROFF

▪ FICTION ▪



All morning long he stood behind the paper screens and looked out on that dark troubled day. From the balcony of his house Baron Kura looked over the knotted ancient pines in the garden. To the east and down the steep hill, over row after row of clay tiled roofs, was the beautiful harbor of Kobe. And up the steep hill he could see the very top, the park and the old observatory. Many streets traced with tortuous bends beneath his eyes as though they were part of a great mysterious labyrinth through which people wandered and might forever be lost.

People wandered in groups, up and down, rather aimlessly and it did seem as though they were lost. There was a strangeness and queer discomfort over the whole city. The young baron of this ancient name and family walked back and forth nervously. The day was an evil one and yet how could it have been avoided!

For weeks the flames of discontent had been fanned by little acts of violence. Peace-loving people are not easily provoked. But now they were. Under the humble cotton kimono was a hungry stomach and a flesh bruised with injury. And all because of little grains of rice. This pearly staff of life flowed too easily through the hands of powerful speculators and manipulators. Prices had doubled. The poor were now reduced to a very few grains —not enough to hold body and soul together. Day by day things grew more serious.

A week ago in Hiro Dori (street), not far from the old family estate and gardens of Baron Kura, a poor rickshaw man turned over a great tub of hot rice which stood before a busy eating-place. "The wheel," he said, "it caught. The wheel. Sorry. Terribly sorry."

A great crowd soon gathered and the boys, with their running and pushing and pretending not to see this great soft white mess in the street, trampled it down with their wooden clogs. They laughed. Not a spoonful was saved. Then someone called out while walking under the balcony of Baron Kura and he heard it: "If all can't have rice then why should some have it!"

During the week that had just passed many more "accidents" occurred to large bags and tubs of rice. The little rice shops in many streets of the city were made places for idlers to gather and air their grievances. One proprietor, seeing a crowd collect before his place, ran forward and called out to them: "Not me! Not my fault. The cost is high and no profit for us. I have the bills to prove it. Come in and look for yourself." But even while he was talking two young boys slit the bags along the front of the shop and the rice flowed out in heavy streams and reached almost half-way out into the street.

But such occurrences were only the preludes to later events. In Yamamati Dori, that long main street that climbs from the harbor docks to the top of the hill, several of these little outbreaks occurred. But down by the docks there was a real fight, a thing very rare for Japan, and four people were locked up by the police.

In Theatre Street a gang of tough boys ran through, and several had loud cowbells attached to their belts to indicate that they were newsboys and therefore privileged to run in the streets. . . . This gang ran through with a wild shout and before anyone realized what was happening the two rice shops and the four restaurants were all severely damaged. The police questioned the merchants but no arrests were made.

All these little nervous twitches on the face of Japan's society were only the precursors of that day when Baron Kura looked out of his papery windows and then paced nervously up and down his long thirty-six mat room. On this day the rice riots broke out.

At noon the sliding screen opened and two serving maids in silken robes brought the baron his *tiffin* on lacquered trays. A small round box of steaming rice was also brought and the bowl filled and placed on the small table before him. He pushed it aside.

"There are many people who do not have rice. We have rice. Rice is grown by the farmers. Poor people and rich alike must eat rice. Rich people may eat other things but poor people are unable to live without rice. Would it not be better for us to eat other things and leave the rice for those who need it? But those who need it are unable to buy it. And so what is to be done?"

The two girls kneeled before him on the floor but did not reply. The Baron had traveled far and wide. He had gone to college in a foreign land and so he might well be able to eat other things and do without rice. But the two peasant girls, taken into the service of this old family, could conceive of no life without rice.

The Baron ate very little of the food before him. From time to time he stood up and went to the latticed window. The old city of Kobe lay spread low before him, a vast mosaic of black tiled roofs. He sent the serving maids back to the kitchen and ordered an ink box and paper laid before him. He placed a few drops of water on the stone slab and rubbed the great stick of india ink. A scent of musk filled the air. He dipped his brush, pointed it with a slight rolling motion, and wrote:

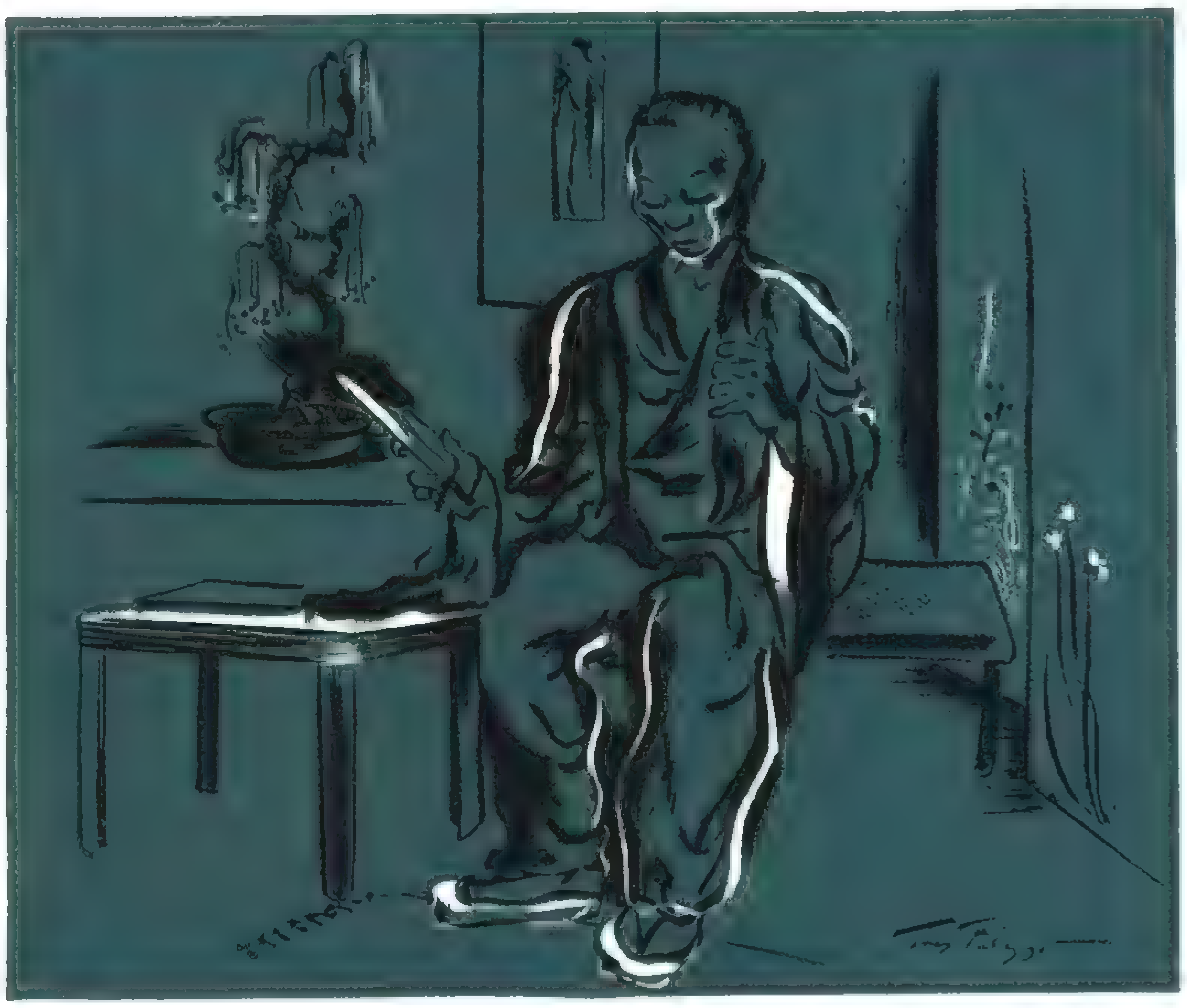
"I, Baron of the House of Kura, which title came to me from my dear and late departed father, and which title has come down through a long and distinguished list of Samurai who have lived and died for their native land, and I, being the last of the Kura House, could not do otherwise. When, in times past, a Kura was the Shogun of this district, there was sufficient rice for all. But the feudal world has given place to a world of trade and great and powerful business barons have sprung up to replace the lords of olden time. These gentlemen understand merchandising and trade. The Kuras were not very sharp in such matters and always looked down upon trade but they carried the responsibility of their people and shared with them their feasts and their famines. Such being the tradition of our house I must undertake what I am about to do regardless of the consequences. With my name and the tradition of my forefathers, I cannot act otherwise.

"In the event that I do not return I want it known that I have traveled the seven seas and lived in many lands. I have climbed the ancient pyramids and gone down into deep mines and canyons. I have seen the great chimneys of industrial lands and the broad green fields of agriculture. I have seen rich cities and also places of wretched poverty. I have looked through telescopes at the stars and through microscopes for little germs, and between the stars and the diseases of life I have found a full-blooded humanity, struggling and passionately clinging to life. And having seen all these things I go out now into the streets with the firm conviction that for many people life could and should be better."

He drew from his sleeve a small ivory seal and pressed its vermilion crest to the bottom of the page. He clapped his hands and ordered the servant to bring him some gardener's clothes. "I am going out into the street."

He removed his kimona and put on the tight trousers and short blue cotton jacket of a laborer. Across the entire back of this jacket was a large squared-off white character which spelled out the name Kura. He walked through the long hall and into the garden. Here at the stone steps he bound a pair of straw sandals to his feet. At the little rock pool he bent down and wet his face. Then he rubbed his hand in the gravel and moved it slowly across his face, and with another stroke he dishevelled his hair and went out into the street to mingle with the crowd. These people were his people of an old heritage and he wanted to be part of them.

It was already past three o'clock in the afternoon. From the very first a boy attached himself to the Baron. The boy naturally imagined he was one of the gardeners or laborers of the Kura House. The Baron had rubbed a little gravel on his face so that he might not look so clean but the boy Sato, being employed by a poor charcoal vendor, was almost too black in face and hands. His large white teeth glistened when he smiled.



"Where are the other crowds?"

"Oh Sir," replied the boy, "there are some on the hill near the Tor Hotel and a great big crowd downtown—at least a hundred people."

"Come. We will go up the hill." At this the boy Sato called out to the others: "We are going to join the others on the hill. Come along! They are not far. I'll show you."

Led by the boy and that laborer in a blue coat with the large emblem of the Kura family on his back the small handful of people went along mainly because of curiosity. They had not gone a dozen streets, however, before they joined with one group and soon they joined with another. Now more than a hundred started down the long hill. They paused before a rice shop.

"There it is!" called one.

"Not for us."

"Dump it down the gutter!"

There were menacing shouts and the poor shopkeeper stood on the threshold among his precious bags and cried: "It's not my fault. Go away! If you touch a single grain I'll call the police!" One of the boys had already taken a knife from his sleeve and was about to cut those bags that stood at the edge of the street when the Baron ran forward and in a loud clear voice called: "Wait! This is not the place. And no good can come of a poor man's bags. Come! Follow me. I will show you where the rich are storing ten thousand bags!" He shouted these words clearly but suddenly fearing that his language was a bit too refined for the role he was playing he held up his thumb, which is a coarse street gesture. "Ten thousand and it's a boy!" he called.

A low murmur went through the crowd. What were three bags belonging to a poor merchant compared to ten thousand of a rich speculator!

The boy Sato and the Baron led the way. Some of the young fellows broke out in song. They tied small towels about their foreheads and sang a patriotic marching air. Their voices were loud and clear. People opened their balcony windows to look out while others, especially the young, ran out to join the crowd.

When this procession was about half-way down the hill they noticed that a line of police had formed themselves across the road. They had come up with orders to disperse the crowd. The crowd moved forward slowly and then came to a halt about twenty yards before the officers of the law. The police were about ten in number and they stood as a single wall across the street. For a moment the singing had stopped. For a moment there was an awkward hesitation. Could the crowd press through?

"The streets are free!" cried one.

"Anyone may walk in the street!" another called.

But the crowd did not move forward. They were peaceful and stood respectfully before the uniforms of the law.

It was not long, however, when someone cried: "*Banzai!*" And suddenly around a bend the crowd that had been downtown were seen coming up the hill to join those whom they heard singing. Three or four hundred strong were marching up the hill and the police being caught between these two tides soon beat a hasty retreat. Several entered places where they could telephone to headquarters.

When the two crowds mingled together there were many who proposed that they go here or there and protest against the price of rice. But the Baron walked among them and said: "Let us parade peacefully through the streets and then I will show you ten thousand bags of rice." He repeated these words to a dozen small groups and soon the singing began anew and the crowd went along aimlessly and slowly down the hill.

Some improvised banners appeared with large bold writing and some bearing only the single character "rice." Rice was the slogan and rice became the cry. From time to time between songs a monotonous chant was started: "Rice. Rice. Rice. Rice," and this single word repeated on and on by five hundred throats began to stir the blood and raise the peaceful temper to a boiling point.

At one time, it was about six o'clock, the Baron and Sato ran ahead to the shop of a lantern-maker and they bought out his entire stock, small and large. The Baron paid twenty-two yen for everything, including the candles. And when the procession came to pass this place the paper lanterns were distributed. Soon they were lit and the parade took on a new gaiety, a new color. But still the cry kept on, "Rice, Rice. Rice. Rice." There was no let up of this insistent and rousing chant.

Through street after street they marched and more and more joined their ranks. One or two cloth streamers of eating places were torn off and carried along just for the deviltry of the thing but no real destruction or violence occurred until it was quite dark, about eight o'clock.

It was then, either by accident or by design, that the procession turned down into the wholesale district which at this hour was totally abandoned.

"Here!" cried someone. "Here are the big bags."

"Ten thousand," called another.

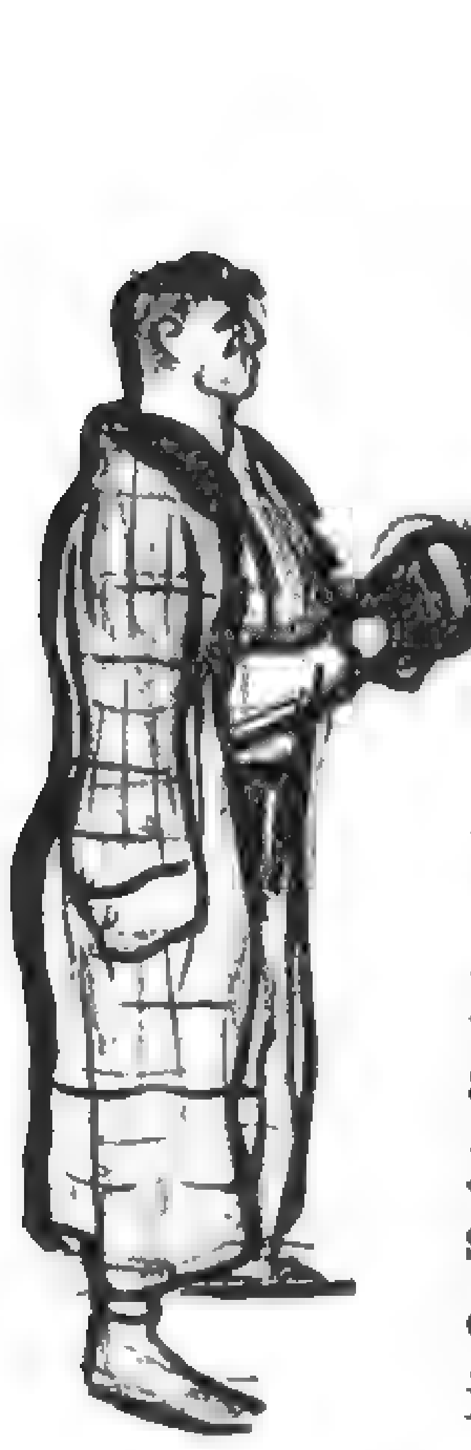
They gathered before a great warehouse which stood three stories high. This black cube of building covered an entire square block. The street floor windows were closed with sheet iron shutters. There were, however, around the corner two plate glass windows of the warehouse office.

The Baron was now to put his plan into operation. He pretended, and he had been doing this for some time before, that he was reeling drunk. He carried in his hands a great two liter bottle of Saki wine. Suddenly he reeled out from the crowd and waved the bottle high over his head and crying, "I'll drink no more! No more!" he flung the bottle through the glass window of the office. Then in a frenzy he snatched another bottle from someone close by and cried: "And you also! You will not drink while your children are hungry. I won't let you." And this bottle he also flung through the shattered glass.

Continued on page 164

My Guy's a Piperoo

There's lotsa room for a guy that can punch but you wanna play cute—no sense rushin'



by CASWELL ADAMS

SATIRE

Y'orta see my new guy. He's one pip, I'm tellin' ya. Punch? Like a fool. Block? Like a fool. Feint? Like a fool. And justa kid, too. Had twenty-seven amatoor fights, lose only one. And since I got him, which is when he turns pro, he's nine straight wins. Seven of them KO's. Some record, huh? Reminds me a lot of Benny Leonard. And Leach Cross. And somethin' like Gans. Yop, Gans is what he's like.

"Nope, y'ain't seen him on the big time yet. I'm bringin' him along slow, see, because there's lots of room for a white guy what can wallop. And my guy can punch! That's one thing he can do! I work him in the gym every day and when we get a soft touch we take it. Like that Paul Terry over in the Ridgewood the other night. That's the first name fighter we bang against, but I know ol' Paulie's gone, so I take him and so does my guy. Y'see what happened? Three heats! That's all, three heats! And he's not twenty-one yet.

"Joe Jacobs is crazy about him. Wants the kid now. Will give me five G's, cash. But I turn him down. He's gonna make me a millionaire, this guy of mine, and I'm not sellin' him to any Joe Jacobs. No sir! We're gonna fight in a week or so. A big name. I don't know who, but after it we'll be in the chips. Real chips! 'Cause my guy's a piperoo!"

* * *

"See what my guy did to Petey Chase the other night, I suppose? Just four heats! That's it, four heats, and up in Holyoke. Fooled with the guy for two frames, then gets him groggy, and in the fourth he nails him with a beaut of a left hook and crosses the right the way Gans used to and Chase goes out like a light. Like a light! He looked great, terrific! One newspaper guy said he's better than Ross right now. But I won't let him fight Ross yet. See, when I get a guy like this I let him fill out and grow—there's more dough the heavier you get—and then go after the big dough. No rushin' with ol' Solly. A stitch in time saves somethin', I always say.

"Hymie Caplin's crazy about him. Wants him for any cost, but I'm playin' cute, see. I know a meal ticket when I see it and I ain't rushin'. No sir, I want this to be the thing and my guy and me understand each other great. We're gonna take the third raters till I say he's ready for the tops and then we'll go to town. No sense rushin', see? Say, gotta extra buck? Thanks. Be seein' ya."

* * *

"See where my guy stops Young Chocolate in Omaha? Some win! A pip! Jimmy Johnston's nuts about him. Wants him bad. But, no! That's what I said to Mike Jacobs, who offered us a shot—no! We can get six C's in Philly next month, but d'ya think I'm nuts. They want to give us Ramey, a cutie. No cuties for your uncle Solly for a while. No sir! No cuties. We got one-fifty for the Chocolate fight, with expenses, I mean, and that's coconuts for a young guy. Say, gotta bob till we fight again? Thanks."

* * *

"The bum! The crook! Wait'll I... Go all the way to the scums of Washington to get that. My guy licked that tramp, Gold, from here to Oshkosh Jalopi, and they give it to the bum. Blow the duke away from home! Course, my guy's cut a bit around the eyes, but he's way ahead. From here to Trenton, honest! The bum!

"And even with his bad peepers he gets off the floor twice to beat Marsh in Jersey City the other night. Style and class! Boy, what style! What class! And I'm not rushin' the guy. Gonna lay him off a coupla weeks and let the eyes heal. Far from it be your uncle Solly to rush a guy who's got cuts. Not your uncle Solly. No sir. Even though Charley Lucas wants us in Australia. No sir!"

* * *

"See where they want to put my guy in with Ambers or Armstrong? Not your uncle Solly. No sir! Think I want to see my gold mine murdered? Well, if I get a lotta dough, maybe. But otherwise, no. They gotta pay for my guy. And plenty!"

* * *

"The bum! The robber! Just because he's champion they give him the duke. My guy took every round. Just because he acts a little groggy in the first heat and is bleedin', they give it to him. Why, ask anybody. He's always bleedin' up in the gym. Just cuts easy. And his eyes weren't wavin', like the ref. said. Just feintin' with his eyes. That's what he was doin'. I suppose a guy loses points in this state for just feintin'. Some state!"

* * *

"Sure he loses to Adamson in Scranton, but it's mental. What d'ya think my guy's made of—cellophane? There he is with a win over the champion and they gyp him out of it, and because I bet our end, we're flat. No dough at all. My guy's discouraged and gets floored by Adamson in the first with a right to the head. My guy looks bad but puts up a hell of a fight and I think he's winner from here to Trenton. I gotta clippin' here says the same thing. I'll mail it to ya. Musta left it in my other suit."

* * *

"Don't ya believe it! Don't believe it a second! What d'ya call a knockout? A guy gets cut and blood's drippin' into his eyes and he wants to see and brushes it away and he sways a bit. That's groggy, huh? You're as crazy as that bum referee. My guy was just playin' cute, see, and boff, he was gonna hit that guy. But the mugg calls it off, sayin' my guy's groggy because of that belt to the head he takes in the first. Boxin' in this country's run bad. If I'd known the right guys that fight'd never been stopped. My guy'd win easy. It's just who you know. Who you know.

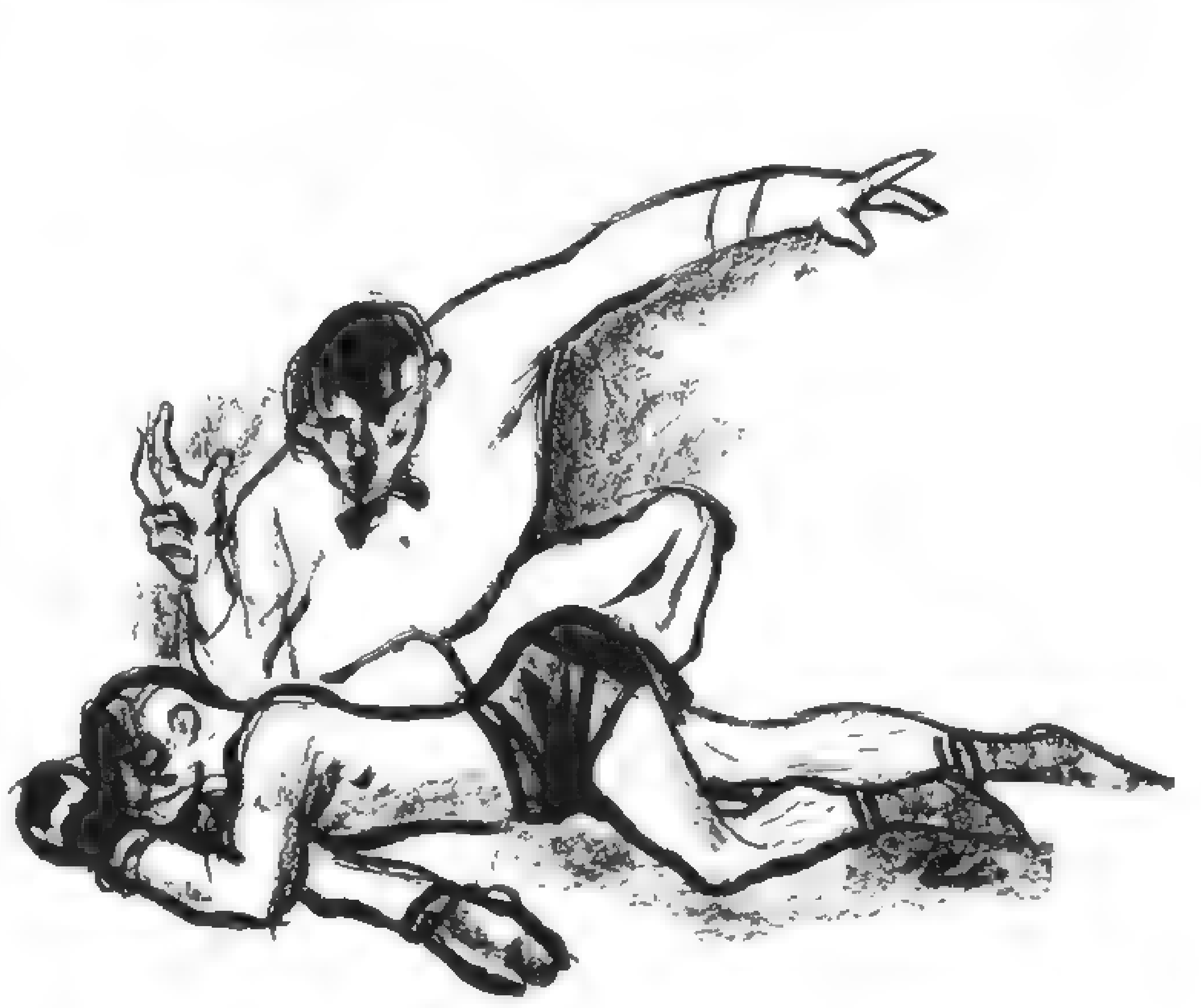
"No, I'm gonna lay him off a few weeks. Sure, there's nothin' the matter with him. He's just kiddin' like when he says he hears them bells. Bells, hell! He'd just like to get out of trainin' a few weeks and eat. Whatta eater he is! Boy! But while he's hot I'm gonna keep him busy. Here today, gone Wednesday. That's what I say. And Jeff Dickson wants us in Paris. Yop, but the slob wants to give us only a G and a coupla round trip tickets. Some crust, that Dickson!"

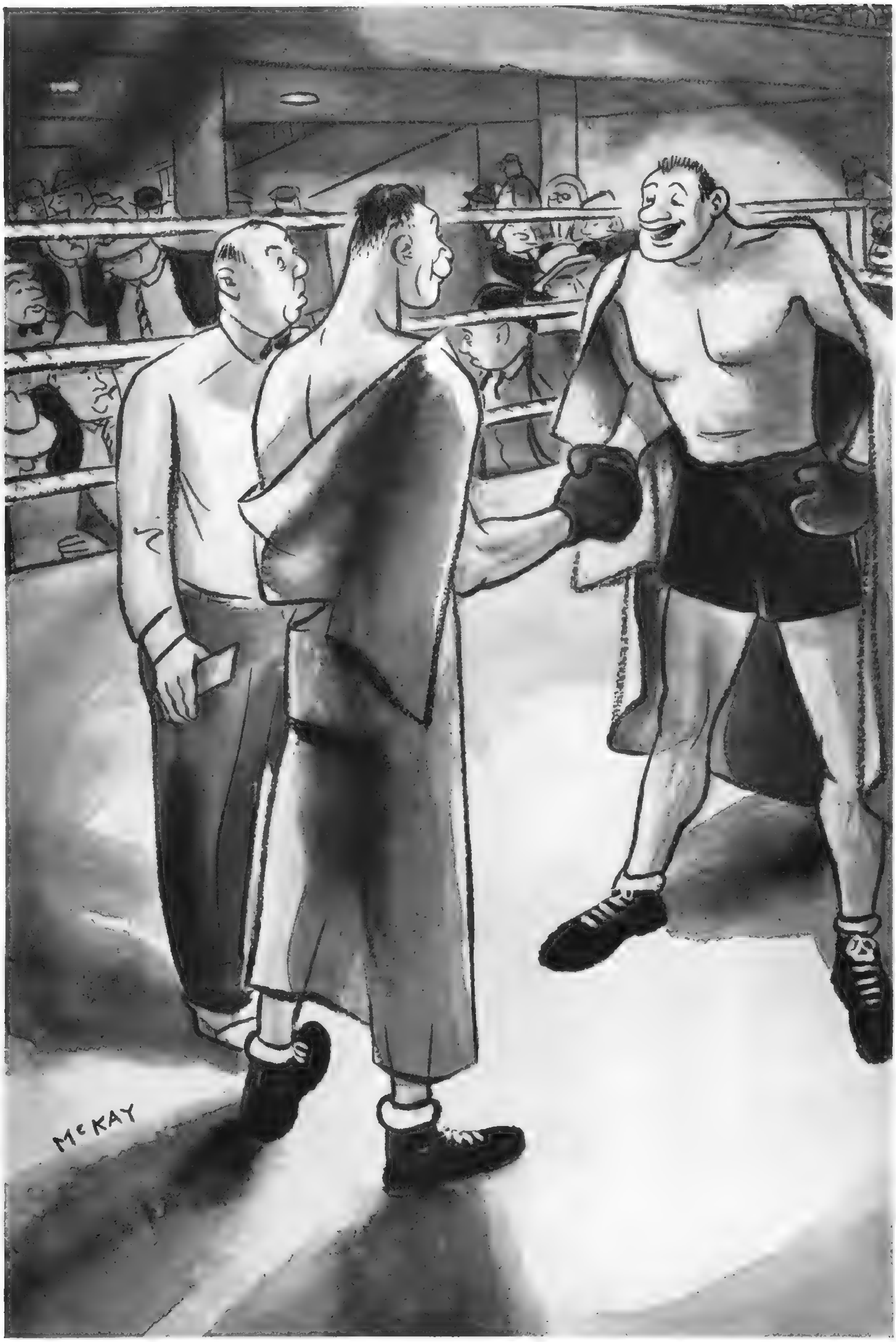
* * *

"That's what ya get for tryin' to help a friend. He asks ya to put your guy in with his and let his guy stay to make it look good and what's he do? He springs the old bomberoo and what've ya got? If we thought it was serious, my guy'd have belted his brains out, but we take it easy 'cause we want another crack at that bum, the champion, and what's that mugg do but belt my guy when he's still shakin' hands. And my guy wobbles a bit and that relic from the natural museum, the referee, stops the thing and tells me I ought to retire my guy. Retire! Why, my guy's only a pup! Twenty-two. Retire! Did Rockefeller retire?"

* * *

"When's my guy gonna fight again? How would I know? I don't know the rules there. Maybe they let them guys in the nut house fight, but I'm not sure. He was a bum. Yop, a bum in spades. Always complainin' about his head or somethin'... Say, y'orta see my new guy, a welter. He's a piperoo!"





"That's quite all right. Pardon my glove, too"

The Twenty-First Lion

When Mita went hunting, there was food for all the town, yet he had not satisfied his lust for killing

by ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

▪ FICTION ▪

Mrs. Morton's house, half-covered by vines of rich-hued bougainvillea, stood on a small promontory, facing southward. There in the sun the expanse of her walled garden—pleasant with palms and mangos, flower beds and graveled walks—led down to the shore of Lake Chapala. Sometimes the surface of the great Mexican lake lay quietly blue in the sun: sometimes it raged in storm like a grey dragon. Today it was unrippled by any motion except the occasional passage of the sharp-prowed black boat of a fisherman.

To the north of Mrs. Morton's house, beyond the garden wall and the cobbled roadway, there rose steep hills on which shrubs and fiber-rooted trees maintained a precarious existence. Beyond the hills lay regions of cactus and waste, where no men lived—the haunt of the mountain lion, the rattlesnake, the deer, and birds.

The elderly lady stood on her terrace this afternoon, reflecting idly as she looked out at the lake and the distant mountains. She was thinking how odd it was that if she went away for three years—perhaps even for two years or one year—she would find upon her return that this treasured garden of hers had been reclaimed by primeval nature, and existed no more. There would certainly be none of the flowers she had brought from England so long ago; and the trees would either be dead for lack of water, or half-dead under the attack of parasitic vines, or the storms of the lake would have washed away the soil from around their roots. Peace, tranquillity, a rational and intelligent order of existence for man—these things were to be bought only at the price of unceasing vigilance.

She thought: Nature is avid to destroy old forms of life, and eager to create new ones. Nature is like a bored human being, impatient for something different, whether it turn out to be better or worse than what now holds the center of the stage. Nature is forever shattering the present to create the future. Will my great-great-great-grandchildren be wiser and nobler than I was? I hope so, but I do not know. And Nature does not know, and has no interest in the matter. Nature is a flux, a current, whose essence is change; and the direction of the change may lead anywhere. The corpse of Socrates becomes the useful material for the body of a blind groping worm; St. Francis of Assisi vacates the place where he stood, compassionate and sublime—to yield place to "his Brother the wind." . . .

The thought froze her lips a little—beyond the power of the afternoon sunlight to warm them.

In Mrs. Morton's youth, amid the well-tended hedgerows of the English countryside, she had been an unreflective cheerful girl; when it was a fair day and all was propitious, she laughed with pleasure; when it was a foul day and small misfortunes came, she did not repine. She accepted her simple life just as it was, without thought. Now in these later Mexican years, after so many decades of experience and with the inevitable end awaiting her at the brink of any tomorrow, her thoughts had grown not more gloomy but more abstract: the great mysteries of Being and Nonbeing returned to haunt her like ghosts.

She stood there meditatively on her terrace, a simple figure. The rich curves of girlhood had long since vanished from her body, and her white dress now clothed only the sexless contours of old age. It was an impersonal figure, unnoticeable, expressive of nothing.

But of her face, no spectator would say that the same thing was true. This was a face unblurred by the years. The years had obliterated the outlines of the body that once was woman; but Time, like a genius-smitten sculptor, had carved out of the smooth blank innocence of her twentieth year the contours of the eightieth year that were significant of the indwelling spirit.

There was calm in this face, and the expression of a powerful will and of gentleness. Neither humility nor arrogance were there, nor passivity. The eyes were alive; there was often a twinkle of amusement in them. But when moments of indignation came, they snapped like blue flashes.

An observing person such as a trained photographer would have noted that her cloud-white hair framed a forehead that was greyly wrinkled with lines of fatigue, and that her straight eyebrows of coal-black hue were in interesting dramatic contrast to the whiteness above. The firm high arch of the nose would have caught his attention; he might have remembered the more formidable male counterpart of this nose which once marked the Duke of Wellington. Also he would have noted that the lips had not the facile mobility of the lips of orators and actors, but that they preserved a certain changeless consistency whether her eyes twinkled or frowned. If he were a good photographer, he would not neglect to arrange his lighting so that his plate would record—gently but accurately—the stringy cords of her throat and the swollen veins of her lean hands.

Mrs. Morton turned away from the terrace and seated herself in a comfortable chair; she put on her glasses and began to look over the newly-arrived copy of the Weekly Edition of the *London Times*, to which she had subscribed for more than forty years. Her glasses were large horn-rimmed spectacles of ancient pattern that gave her a learned appearance and a slightly comical resemblance to a venerable Chinese mandarin of bygone days.

Her reading this afternoon did not progress well. She could not focus her attention on this newspaper—this confusing record of events that had no sane meaning for such a mind as hers. Never once in all her eighty years had she been bored, and she was not bored now; but the things she was reading made her feel inert, listless and disinclined to go on. Again she tried to concentrate her mind on the text; but since she found she could not read with real comprehension of such unbelievable things, she began to skim the headlines. Even these brief appalling statements did not stimulate her curiosity but produced in her a sense of unutterable weariness. She felt no desire to investigate further the evil picture here revealed—the picture of a world gone mad. A world of international rivalry and chicanery—of bullyings and cowardices and evasions—actual wars in Spain and in China—impending wars everywhere—England facing a situation that might produce results in India that would be like an earthquake — revolutions and counter-revolutions and firing-squads in Russia — Germany and Italy training their children to revert to the psychology of the Teutons of the Teutoburger Wald and the Romans of the gladiatorial arena—America confused and aloof—"Miss Gloria Moose Attempts Flight to North Pole"—silly prize fights and the latest cinema and the vagaries of the stock market. . . .

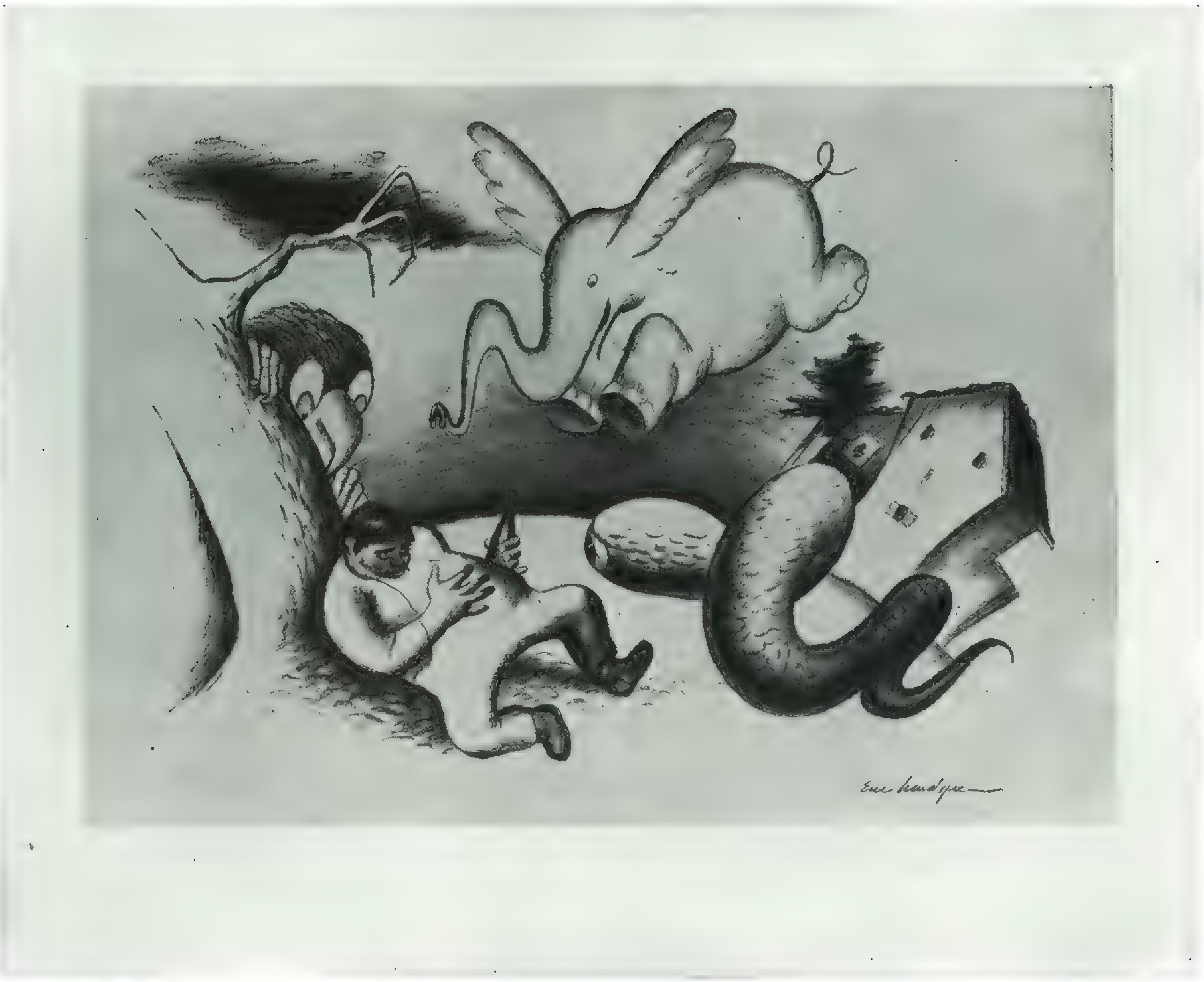
Was there a meaning behind all this modern chaos? If it was there, she was too old to see it. She was wearied today by this picture of blind automatic termites who were without pity and were without the intelligence necessary to combine as termites do for a collective purpose. The *Times* fell onto the floor beside her and flapped idly as it was stirred by the slight breeze blowing from the lake. Mrs. Morton's blue-veined hands rested listlessly in her lap.

"It would be laughably grotesque if it weren't so heart-breaking," she said aloud, reverting to the English language which she so rarely had occasion to utter here in Chapala.

She was surprised to see her bright-eyed Mexican houseboy, Pedro, come hurrying out through the open doorway and onto the terrace. On his feet were neat brown-leather sandals, and he was hastily buttoning the jacket of his white uniform.

"The Señora called me?" he asked in Spanish.

She stirred out of her isolation of pain, took off her spectacles, looked up at Pedro, and smiled. "To tell you the truth, Pedro—and one must always tell the truth—I did not call you." She paused. "I was merely talking to myself. But now that you are here, a new thought comes into my mind—and I do



LITHOGRAPH BY ERIC LUNDGREN

want you to do something for me, Pedro."

"Yes, Señora?"

"Come over here. . . . Sit down in that chair."

Pedro, perplexed, obeyed.

"Now, light one of your filthy cigarettes—and don't sit up so straight! Relax! Be comfortable!"

Pedro did as he was told: his expression indicated that he had fears for his mistress' sanity.

"Now, what I want of you is this.—This afternoon I have been reading the newspaper as to what is going on in the outside world—far off from our beautiful Lake Chapala. And I don't want to think of those horrible things any longer. So it would be nice if you would do what you promised you would do someday—tell me about some of those witches and ghosts and sacred mountain lions you often have said are living hereabouts. Will you?"

Pedro was embarrassed. "Oh, but Señora, I do not know much about them. The old people are the ones who know best about those things. I know only what I have heard."

"Well, you tell me what you have heard. Now, to start with—are there many witches around here?"

Pedro reflected seriously and shook his head.

"No, Señora, there are not as many witches now as there used to be."

"Do you know any witches yourself?"

Pedro hesitated. "Well, some people say that old Maria Gomez is a witch, and that if she does not like people she makes them get sick. My cousin Juan says that she bewitched him once, at New Year's time two years ago. It happened like this.—She was angry at him because one day he and she were walking toward each other on a path in the Plaza—and suddenly Juan saw ahead of him on the ground a silver peso which somebody had dropped. Old Maria saw it too. They both ran to pick it up, but Juan got there first and put the peso into his pocket. Maria was furious; she said she had seen it first, and that he must give it to her; and he just laughed at her. She went away mumbling bad words and shaking her head up and down with a wicked expression on her face. Next day Juan was sick, with pains in his stomach; he thought he was going to die, and he said that he thought that old Maria had bewitched him. But I do not know if this is true—for the night before, he had spent the whole of his peso on a bottle of cinnamon-and-alcohol and two bottles of pulque and a bag of candy and some peanuts, and two melons that were cheap because they were a little too ripe and the owner was afraid they would not keep until tomorrow. And Juan had a fine evening enjoying these things all by himself. And I myself think that perhaps they had as much to do with his stomach-ache as old Maria Gomez did. But Juan always got cross when I said that to him; he said that I was not a good cousin, and that I was always trying to make little of him, and to make him believe that nothing wonderful ever happened to him, and that I have no music in my soul. What do you think about it, Señora?"

"I think you have a great deal of music in your soul, Pedro. And you had better thank God that you have a little common sense in your soul, too. As to Juan—it would not greatly surprise me if the melons and the candy and the alcohol and the peanuts and the pulque had something to do with his troubles."

"I am going to tell Juan what you have said, next time I see him!"

"Yes, do! I have always thought he was a fool. . . . And now—go on and tell me some more about witches.—And light another of those horrid cigarettes if you want to; I don't mind."

Pedro lighted another cigarette.

"In the olden days, Señora, there used to be many more witches than there are now. Some of them could change themselves into animals—such as a burro that kicked people, or a mad dog, or a scorpion. Or some such bad creature, that hated mankind, even though you tried to be nice to them. The way these witches did it (if the Señora will pardon!), was to strip themselves strip-stark-naked, and rub themselves from the shoulders to the knees with the fat of dead bats, and then make a wish. Then they could turn into any animal they wanted to be, and the spell lasted until dawn. My grandfather knew a man who had a terrible experience with one of these witches. This man was walking home one night from the cantina, and in a dark lane there sprang out at him an enormous black cat with eyes of fire—eyes as big as saucers—and claws of steel. The cat leaped

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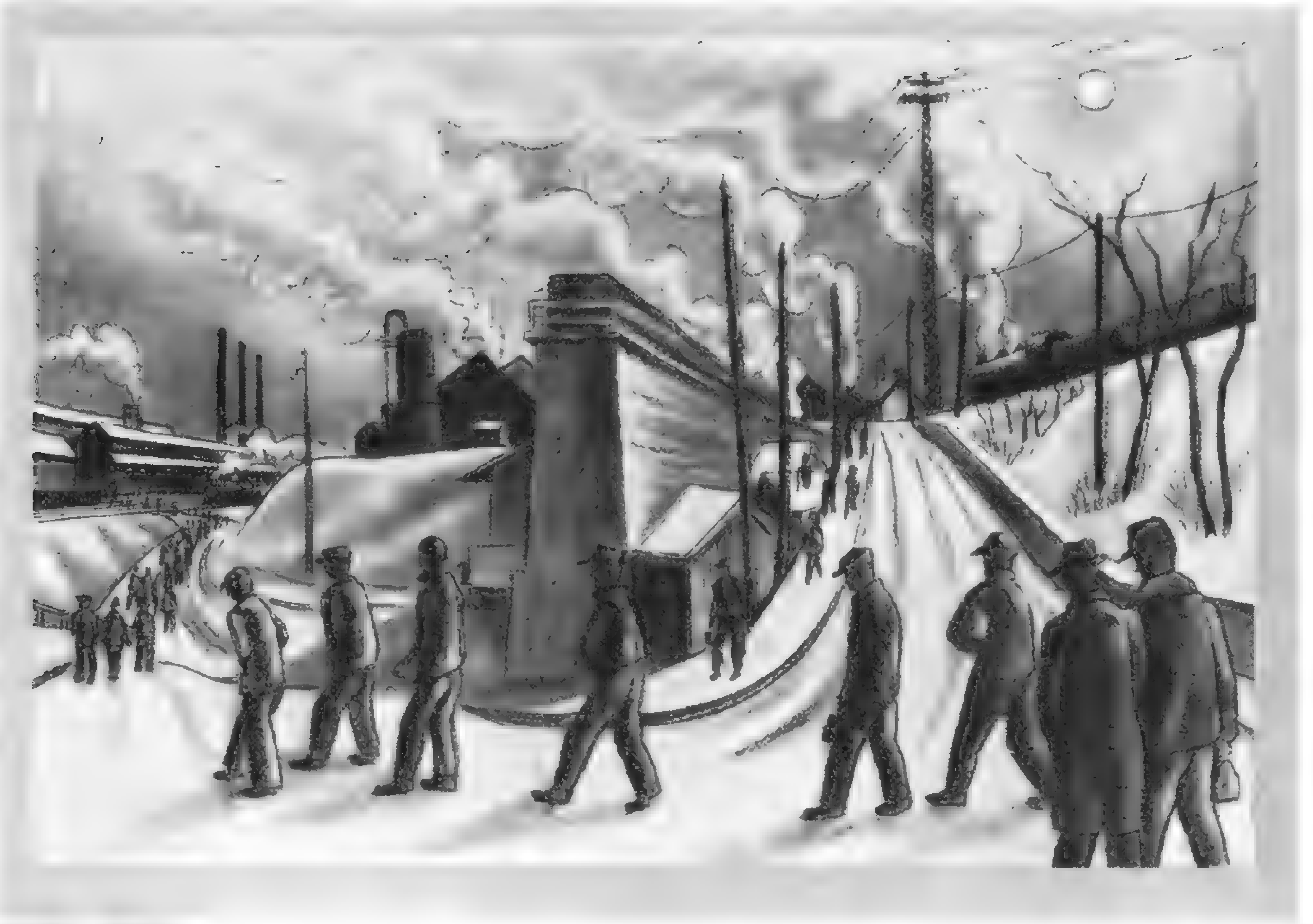
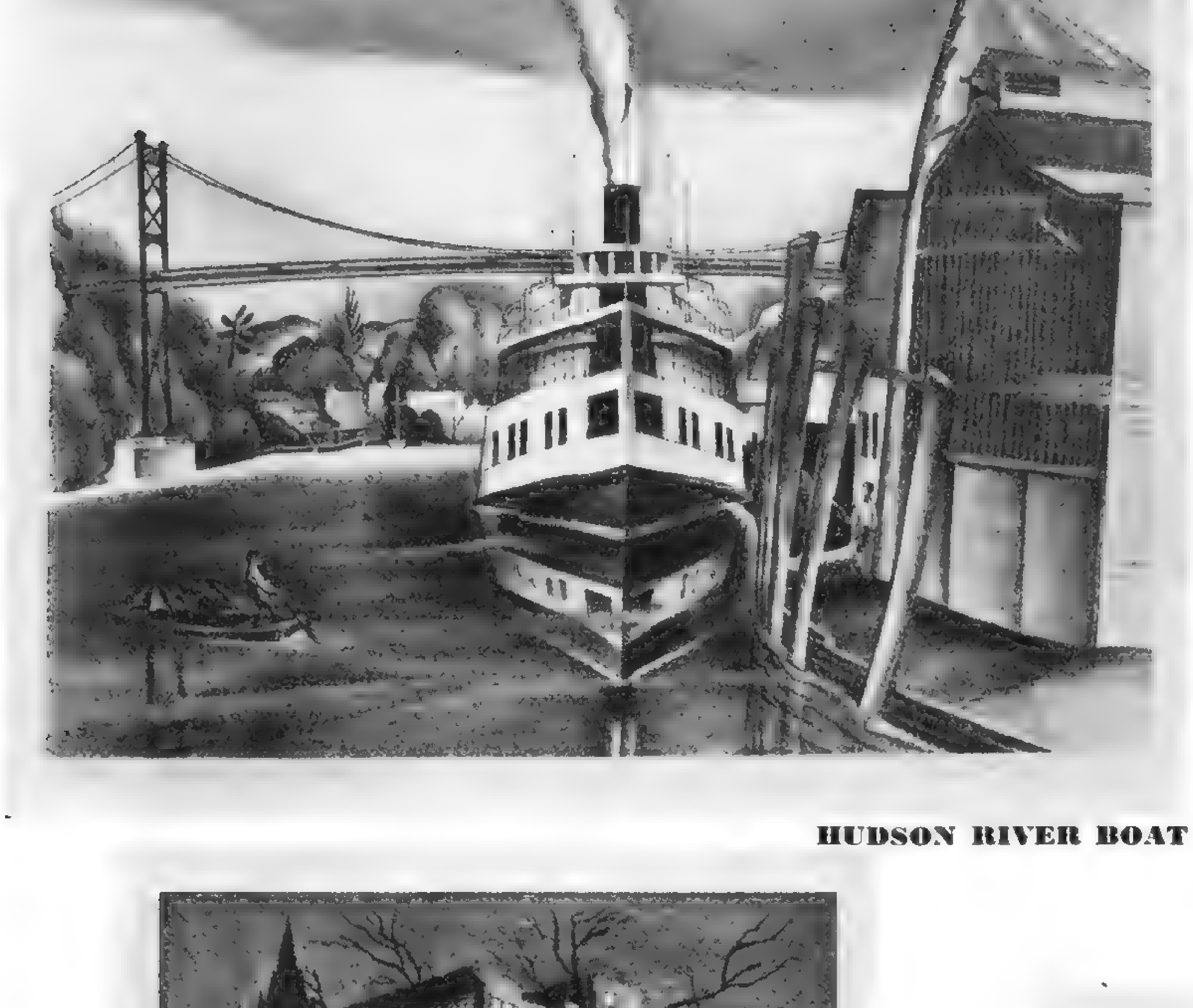
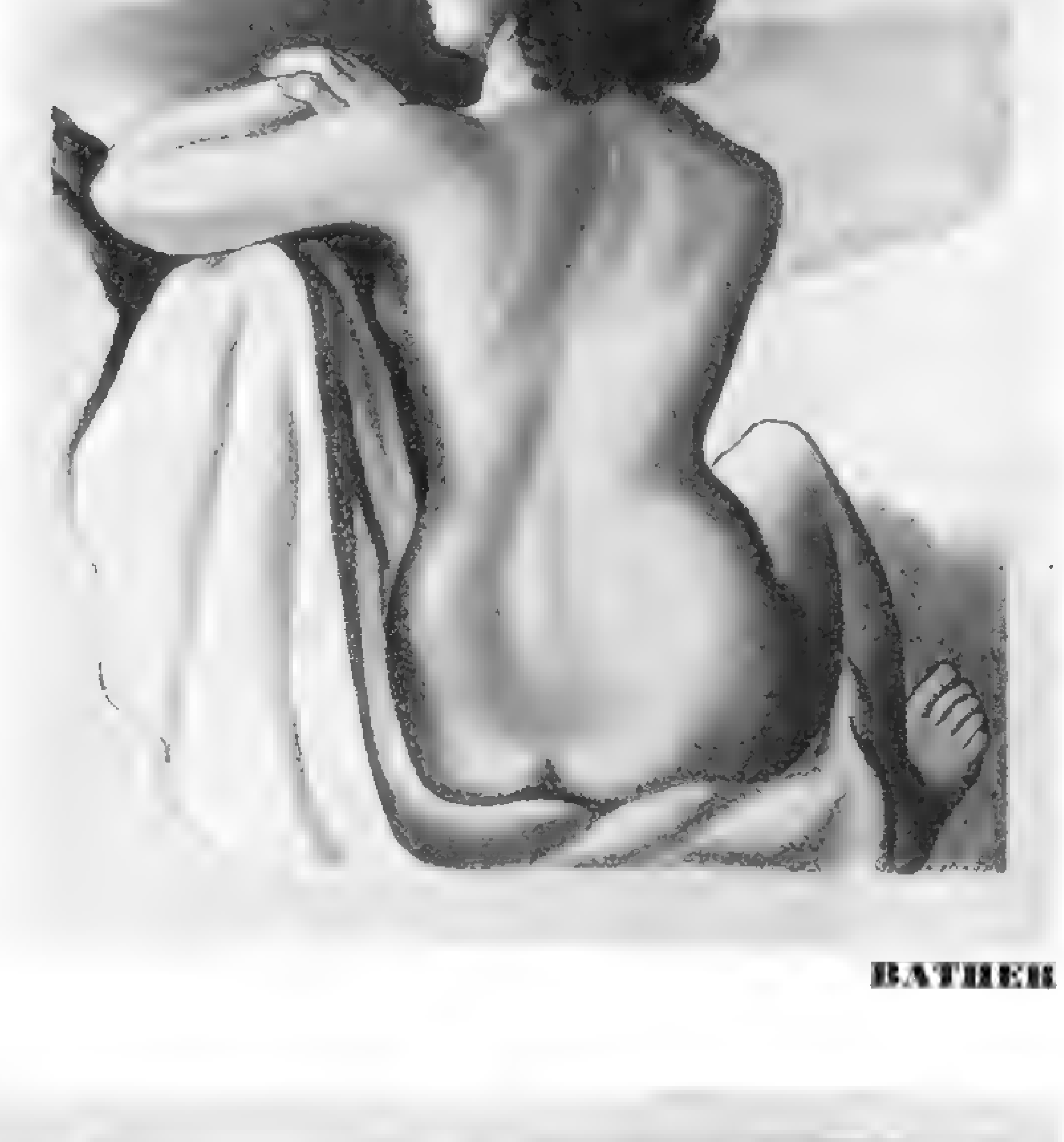


NIGHT SHIFT

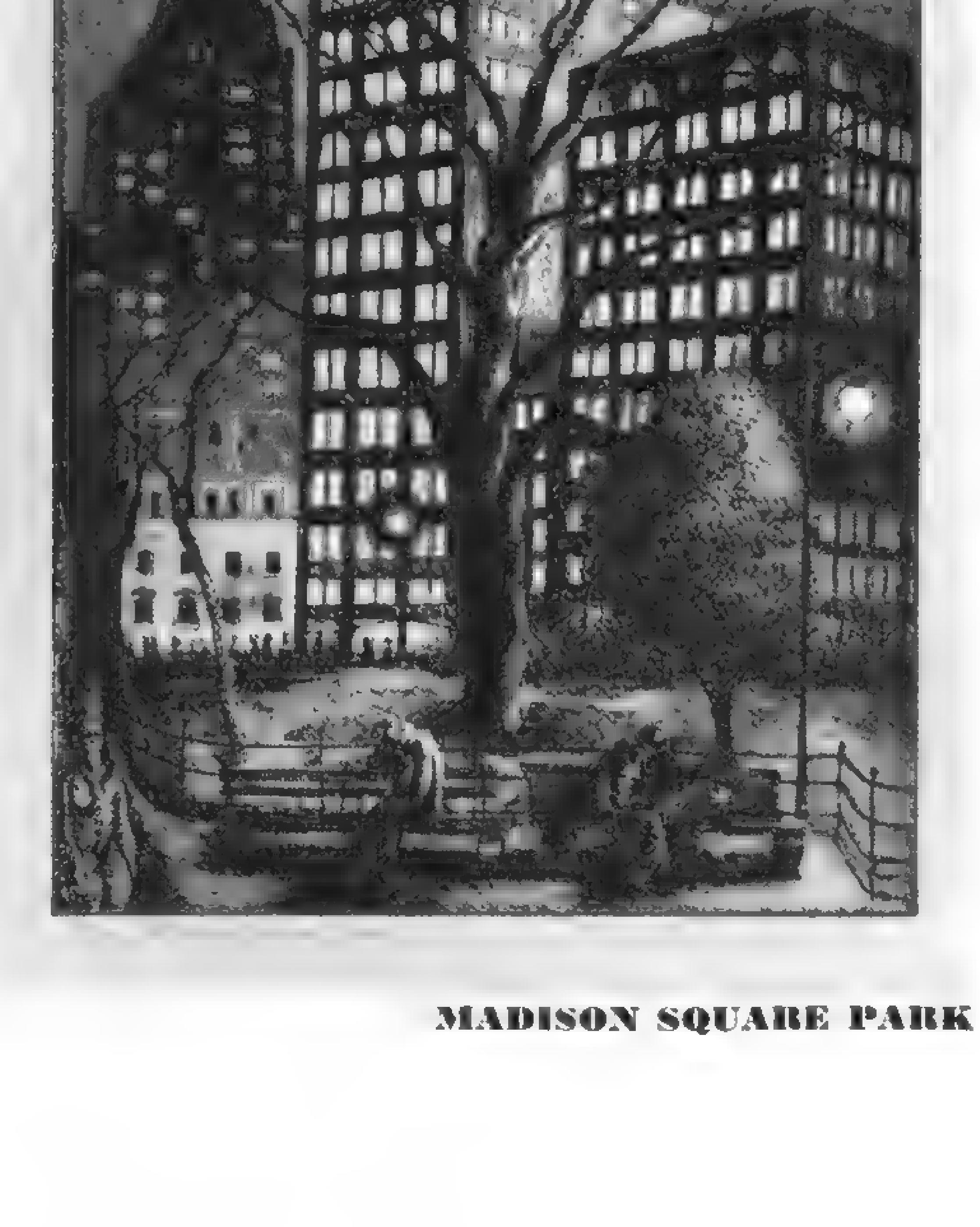
PORTFOLIO *by* ERNEST FIENE



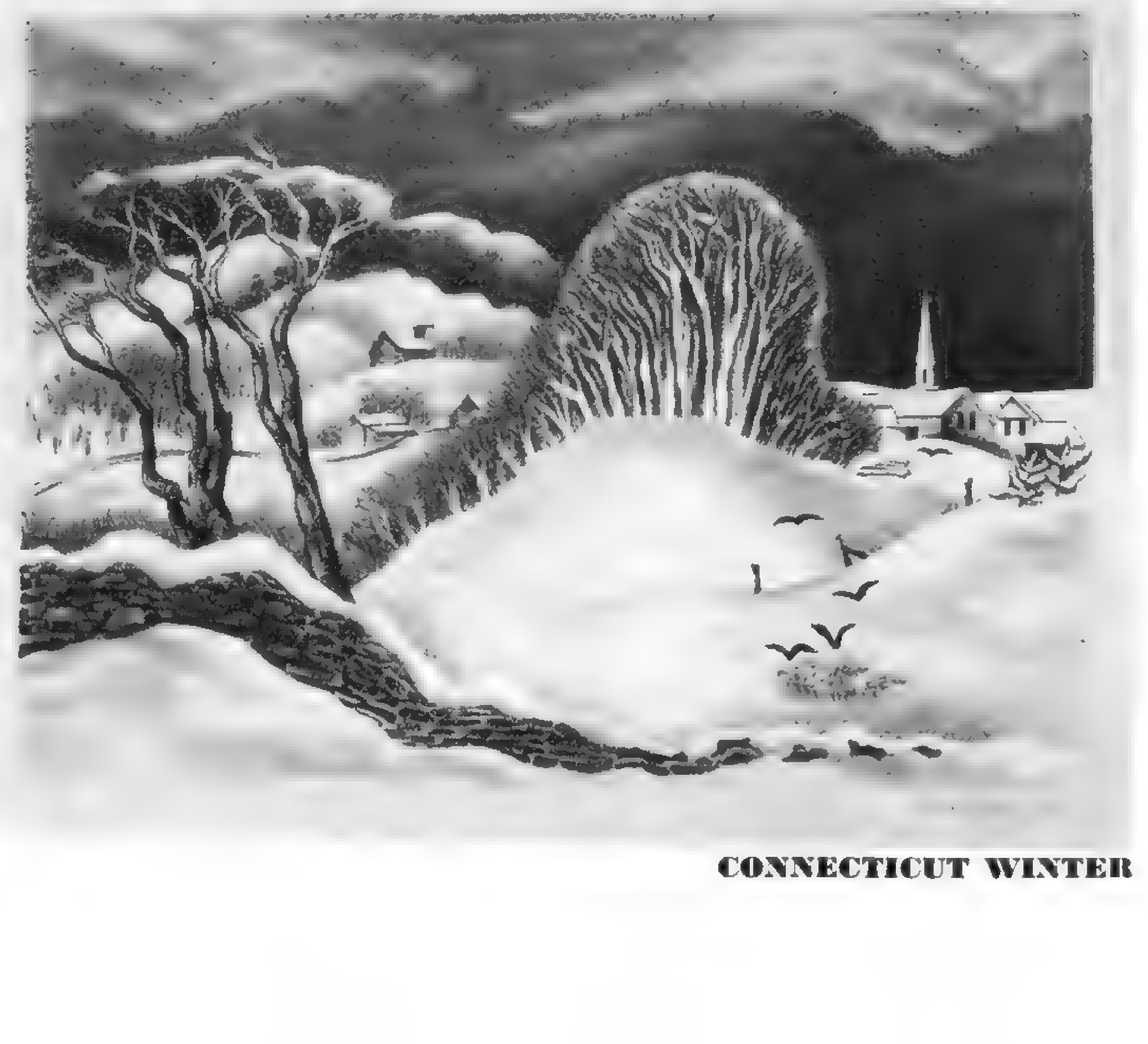
HUDSON RIVER BOAT



BATHER



MADISON SQUARE PARK



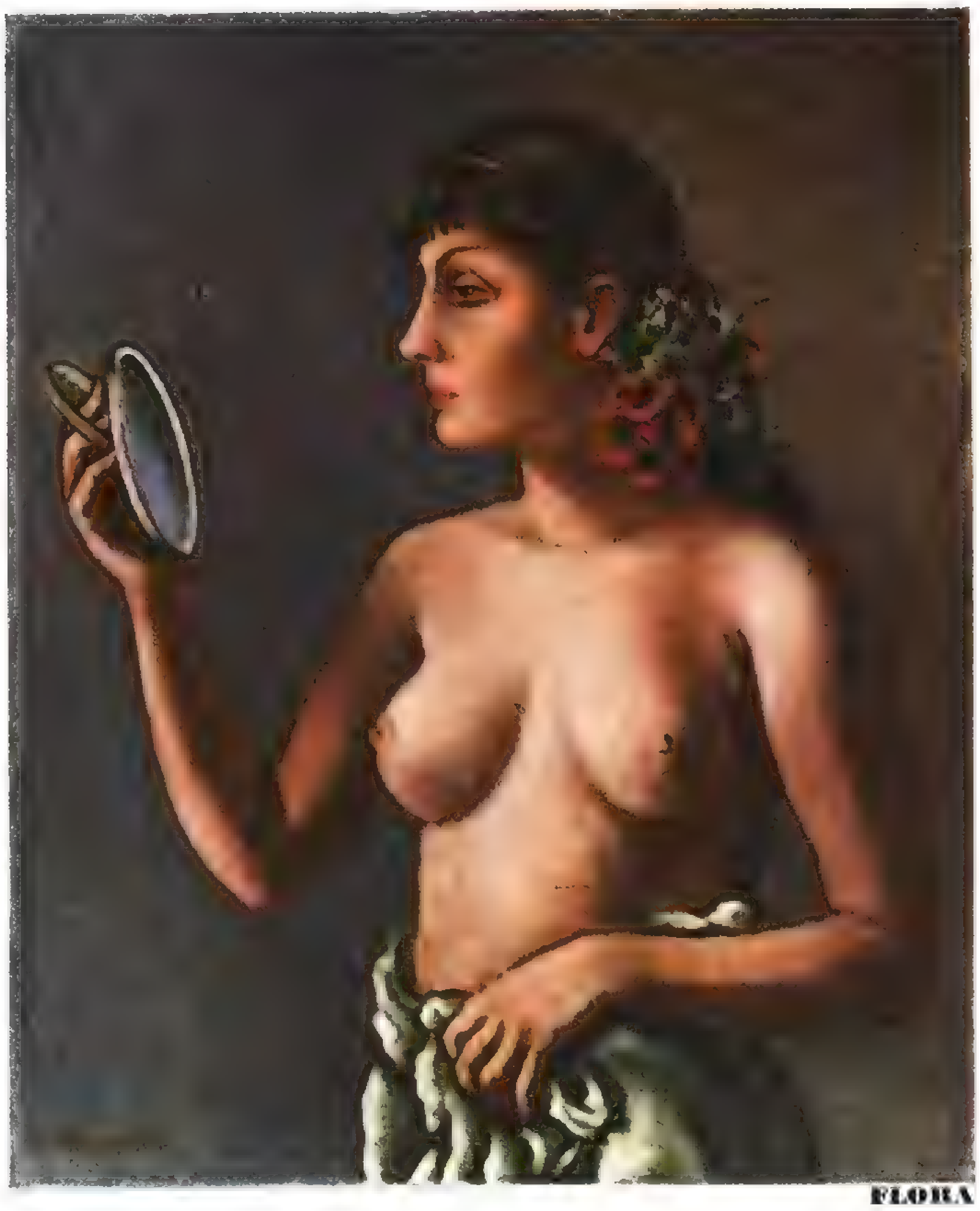
CONNECTICUT WINTER

Ernest Fiene: Architect-Artist

His pictures are clear-cut and stoutly built, and his view of the world is coolly realistic

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •



FLORA

When Ernest Fiene was a boy in Germany he planned to become an engineer. He worked for a year, as an apprentice, in iron and mining construction in a small town in the mountains of Westphalia. He worked so hard wielding sledge hammer and lifting heavy weights that he wore out the joint of an upper leg bone and had to quit. Today he is an artist in America and a talented and distinguished one, but he is the architect and engineer of art, the hard and deliberate worker, rather than the poet; the student and the scholar who builds on what has gone before rather than the inspired creator. He is thorough and pedestrian. His effects are clear-cut, certain, emphatic. He is strong, precise, deliberate. There is nothing of the twilight in his work, nothing of the mysterious or of the incalculable. He has a reputation for being a tremendous worker and he still wields the sledge hammer, figuratively. When he discovers a new theme for paintings, he paints not one picture on the theme, but a row of them, so that he has accomplished a series of series of pictures, one on New York architecture, another on the Hudson River and Hudson River boats and landings, one on the industrial theme, based on Pennsylvania and West Virginia coal and steel subject matter, still another on winter in Connecticut and another on the summer landscape of Woodstock. *New York Skyline* took three years to complete. It is a surface construction of great quality.

Ernest Fiene is a thorough Teuton who lives in a wide-awake world, a world in which dreaming is penalized. One reviewer has referred to his "rockbound manner." The phrase applies also to the man. His paintings are among the most solid and the most capable created in America, but they lack the salt of temperament, the flavor of individuality. "He is sane, tenacious, solid," wrote William Murrell in a 1923 monograph. "He does not evoke, he builds." His pictures have been described as stoutly built, rather than ingratiating, and Royal Cortissoz wrote some years ago: "He seems to state form now by main strength rather than with the ease that spells final mastery." It is agreed that Ernest Fiene has not evolved a style that he might call his own. What he has tried to do has been to make certain subject matter more closely identifiable with his name by staking out more emphatic claims for that subject matter. Perhaps what Grant Wood is to Iowa, Mr. Fiene is to New York, the regional artist of the metropolis, rather of its architecture, with which he seems to have an affinity, than of its people.

Ernest Fiene is an honest man, he is no charlatan. He does a good day's work and believes that the laborer is worthy of his hire. He is cool and matter-of-fact. He puts on no studio mannerism, no personality that isn't his own. He does not mislead through pretending to be what he is not. He does not underestimate himself nor assume a modesty he doesn't feel. He claims everything that he possibly can and has a good memory for his notices. He is realistic about the world in which he lives and about his relation to it. He realizes that it won't do for him just to paint and expect the ravens to feed him. Ravens don't feed artists. Ernest Fiene is a pragmatist living in a pragmatic world. He knows he must sell his pictures and he sells them. If he can't sell pictures he will sell his skill, or his pedagogical knowledge, or his illustrative talents. He does not disdain commissions, portrait or otherwise. He may even go out of his way to solicit them. "There is nothing," says he, "in the old isolationist policy—the artist sitting in his studio and waiting for customers." The assumption is clear—Ernest Fiene does not sit in his studio and wait for customers, he goes out after them. He is perhaps the most distinguished living American artist who is his own dealer; he is also his own public relations counsel. He has a clear eye for what the art market wants. When the demand for lithographs was flourishing, he made lithographs; now that the market for them has waned, he has abandoned making them. He is perhaps a little less than impulsive about his colleagues in American art. It was not from anything he permitted to fall from his lips that this interviewer could have discovered that Paul Fiene, the sculptor, was a brother, and when I asked him if there was any other living American artist whom he greatly admired, one could almost hear in the dead silence that followed the artist's unwillingness to share his publicity; he finally permitted himself to make grudging mention of the Mexican mural painter, Orozco, a very safe choice, inasmuch as Orozco is not in competition with Ernest Fiene.

He is a handsome man, in a cool Teutonic godlike way. Well in his forties, he is still strongly and stoutly built, with the merest touch of grey invading his blondness. He has a pleasing baritone voice and an ingratiating way about him. His bearing can be either impressive or gracious, but without any warmth. He has almost no life outside his art. He works in his studio from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon every day, and sometimes on Sunday. In the summertime when he goes to his Connecticut farm, he goes not to play but to work. He likes to walk either in the country or the city, when leisure permits. He is on the whole a solitary person. He is fond of music and reads a little. His life may be summed up as consisting of painting and of trying to make a living with his painting. He does not seem to know how to laugh.

Ernest Fiene seems to me to be an ambitious and unresilient man. In more spacious and generous days he might have had to fight less hard, given his industry and his talents, for a place near the head of the table, but the struggle doesn't seem to have soured other artists no less worthy than he.

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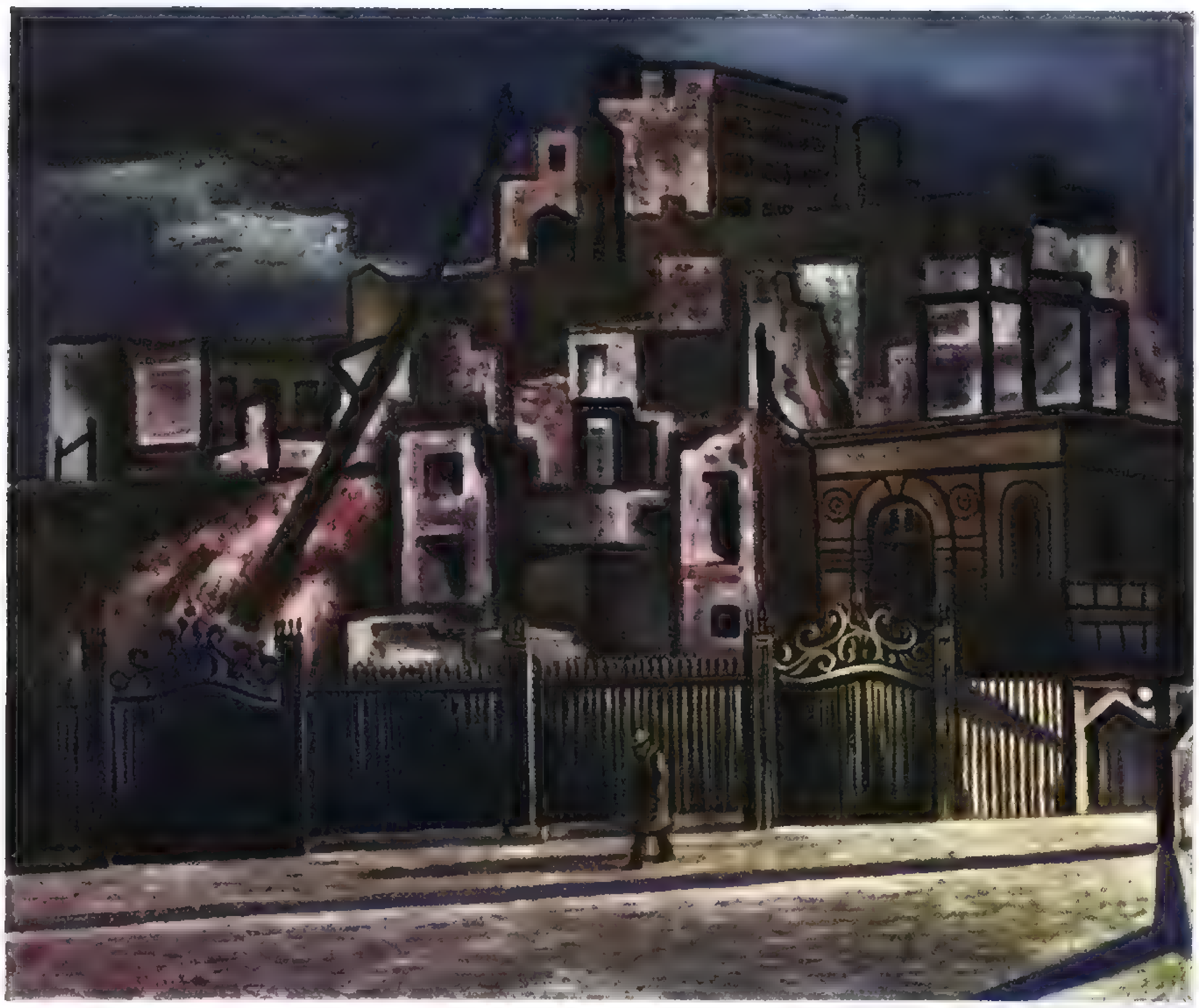
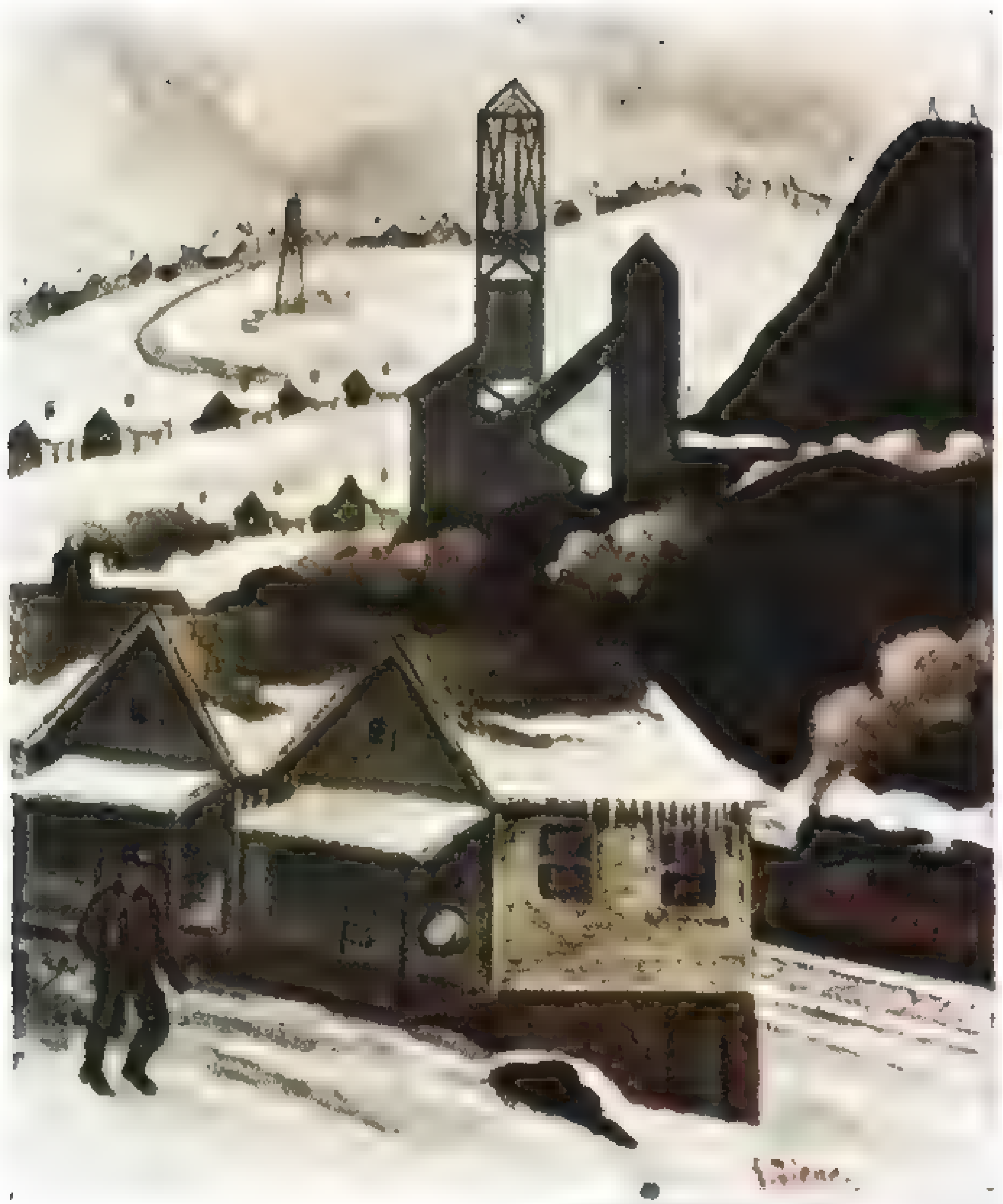


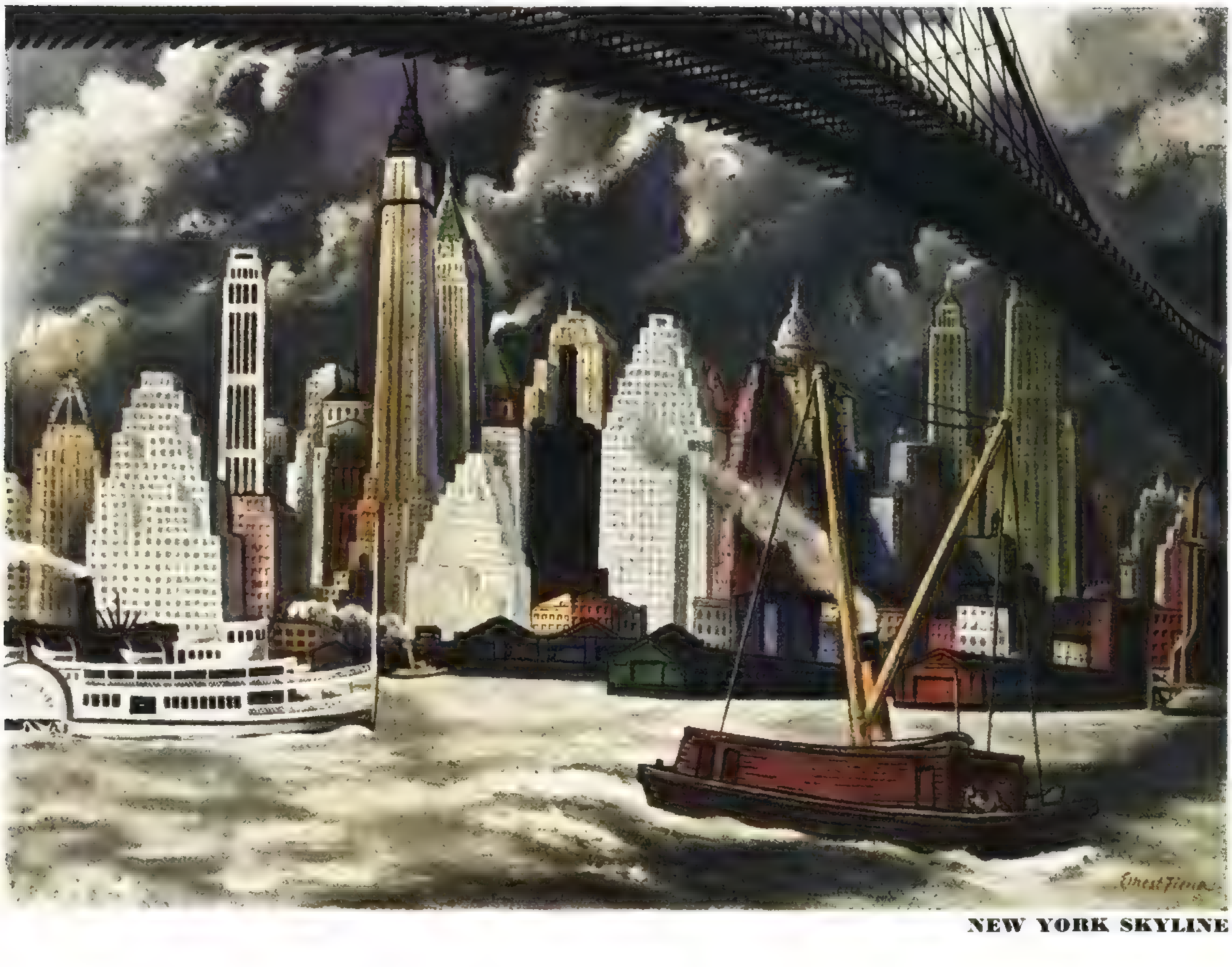
CHANGING OLD NEW YORK



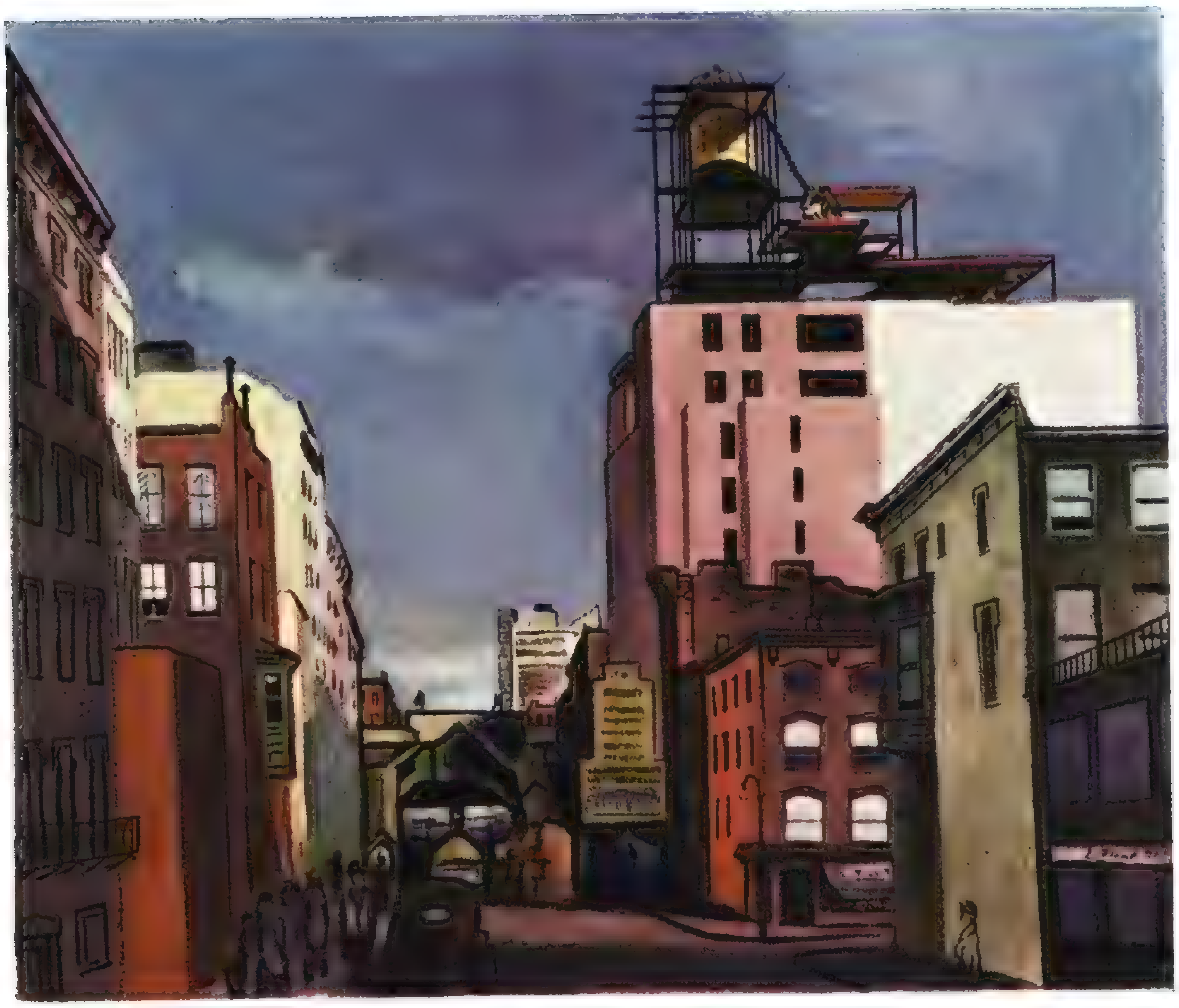
MINING VILLAGE

A Collection of Seven Paintings

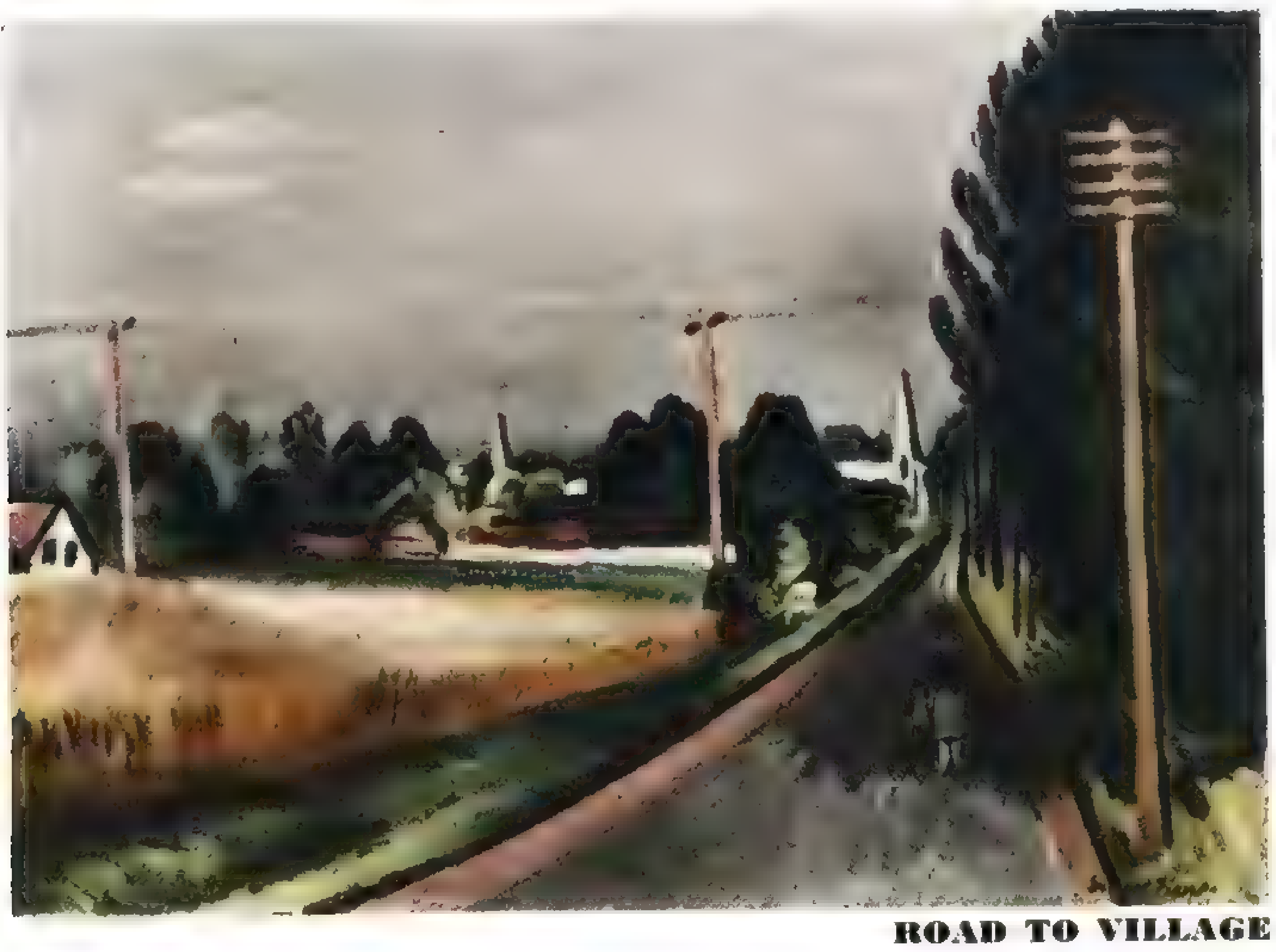
by ERNEST FIENE


Ernest Fiene

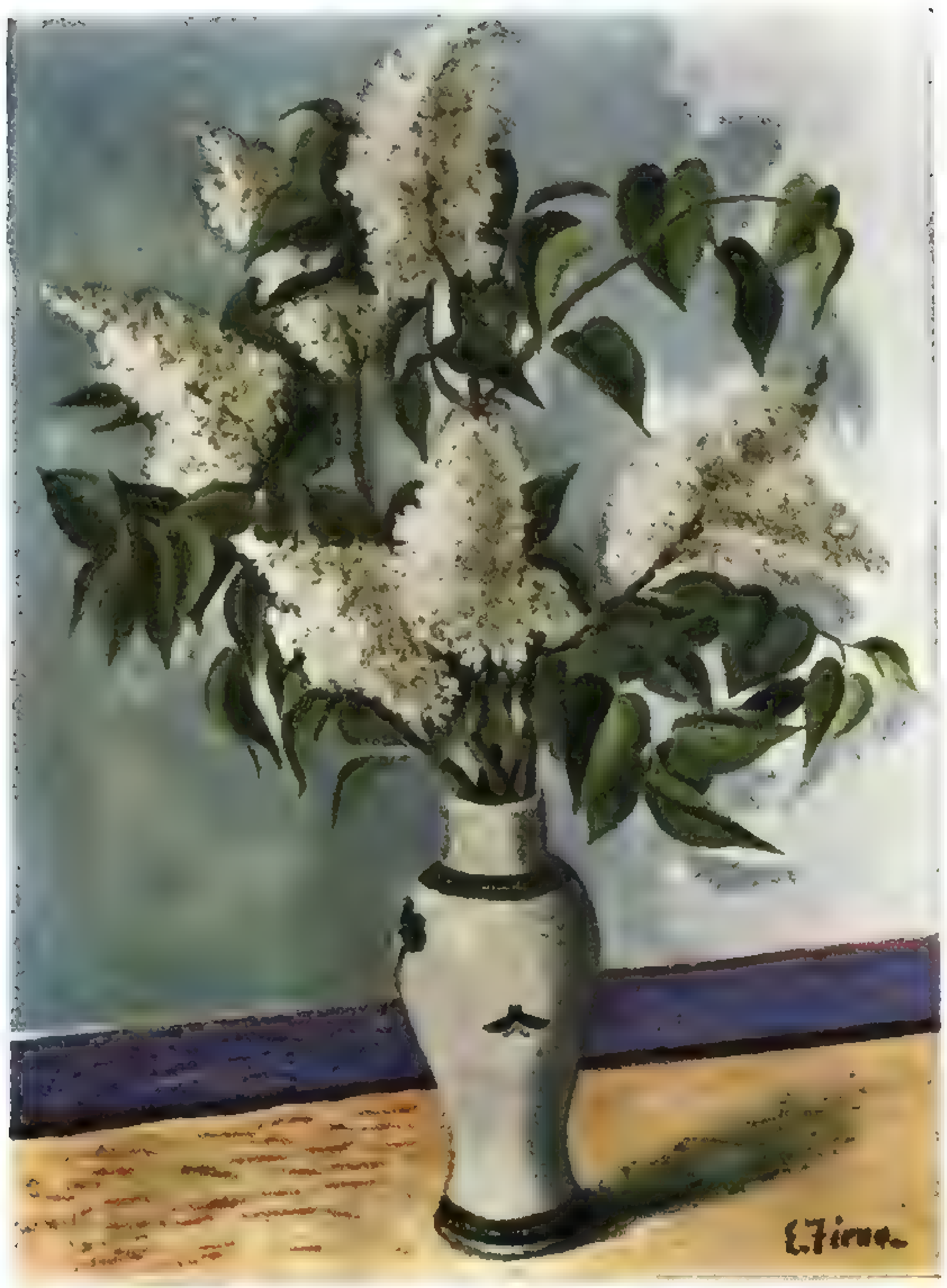
NEW YORK SKYLINE



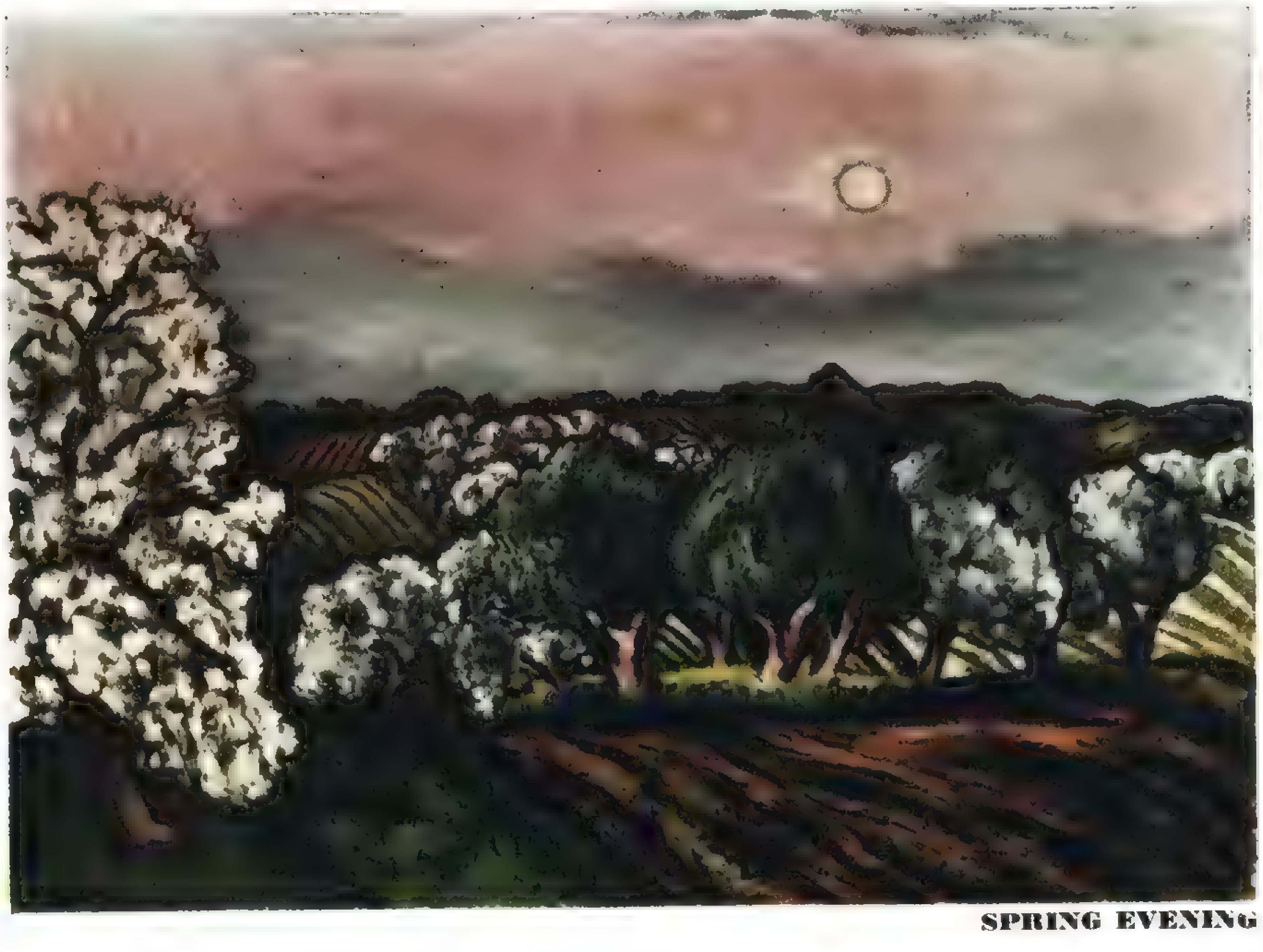
THE PASSING SCENE



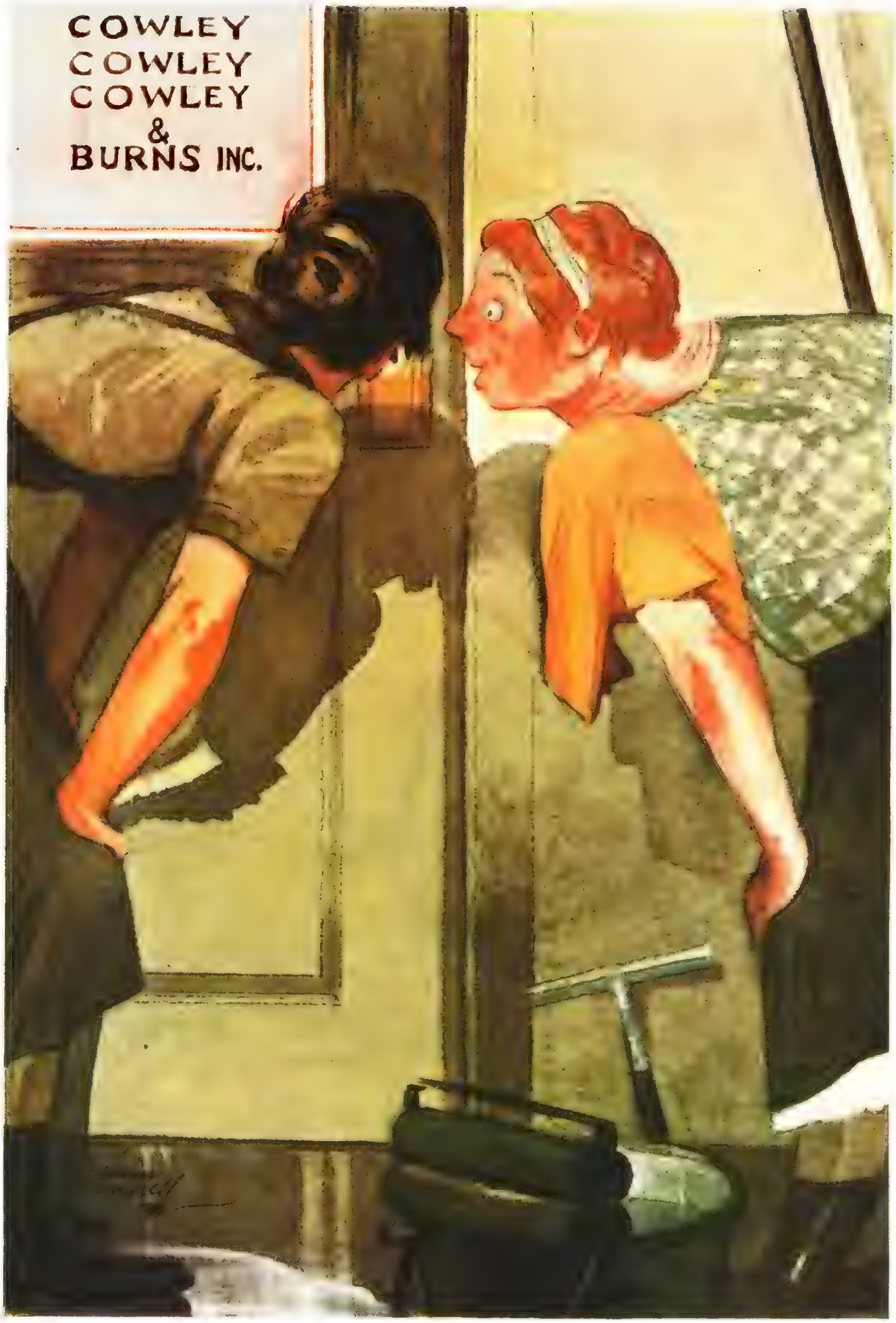
ROAD TO VILLAGE



WHITE LILACS



SPRING EVENING


COWLEY
COWLEY
COWLEY
&
BURNS INC.

"That ain't no directors' meeting!"

The Beautiful White Horse

One thing was certain: no member of the honest Karoghlanian family could have ever committed a theft

by WILLIAM SAROYAN

FICTION

One day back there in the good old days when I was a boy of nine and the world was full of every imaginable kind of beauty and magnificence and wonder, when life was still a delightful and mysterious dream, my cousin Mourad who was considered crazy by everybody who knew him except me came to our house at three in the morning and woke me up by tapping on the window of my room and whispering my name.

Aram, he said. Aram.

I jumped out of bed and looked out the window.

I couldn't believe what I saw. I rubbed my eyes.

It wasn't morning yet, but it was summer and with daybreak almost around the corner of the world it was light enough for me to know I wasn't dreaming.

My cousin Mourad was sitting on a magnificent white horse. I stuck my head out of the window and rubbed my eyes.

Yes, my cousin said in Armenian. It's a horse. You're not dreaming. Make it quick if you want to ride.

I knew my cousin Mourad was a remarkable fellow. I knew there was nobody else in the world like him. I knew he enjoyed being alive more than anybody else who had ever strayed into the world, but this was more than even I could believe.

In the first place, no creature was so exciting and wonderful to me as the horse. My earliest memories had been memories of horses and my first longings had been longings to ride. This was the wonderful part. In the second place, we were poor. This was the part that wouldn't permit me to believe what I saw. We were poor. We had no money. Our whole tribe was poverty-stricken. Every branch of our family was in the most amazing and comical poverty. Nobody could understand where we ever got money enough to keep us with food in our bellies, not even the old men of the family. Most important of all, though, we were famous for our honesty. We had been famous for honesty for centuries, even when we had been the wealthiest family in what we liked to think was the world. We were proud first, honest next, and after that we believed in right and wrong. None of us would take advantage of anybody in the world, let alone steal.

Consequently, even though I could see the horse, so magnificent, even though I could smell it, so lovely, even though I could hear it breathing, so exciting, I couldn't believe the horse had anything to do with my cousin Mourad or with me or with any of the other members of our family, asleep or awake, because I knew he couldn't have bought the horse, and if he couldn't have bought it he must have stolen it, and I refused to believe he had stolen it.

No member of the Karoghlanian family could be a thief. It just wasn't possible.

I stared first at my cousin and then at the horse. There was a pious stillness, peace, and humor in each of them which on the one hand delighted and on the other frightened me.

Mourad, I said, where did you steal this beautiful horse?

Leap out of the window, he said, just as you are, if you want to ride.

It was true, then. He *had* stolen the horse. There was no question about it. He had come to invite me to ride or not, as I chose.

Well, it seemed to me stealing a horse for a ride was not the same thing as stealing something else, such as money, and for all I knew it wasn't stealing at all. If you were crazy about horses the way my cousin Mourad and I were, it wasn't stealing, it wouldn't become stealing until we offered to sell the horse, which of course I knew we would never do. What I mean is, I wanted to ride.

Let me put on some clothes, I pleaded.

All right, he said, but hurry.

I leaped into my clothes.

I jumped down to the yard from the window and leaped up on the horse behind my cousin Mourad.

We used to live at the edge of town, on Walnut Avenue. Behind our house was the country, vineyards, orchards, ditches, and country roads. In less than three minutes we were on Olive Avenue, and then the horse began to trot. The air was fresh and lovely to breathe. The feel of the horse running was wonderful. My cousin Mourad who was considered the crazy member of our family began to sing. I mean, he began to roar the Armenian song about the riders.

Every family has a crazy streak in it somewhere, and my cousin Mourad was considered the natural descendant of the crazy streak in our tribe. Before him was our uncle Khosrove, an enormous man with a powerful head of black hair and the largest moustache in the San Joaquin valley, a man so furious in temper, so irritable, so impatient that he stopped anyone from talking by roaring, It is no harm; pay no attention to it.

That was all, no matter what anybody happened to be talking about. Once it was his own son Apkar running eight blocks to the barber shop where Khosrove was having his moustache trimmed to tell him their house was on fire. Khosrove sat up in the chair and roared, It is no harm; pay no attention to it. The barber said, But the boy says your house is on fire, and Khosrove roared, Enough, it is no harm, I say.

My cousin Mourad was regarded as the natural descendant of this man, although Mourad's father was a very somber and quiet man who in theory was supposed to know something about healing people of illnesses. That's how it was in our tribe. A man could be the father of his son's flesh, but that did not mean that he was also the father of his spirit. The distribution of the various kinds of spirit of our tribe had been from the beginning capricious and vagrant.

My cousin Mourad sang the song of the riders. For all anybody knew we were still in the old country where, according to certain neighbors, we belonged. We let the horse run as long as it felt like running.

Get down, my cousin said, I want to ride alone.

Will you let me ride alone? I said.

That is up to the horse, my cousin said. Get down. What are you laughing about?

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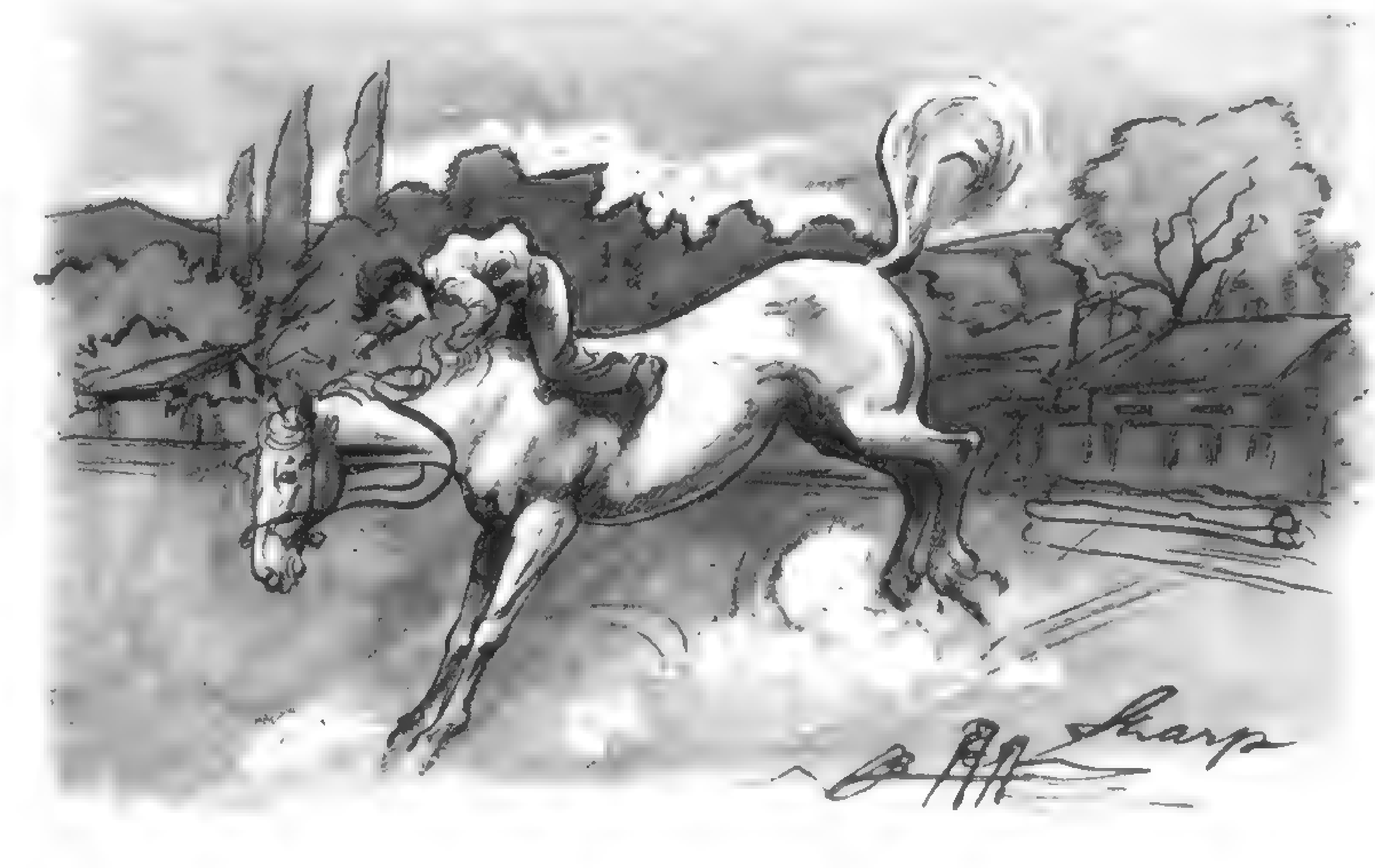
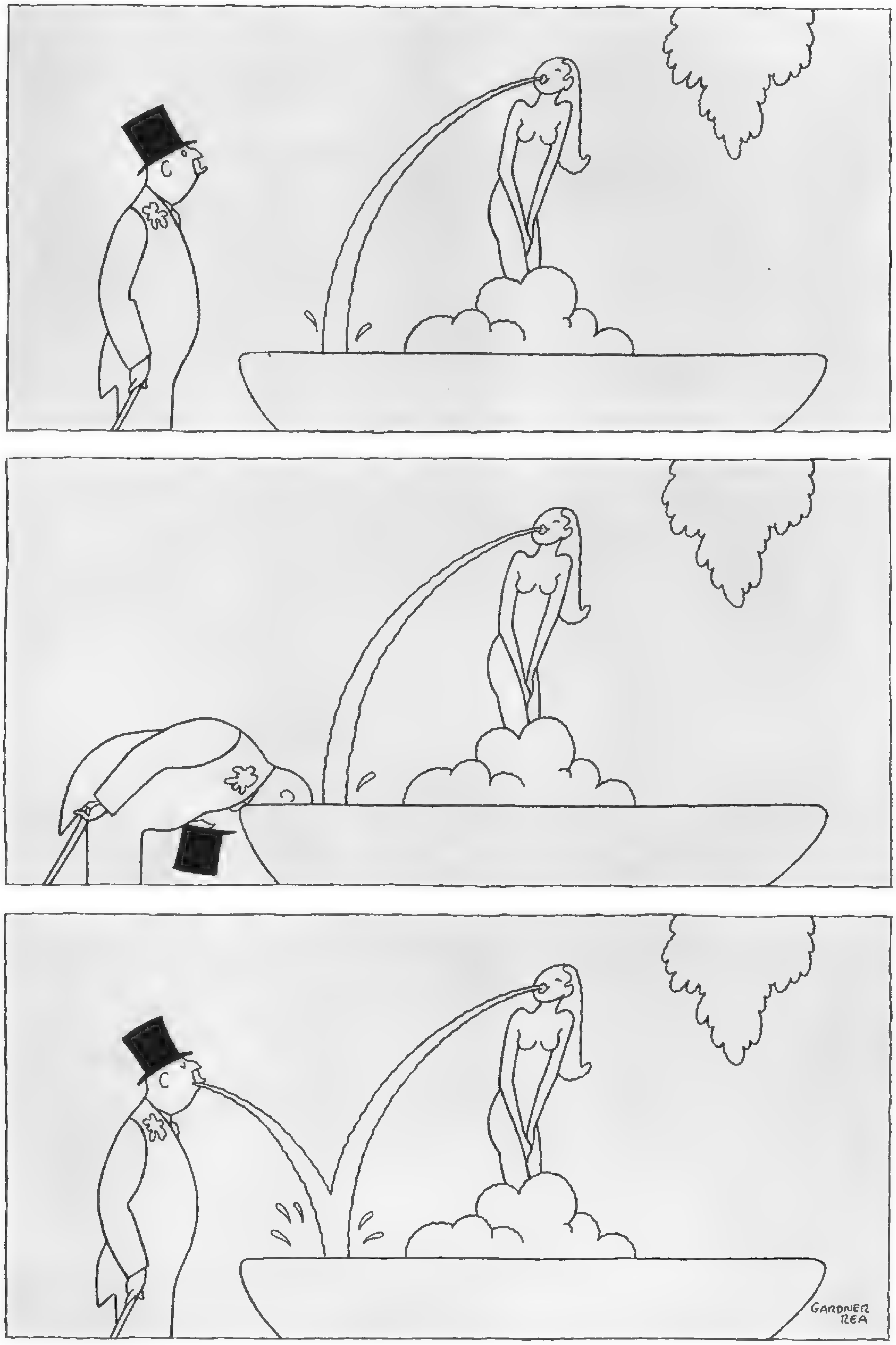



GARDNER
REA

Believing's Seeing

Mr. Dill just stood up and stretched his arms over his head and said he was a tree

by WALTER BROOKS

▪ SATIRE ▪

Well our hero is a man named Risley Dill and we find him buried in a sand pile in his own back yard near White Plains with only his head sticking out. And two little girls are shoveling more sand on top of him. Well some men would not like this very much but Mr. Dill did not mind because the two little girls were his daughters. And besides his wife was out horseback riding with a Mr. Whiffly and so was not there to complain that he was being undignified in front of the servants. And though she would complain later about the sand in his clothes and all over the house he did not care about that either at the moment.

Well when the little girls had covered him up they both sat down on his stomach and said Now papa tell us a story. So he did. Mrs. Dill would not have approved of the story either for it was a fairy story and she thought it was too bad to fill children's heads with silly notions which would just make them fanciful. And besides Mr. Whiffly who was a publisher and knew all about children's books said that children did not like those absurd old-fashioned tales any more. But Mr. Dill liked them so he went on telling them. For he couldn't see that they did any harm since the two little girls were quite normal except that Jean the dark one that took after him sometimes ate too much and was sick.

Well this story was I expect a particularly silly one for it tended to show that if you believed in anything hard enough it came true. It would just have made Mrs. Dill sick if she could have heard it. But the two little girls liked it and tried to decide what they would like to be and Jean wanted to be an elephant because then she would have a bigger stomach and could eat more and Caroline wanted to be a porpoise so she could swim all day. And they said What are you going to be papa? So Mr. Dill said I guess I will be a tree.

So then the little girls played they were an elephant and a porpoise and they disinterred Mr. Dill and said Now papa be a tree. So Mr. Dill stood up and stretched his arms over his head with his fingers spread stiffly and said he was one. O look! He really is one! yelled Jean and Caroline said Look! He's all come out with leaves! And they screamed with delight and danced around him. And they were still doing it when Mrs. Dill and Mr. Whiffly came cantering up the drive. I mean of course that their horses were cantering for Mrs. Dill who was a famous beauty and had even endorsed cigarettes would never do anything so undignified.

So the little girls yelled Hey mama look! papa's being a tree. Where is your father? said Mrs. Dill pulling up beside them. Why right there said Jean and Caroline told about the story and what they were doing. Whimsical isn't he? remarked Mr. Whiffly and Mrs. Dill said O God! under her breath. And then she said in her that's-enough-of-this-nonsense tone Come children where is your father? And the little girls began to giggle.

So then Mr. Dill put down his arms and said, Well darling did you have a nice ride? Why! said Mrs. Dill, Why there you are Risley. Hiding behind . . . well where were you? He was a tree mama! shouted the little girls. Wasn't he mama? You never saw him did you mama? O mama—That'll do said Mrs. Dill, Go into the house children. And Risley go brush yourself off. So then she and Mr. Whiffly rode off toward the stables.

Well at dinner Mr. Dill said, That was nice of you Ricarda to play up to the kids today. Play up? said Mrs. Dill. Yes, said Mr. Dill, when I was pretending to be a tree and you pretended you didn't see me anywhere. Well of course I didn't see you said Mrs. Dill. And I do wish Risley that you wouldn't do quite so much "pretending" with the children. It makes me ashamed for you to see you trying to be mother's little precious. I can't imagine what Laurence Whiffly thought. You do yourself injustice said Mr. Dill I think you know exactly what he thought. He probably told you. Well he has told me often enough said Mrs. Dill how he feels about telling children all these silly stories. Goodness they'll grow up without any sense of reality. Well he ought to know what that's like said Mr. Dill. If he ever had to face the reality about himself he'd go screaming mad. Don't talk nonsense said Mrs. Dill.

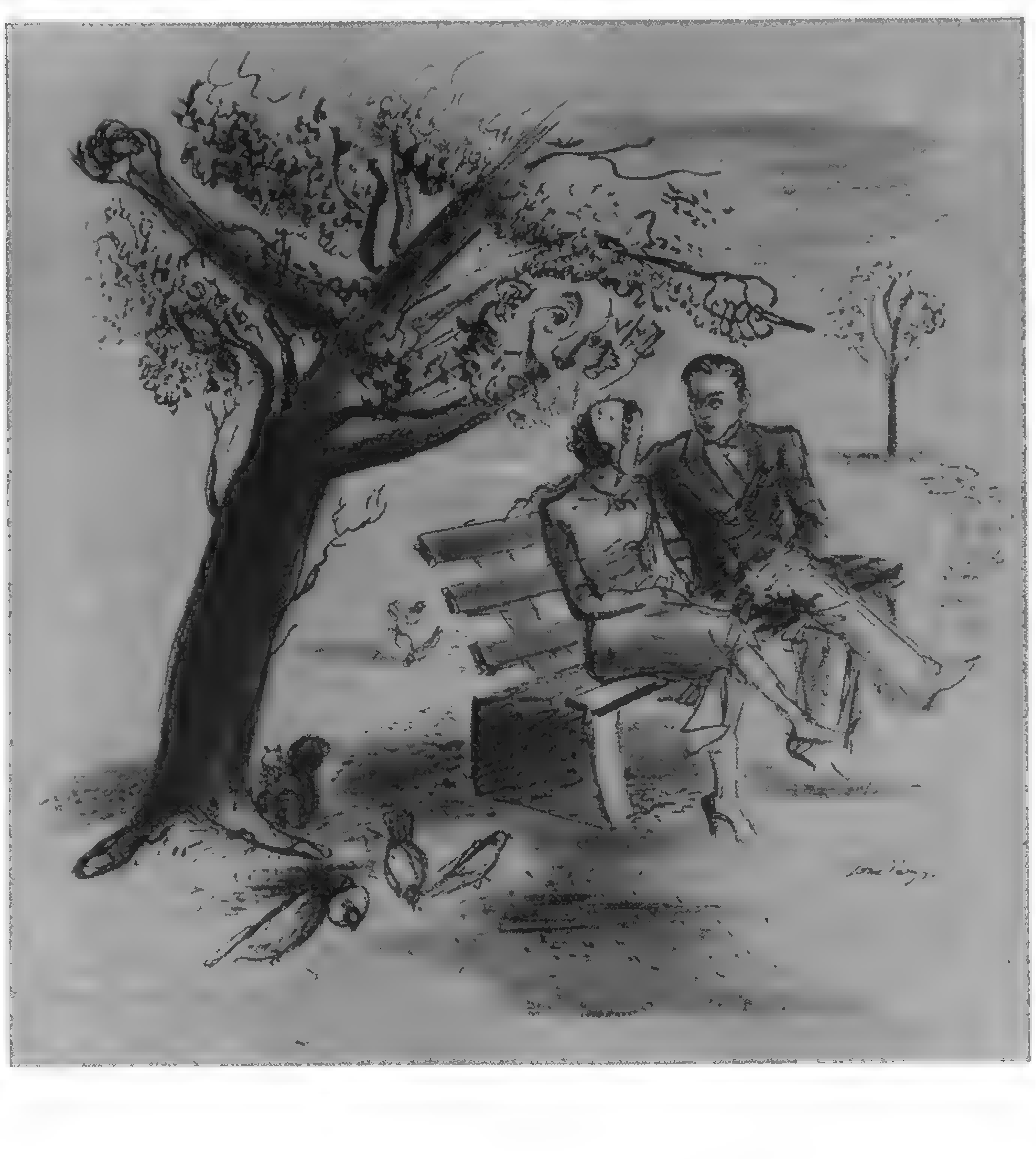
Well after dinner Mr. Dill went up to say goodnight to the two little girls before going to the Woggsleys' party. Please don't kiss me papa said Jean I feel sick. What's the matter? said Mr. Dill and Jean said Well I am not an elephant papa. Ah said Mr. Dill too much supper eh? I ate Caroline's cake too said Jean. But you really were a tree papa and so I—O dear! And she sat up very straight and turned green.

Well when that was over Mr. Dill drove Mrs. Dill to the Woggsleys'. They fought some on the way as usual but Mr. Dill fought half-heartedly for he was thinking. There was something about that tree business that made his scalp feel too tight. He had pretended pretty hard as he always did with the children because he felt it wasn't fair not to. But there was something more than pretending to it. He had really felt like a tree—sort of solid and rooted. And his arms had seemed to hold themselves up. And why hadn't Mrs. Dill seen him?

By and by he slipped away from the party and went upstairs and into a bedroom and stood in front of the mirror and held up his arms and pretended he was a tree. And with horror he saw his image tremble and fade and then as the outlines became precise again green leaves and a brown trunk were mirrored to him. There was even a caterpillar on the trunk. He wondered about that. But suppose he couldn't get back again! He dropped his arms suddenly. And at once the reflection shifted and flowed and settled and it was himself again that he saw.

My God! said Mr. Dill. And then after a minute—But this is pleasant he said. And he put up his arms again. But just as he had turned again into the tree two women came into the room.

They stopped short inside the door. He could see them in the glass. One was Genevieve Price and the other a pretty girl named Margie Dormer whom he had met once or twice. For Pete's sake where'd the tree come from? said



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Man Hunt in Germany

They had watched the forger's hideout all that day but he didn't come and he didn't go

by ROBERT NEUMANN

• FICTION •

The brakes groan on all four wheels and the long car pushes ahead a few feet more, around the glaringly bright corner into the night of the sidestreet. It stands there trembling, its lights go out, the street's darkness and the rain's long fingers knock at the window complainingly again. The two secret policemen spring across me through the opened door of the car, out into the plashing mirroring puddle which is the suburban road. They stand for a moment in their leather puttees on the sidewalk, sullenly eager, then fling themselves into the dark entrance of the nearest house. I follow, while the chauffeur pulls up his fur collar and sinks into himself. Our transport-beast has expired, lies dead—pretends to be dead! A dim street lamp flickers forth cold rainbowed light and disconsolateness. Beyond to right and left the house-fronts hurl their grotesque shadows toward us. Berlin, East Side, November.

In the vestibule a third man stands with the two. I am introduced. I am the *Herr Doktor*, the foreign press representative who has been permitted.... The newcomer is Herr Philipp, a gray man in gray, dressed like a laborer, without collar, without puttees (so he's no policeman), his face yellow and infantile. There's a piece of his head missing—brow and temple are covered with a shred of livid skin. He announces that *he* isn't in the house. He—that's the man we're after—the forger, the burglar, the knifeman, the daring jail-breaker—S., Joseph S. They've found out that he has his hideout in number 11, around the corner to the right. Since morning they've been lying in wait at the entrance. He didn't come, he didn't go. The upstairs window is open, a yawning blackness.

"Were you upstairs?"

"Yes, this morning. The place is empty. We'll go to the saloon first. He comes every night around one."

"It's time. Let's go."

"Three of our men are there already. Be careful. He'll shoot. He's got two guns."

Out into the squalling rain. Between the car and the street lamp, under the projecting eaves of the closed delicatessen store, a prostitute stands staring at us vacantly. As we pass Herr Philipp hisses a sharp word at her. She starts, turns, trips with short steps down the street, and flings around the corner.

Along the street through the rain, to the right, then to the left and straight ahead. Suddenly music leaps at us, a many-toned metallic din. Behind a low, curtained glass door lie light and a maze of voices. Enameled letters sit on the pane—only a few, crazily awry—stumps of teeth in a battered mouth.

"Who's going in?"

"He'll shoot." . . . Herr Philipp wants to go in alone, we're to wait.

"There are three of our men inside. Would you like to come along? Just stay in the sidelines; there's not much danger."

He swaggers through the door. I'm to follow in five minutes. The puttees are already across the street in a doorway.

I go through the door slowly. A wave of smells and noise. A glare from the acetylene lamps is spread over the thin whitewash of the four walls. Paper streamers give the place an air of insipid festivity. Past me the dancers drive—jerking, dragging, pulled from corner to corner, spouting and whirling in little eddies, pushed and pushing. The whole room is in motion—every man, every woman, every glass, every light.

Somewhere in this tumult he is sitting, the one we're looking for. Sitting in a trap and doesn't know it yet. He's got two guns on him, he laughs, dances, guzzles wine. Doesn't feel that from somewhere three pairs of eyes are watching him—four pairs of eyes—from corners, or through the crack in the door, or from behind a dancer's masquerade. The man with the infantile face—Herr Philipp—has plunged into the flood of noise and disappeared. Dancing, the beat of music, light, streamers, the fumes of wine....

Suddenly, issuing from the dance's evolutions, a head appears in front of me, set behind a prostitute's shoulder—a hard male head with adventurously projecting chin. One eye looks out keenly from beneath the brow, the other is covered by a broad reddish bandage, newly applied—a few hours ago, half an hour ago; it disguises, makes unrecognizable. Here is one who is masked, here is one who is watching—hunter or hunted? But he he has dived down again. The movement of the dance has brought to light his partner's narrow, dumbly miserable face. Other couples punctuate the space. A fat, red-necked fellow, minus coat, is dancing with a sharp-visaged female. He snorts laughter and spits into the room the word "Moabit" (Berlin's slum section)—the music tears up the rest of his sentence.

Now a tall man, broad of chest, has become aware of me and stares into my face over the narrow back and head of his partner, the while he sways and trips to the music's rhythm. There is something oblique in his look, something askew—as with people who are slightly cross-eyed. His gigantic body is stuck in a tight black sack coat whose sleeves are too short for him. He is collarless and wears a flowered woolen vest. His derby is pushed back from his sweating forehead. His meaty red hand lies across his partner's back—it seems to have a life of its own, like a bloodthirsty animal. Is he the one? His pockets bulge out with something heavy.... At last he takes his eyes off me, turns away, swings his partner around. Momentarily she is beside me, and I perceive that it's no woman, but an emaciated, beardless creature with a gray face and yellow hair artfully arranged like a whore's. A woman's coat hangs from his thin shoulders. He speaks—standing right next to me, craning up at the giant, he speaks in a high hoarse woman's voice. He wriggles and simpers and the words issue affectedly from between his painted lips. "You must understand"—he attempts to express himself elegantly—"you must understand that I am inclined to be skeptical toward all new acquaintances. In a place like this—" The giant interrupts, speaking thickly—obscene, lustful, scarcely restrainable beast of prey that he is. Then again music, drifting motion....

Suddenly a path is cleared to the bar. Herr Philipp is standing there beside the owner of the saloon—a fat, faded woman who looks insulted. Leaning easily against the metal

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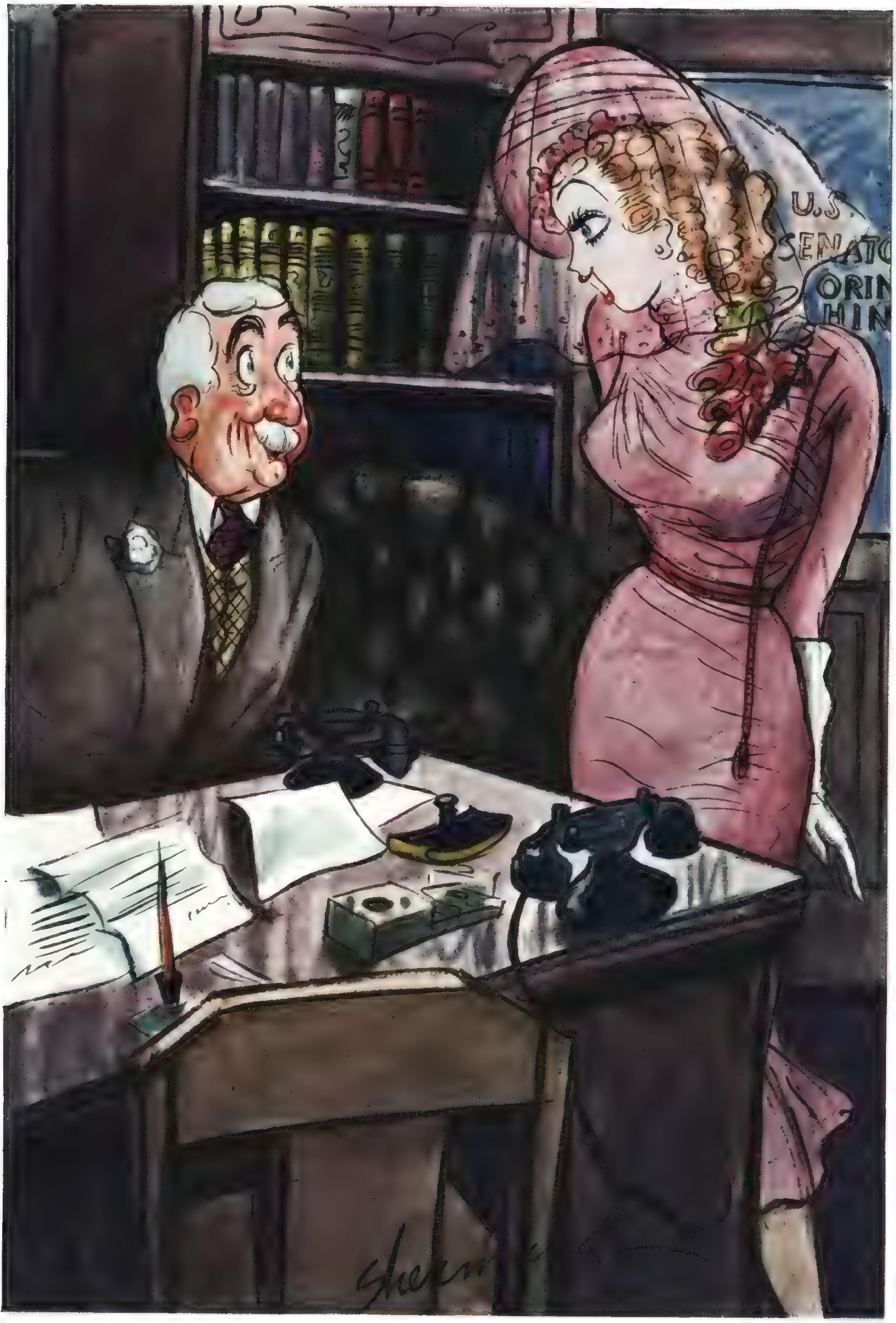
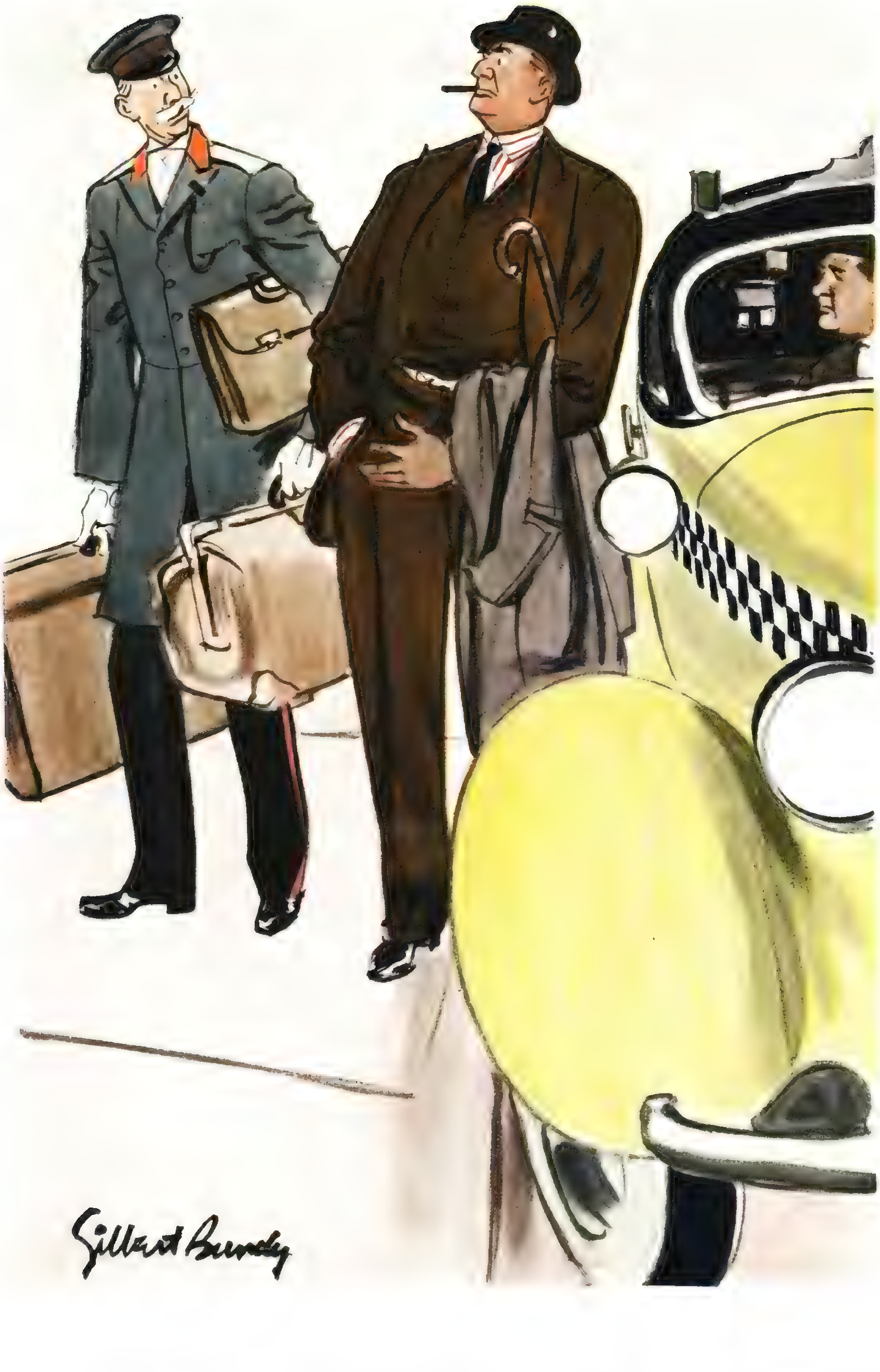

U.S.
SENATO
ORIN
HIN

"Don't you remember me, Senator? You kissed me when I was a baby"


Gilbert Bundy

"You're home early today, sir. Your wife will be surprised—not to mention a Mr. Donaldson"

The Vanishing Second

If track stars keep on breaking records as they have in the past few years, where will it all end?

by LEO FISCHER

SPORTS

Even if you are a sports page reader who takes his athletics with more or less casualness, you can't have escaped noticing recently that the lads who run, jump and throw things are running, jumping and throwing things faster and farther than they have ever done before.

In fact, like so many others who have read and marveled at the amazing procession of new track and field records during recent years, you have asked yourself these rather interesting questions:

“Will any civilized human being ever run a mile in four minutes or less?”

“Will any person outside of a primitive jungle ever jump as high as seven feet?”

“Will there ever come a time, at the present rate of reduction, when athletes are running races in approximately nothing flat?”

Well, as Al Smith used to say, let us examine the records. Two systems of measurement are used in running races, the American and English yard and the Continental meter. Counting records listed under both, there are 35 standard events shown in the official track guide. World's records for eight of them were established last year—1937. Marks for eight others were set the year before. Nine more date back to 1935, some of which undoubtedly will be broken among this year's crop.

By simple addition, we find that in three years—1935, 1936 and 1937—no less than 25 new world's records have been established. Amazing is scarcely the word for it.

What does it all mean? Are we leading faster lives? Is the breed of humanity improving? Or conversely, is modern man retrogressing to the aboriginal, upon whose ability to run and jump phenomenally depended his chances of living to a ripe old age?

To begin with, track is a most unusual sport. Except in the relay race—which is not being considered in this discourse—the athlete is strictly upon his own. He has no one to block for him, no one to back him up in the field, no one to pass to him. Once the starter's gun cracks, it's entirely up to the individual. Once he picks up the shot, the discus or starts his approach to the high jump bar, it's his party and his alone.

Track, therefore, is a record of individual achievement, which explains, perhaps, the attention given to the sport by thousands of persons who never saw a track meet. It's human nature to admire individual achievement—Lindbergh, Joe Louis, Joe Di Maggio (and Mae West) being some notable examples.

Although only in the East, the Pacific Coast and a few other isolated spots do track meets draw respectable crowds, the sport nevertheless rates with any on the calendar in the amount of space devoted to it by sports editors. Much of this space, in recent months, has been devoted to the discussion of why record books become obsolete almost before ink is dry on their pages. And like any other disputed subject for which there is no concrete answer, almost as many reasons have been advanced as there have been persons advancing them.

Coaches, athletes, newspapermen and others who have followed the sport with more or less thoroughness over a period of years are notable in their disagreement over causes for recent brittleness of world's records. Some credit it to better training methods, some to more expert coaching, some to improved shoes, others to perfection of technique, and still others to modern track construction. And you'll find many, too, who won't admit that the athlete of today is any better than those of three or four decades ago—regardless of what the record book shows.

On one point, however, most of them coincide. Man-power, they declare, is the biggest factor in the bettering of track and field records during the past few years. Where the sport fifty years ago had one devotee, now it has a thousand. Simple mathematics, they'll tell you, shows that if one record-breaker can be developed out of a hundred track men, ten should bloom when you have a thousand to choose from. Which sounds reasonable enough.

Charley Hunter, former California coach, whose Olympic Club team captured the 1937 National A. A. U. championship, is one of the leaders who adheres to this idea.

“There are so many more men and boys interested in track than there were ten years ago that we'll go on breaking records indefinitely,” he declares. “Our boys get better coaching, too, but there are more good ones to start with.”

“Just a mere matter of numbers,” adds John Nicholson, Notre Dame University's coach, himself an Olympic athlete and a record-breaker of twenty-five years ago. “It's true that there has been some improvement in training and technique, but you can't put any more speed into a pair of legs than was born in 'em. It's a case of more men and more fast ones among them.”

Bernie Wefers, who forty years ago was supposed to have reached the ultimate speed in sprinting, thinks the tracks have had a lot to do with it. Bernie, who is now coaching Rutgers University and the New York Athletic Club, says that in his competitive days when he entered a meet, he didn't know whether he was going to run on grass or in mud. Half the time there wasn't a track—merely a level stretch laid out for the proper distances, upon which the athletes were turned loose.

Track events, for the purpose of competition and records, are grouped into four general classifications—running, jumping, throwing and hurdling. Each has its own subdivisions, and also its own particular reasons for the amazing manner in which seconds have been shaved off or inches added to the various records.

Before going into these reasons, however, it might be well to spend a moment telling how you can get your record accepted, in case you are the chap who finally runs that mile in four minutes. Thanks to the much-maligned Amateur Athletic Union, a system has been worked out which makes it certain that when you are credited with a record, you have made it under the same conditions as a record-breaker 1,000 or 3,000 miles away.

In running events, the track must be measured with a steel tape after your record-breaking performance to make sure that it is not short—as was the case with one of Jesse Owens' performances where the mark was rejected because the cinder-path was two inches less than it should have been. Then the officials must certify that the wind was not blowing more than three miles an hour, that the track was on the level, that the record was made in a bona fide meet, that you were timed with watches which

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I Drink American

Those tidy Englishmen who never forget they are gentlemen miss the pure joy of getting stinko

by DONALD HOUGH

• ARTICLE •

I do not like to sit down and drink like a gentleman. Neither do I like to stop drinking because I can feel my liquor, as gentlemen do in England, or anyway in English books.

I am an American and I drink American.

I do not understand this constant bickering about drinks and gentlemen. A man who drinks like a gentleman is, it is popularly supposed, one who sips his liquor sitting down, looks straight ahead with dignity, drinks with all the gusto and expression of an Indian taking his balsam tea against the evil spirits, and ends by rising slowly to his feet and saying, "Well, old fellow, I'll toddle up to bed."

And then he really does toddle up to bed.

This is a waste of time, a waste of liquor, and a waste of gentleman.

It makes it difficult for the layman to discover why Englishmen and others who drink like gentlemen drink at all. Drinking, throughout America excepting the Harvard Club, and among non-gentlemen the world over, is an adventure, not a heathen ritual. It springs from an understandable and, so far as I am concerned, a laudable, curiosity as to what will happen if, just about the time the gentlemanly drinker is toddling up to bed, you shake your head vigorously and start walking in a northeasterly direction.

It is at this point that the spirit of the pioneers in the American bloodstream comes bounding to the surface, and the American steps forth. He is unafraid. The impenetrable night lies just ahead, holding dangers that are exceeded in magnitude only by the rewards that are possible. Where the Englishman knows he's going to end up in bed, the American likes to think he may end up in Bali. Frequently he ends up in jail, but, incredible as it may seem, he often does get to Bali. It's worth trying for.

There is a basic difference, it seems to me, between a man who drinks like a gentleman and a really and truly gentleman. A genuine gentleman often takes to drink because he is infernally tired of being a gentleman and wishes, for the time being, to get away from it all.

It is important to remember that gentlemen sometimes get drunk. It's all right to carry on the tradition among the lads in prep school that gentlemen never get drunk—especially English gentlemen, from whom all gentlemen the world over are said to stem—but the real truth is that a large percentage of the gentlemen who drink, drink like gentlemanly fish. I have seen some splendid gentlemen get very stiff. Not only very stiff but very ungentlemanly and often in everybody's hair and on everybody's hands.

Looking at the other side of it, I have seen many people, strictly non-gentlemen, become wonderful gentlemen the minute they reach the proper solution. They are polite, considerate, and polished. They take their hats off constantly, bow every few minutes, murmur the most charming phrases, help ladies in distress and even ladies who are not in distress. They are democratic and magnanimous, equally at home in the lodgings of the poor and beneath the tables of the very rich.

They are no bargain in any language. Examined closely, they usually are cads escaping from the boredom of being cads by going out and drinking like gentlemen.

Personally, I do not know whether I am a gentleman or not, but the reports that keep coming in to my wife all the next day following a little drinking on my part indicate vividly that I do not drink like one. This is all right with me. It is the only indication I have that I may be a gentleman after all. The reports vary as to detail, but on one point they are unanimous: When out drinking, I'm a cad. I'm no weakly, part-time cad, either. I'm the real article. I'm a cad you may hate, but whose steadfast purpose and workmanlike job you can't help but respect.

All right. If I can't be a cad, I won't play. I care nothing whatever about sitting down and sipping a drink, and I do not like the kind of parties where some nice person with an imitation Oxford accent keeps looking me firmly in the eye and saying, "Don't you think you've had enough, old man?"

The answer is no.

I am out to drink enough to make it pay. Lots of people think this is not well-bred. I think it is very genteel. I am out to get rid of a lot of inhibitions, including myself, with which I am bored, and the idea that I am a gentleman, which gets in my hair. I also want to get rid of the haunting fear that some day I may take a few drinks and begin to get real polished, Oxford style.

Once I saw a concrete example of the difference, both in approach and results, between American and English style drinking. I was invited to hear Bruce Lockhart, author of *British Agent*, give his first lecture in the United States, at the Harvard Club of New York. Of course the idea of anybody entering this country by way of the Harvard Club is slightly confusing. The Harvard Club is American soil only through courtesy and inescapable geographical considerations.

With my host, I had the usual two whiskeys-and-soda before dinner, and brandy at the end. I then thought it would be fine if we had quite a few more drinks. I never had heard Mr. Lockhart, but during my days as a newspaper reporter I had heard quite a few lectures and I felt I was on firm ground when I suggested that we hurry to the bar and get ready for the evening.

I thought the lecture was more or less an excuse, a kind of rallying point, to be used next morning as circumstances might require. I had looked forward to the evening for a couple of days, but the thought that we would have to take time out to listen to the lecture never had entered my thick skull. I had reckoned without the Harvard Club. At the Harvard Club you listen to the lectures.

So we sat in the game room and discussed English literature until it was time for the lecture, at which time we went into the auditorium as cold as a couple of herring.

We went into a large and impressive hall. It rose in smoky, black walnut grandeur some three or four stories, so that the upper timbers were lost in aristocratic gloom. Portraits in oil—representing, I was told, past presidents of the club—hung at well-bred intervals on the walls, each with its individual electric light. These august gents, each sitting in one of the three poses permitted Harvard Club presidents, dominated the scene: looking at it, for some reason I could not fathom right at first, in extreme disapproval.

Our seats were along the wall, up front, flanking the speaker's rostrum, giving us a side view of Mr. Lockhart, when he should appear, but affording us a splendid front view of the entire assemblage The entry of the guests into the hall was all but imperceptible. They came singly and in pairs, sat down quietly and unobtrusively by bending the hip and knee joints, and froze solid in place.

The Committee, in tails, anticipated the entrance of Mr. Lockhart when they paraded into the hall and filed into their seats, which were separated from the hoi polloi by pieces of string and a sign which said, "For The Committee." This section used up one-quarter of the entire seating capacity. The Committee was a wow.

The Committee got seated and arranged their beards across their beautiful shirt fronts, Mr. Lockhart and all the chairmen arrived, and we were ready to proceed, or rather to listen to Mr. Lockhart proceed. Mr. Lockhart stepped to the rostrum as soon as the various chairmen had introduced him, and commenced his address.

To get to the point quickly and impolitely, Mr. Lockhart, at the time of his first American, or Harvard, appearance, was not a blood-stirring elocutionist. He seemed distinctly impressed by the past presidents on the wall, and spoke with a great deal of deference and in a genteel monotone. He occasionally interrupted himself to mop his brow with his pocket handkerchief, and gave me, at least, the impression that he wished to heaven this really was London, instead of the Harvard Club version thereof, so he could toss the whole evening into the laps of his audience and tell them what to do with it.

He was three-quarters through, and well into the intricacies of the financial situation in the Balkans, when the entire occasion suddenly went straight American on him.

The door in the rear of the hall opened and a drunk walked unsteadily down the broad center aisle.

He was a plain drunk, American style. He had his hat and overcoat on, and he kept them on. His overcoat was unbuttoned and it flopped around like the wings of a cockeyed bat. He wanted to sit down and hear the lecture, or anyway he wanted to sit down, and he searched for an empty place. His system was simplicity itself. He would stop at each row, spread his legs apart for support, and ask the person on the aisle if there was a seat vacant. Nobody answered him.

Slowly, inexorably, he came to the Committee.

Here, he thought was something classy. This was his style. He nudged the first Member of the Committee he came to. The Member, in common with everybody else in the place, gazed stonily ahead. Maybe, thought the drunk, he's deaf. He looks deaf. He nudged harder, and repeated his request in a voice he evidently had been saving for the Committee.

No soap. The drunk looked hurt. He tried a few other rows but met only chagrin and defeat.

All right, if everybody wanted to be so damned impolite, he could be impolite, too. He stepped back, took good aim, and rushed the nearest Member on the aisle. But he had overlooked the string. The string tossed him into the Member's lap.

Our friend recovered himself, got out of the beard that was enveloping him, and regained the aisle. He looked around in horrible uncertainty. Not a face, not an eye, was turned in his direction, save only the faces and eyes of the past presidents on the wall, which were turned in everybody's direction with what, as I have mentioned, was an expression of permanent disapproval.

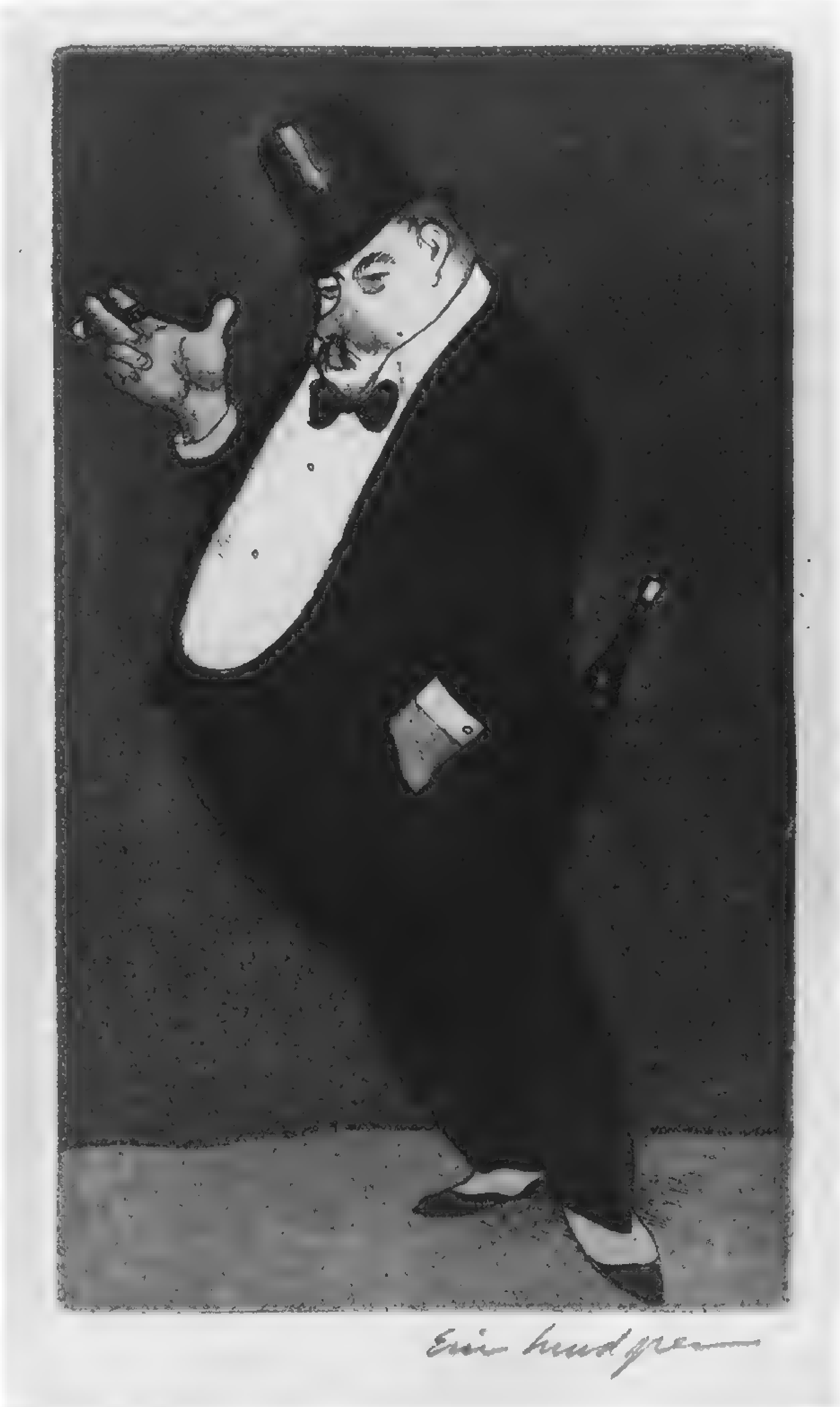
The poor fellow felt this. A hopeless look came over his face. Maybe, he thought, this is all just a terrible dream. He looked as though he were about to flee, and Mr. Thomas Lamont, the head chairman, took a deep breath. I mean, I suppose he took a deep breath. You couldn't tell.

But the drunk did not flee. He wanted to find out about the financial situation in the Balkans. He steered himself carefully down the front of the aisle, some fifteen feet in front of Mr. Lockhart, and, after turning around a few times to trample down the long grass as his ancestors had done, sat down on the floor and crossed his legs Indian fashion. He did not bother to remove his hat.

But our drunk was not entirely without manners. Having lit a cigarette, he looked around and noticed nobody else was smoking. His better nature rose to the surface. He tossed the cigarette to the carpet directly in front of him. He now proposed to step on it.

Had he been a student of the human body, he would have realized in the first place that from his position it is impossible to step on anything without breaking the ankle. He tried one foot, then the other, laboriously untangling them before each trial. It seemed to him, from where he sat, that he was stepping on the cigarette, but each time he withdrew his foot, the cigarette still was burning. Despair plainly was written on his face.

Finally, after a period spent in deep thought, sitting there looking at the wisp of smoke curling up between him and Mr. Lockhart, he got to his feet after much trouble and fuss, and stepped squarely on the damned thing, ground it beneath his heel, resumed his seat and heard the lecture through to the end.


AQUATINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

During all this time, not an eye in the place was turned toward this common American drunk. The feeling seemed to be that if nobody looked at him, Mr. Lockhart would not see him, either. Or, if he saw him, he would think it was just somebody from the Balkans.

What is even more remarkable, while we were walking out of the hall, while we were moving around the club afterward, I never heard the presence of the drunk so much as hinted at by anybody. He had not existed. He was a ghost.

We went up to Hugh Leonard's house and discussed the lecture at some length. I guess Hugh noticed that I looked rather glum. Perhaps he felt I had the drunk on my mind and was disappointed with the whole evening. He said, "Well, I'm sorry about that—interruption down at the Club."

The subject having thus been brought up and thoroughly aired, it was dropped—forever.

Hugh had been right about my thoughts. I did have the drunk on my mind. I was regretting that I had not thought of it first. Our man evidently had started his evening on the American plan—take a few drinks, shake your head and follow all hunches. As hunches go, he had come up with a super-epic. Since that night I have had a Goal. I never have attained it. I have tried. But in the circles in which I move, I am not appreciated. They have bouncers. It never ends in the way I had planned.

The lone drunk, of course, is an American institution. This type of sport seldom is practiced in foreign lands.

In fact, a fine British stigma has come to be associated with the individual who takes his spirits without benefit of companions. There is no sense to this, but there is a great deal to be said for the American point of view. If a person is tired of his routine, tired of himself, tired of being a gentleman, why should he not be equally—or more—tired of his friends? In many cases, this is easily the No. 1 reason for the bender.

A person on a tear with his usual companions is progressing vertically, but he is standing still horizontally. Only when he has broken away from all things familiar does his binge begin to pay dividends.

New scenes, new people, new policemen, fill his life—into and out of bars, into and out of the lives of innumerable people, into and out of love, into and out of magnificent business deals, great adventures, dazzling projects.

He drinks, not sitting down, but standing gloriously at the bar, facing half toward the door, poised for the leap into the Unknown, on and ever on, to greater and ever greater things.

That is the American way, and it is mine.

So let my companion finish his gentlemanly drink and toddle up to bed or toddle over to the lake and jump into it. Let him, and be damned. I get up from the table with him, but I do no toddling.

I walk with brisk, elastic step to the main entrance, and look eagerly into the black night.

I am ready to plow a white furrow through the darkness, leaving in my turbulent wake a growing accumulation of insults, lost friends, dropped acquaintances, indignant waiters, discouraged cops, people named Marie, disregarded phone calls, promissory notes, and a lot of miscellaneous seaweed, all churned up into a phosphorescent glow.

I now am on the threshold of high adventure, and I take my first step firmly, realizing that some place, far off on the horizon, is the only certainty that awaits me—the dawn. #

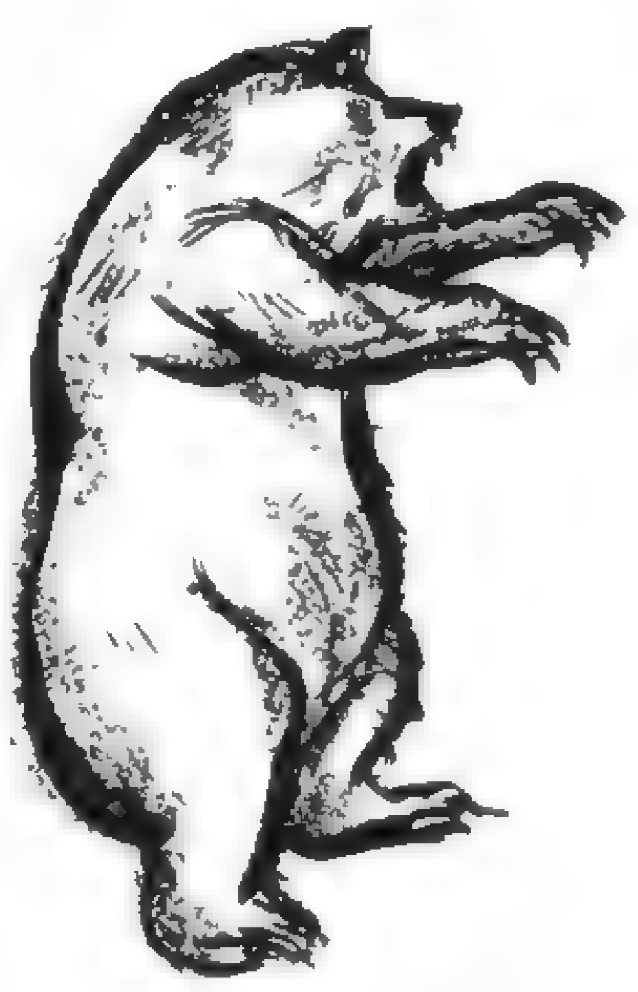
Do Animals Think?

Naturalists would give their shirts to find out what a mother doe says to her babies after she hides them

by JACK TOOKER

• ARTICLE •

As a wild life student over a period of many years in many countries, I have never found an animal that does not utter at least a few sounds which are understood by other animals of the same species. Some of our scientists, after long observation of various species (mostly domesticated or in zoos) are now convinced that the gift of laughter is not exclusive with us humans. They are willing to admit that at least a few of the animals are able to register amusement by distorting their features into smiles.



A good many photos have been taken of cats and dogs smiling or laughing. But I have seen bear cubs romping with an expression of glee that approached laughter. I have seen a mother sea otter express her grief by shedding very real tears at the loss of her baby, and sea otters have been known to die of grief. Yet science persists in pronouncing the lesser animals just plain dumb brutes, unable to reason, because they cannot express their thoughts and feelings in human language.

After a life spent among the wild creatures I am convinced that animals can reason to a limited extent, and that they also can express their thoughts in action and sounds that are the equivalent of words. Perhaps we are the dumb species because we cannot understand them better. Our limitations are at fault as well as theirs. A deaf and dumb person can still think, but the language of the deaf and dumb is easier to understand than animal language. Moreover, we know without troubling to prove it that a deaf and dumb human being can think. Grant the animal the ability to think, and we can hope to read their sign language more comprehensively.

Last fall I was hunting wild turkeys. I knew where several flocks had been shot into and one or more of each flock killed. I knew that if I were well hidden and called (imitating a turkey), the turkeys would reason that it was one of their missing numbers and come to the call.

I hid in an old dead tree top and began calling. A squirrel in a large pine tree near-by located me and began chattering a warning. Every wild creature within hearing understood that squirrel. No turkeys would answer my call unless he was silenced. I shot the squirrel and another in the same tree. I heard a third not far away and shot him also. It may seem that the noise of my gun as I shot the squirrels would be a louder warning than the danger language of the squirrels. But this is not true. Wild animals aren't nearly as afraid of the report of a gun as most persons think. Thunder and lightning make far more noise than a rifle.

While dressing the squirrels I called the turkeys every few minutes. In less than an hour a flock of turkeys came to my call, and I got the bag limit.

The day was still young, I had my camera, and there was no bag limit for that. Water was scarce in that locality, so I located a water hole, made a blind and stretched out on the pine needles to wait. Squirrels soon began playing about the water, then piñon birds, blue jays, camp robbers, Clark's crows, sparrows and many kinds of woodpeckers came in to drink and bathe. Birds and squirrels were everywhere. Some white-faced cattle came in. The wild creatures paid no attention to the cattle. Then I saw a deer with two spotted fawns. The three were slowly working their way down to drink.

An old hen turkey with seven half-grown youngsters was coming in when a blue jay sounded a warning squawk. In ten seconds there wasn't a bird or squirrel in sight. The deer stopped and the turkey ducked into a jack pine thicket. Then I saw what had caused the blue jay's alarm. A large, red-tailed hawk alighted in a tall, dead tree that stood in the middle of the pond. Every creature had heard the jay's alarm and heeded it. Had a squirrel or any of the others given the warning, the result would have been the same.

Seconds after the warning the woods were as still as death. That hawk was an enemy and menace to everything except the deer. As soon as the deer saw the cause of the alarm, she came on again, leading her fawns down to water. They drank and departed. The moment the deer were gone I shot the hawk. He fell on some thin ice near the base of the tree. No sooner had the hawk fallen when the woods rang with noises, birds chirping and squawking, squirrels chattering. They were all obviously celebrating the fate of their enemy, the hawk.

But the hawk wasn't quite dead. He began to flutter and try to get off the ice. Seeing his helplessness, the wild folk began to jeer and scold. Finally the hawk lay still and a camp robber flew into the old, dead treetop and began pecking and hopping about. Twigs and bits of bark dropped down on the helpless hawk. Other birds joined the bold one, and presently it was raining twigs and bark. When the hawk did not move to resent the missiles, they knew he was surely dead, and immediately the woods were at peace again.

Scientists may account for the above drama with that elastic term "blind instinct." But I can offer another observation that day which will be more difficult to classify. Two of the squirrels shot that morning were males, and both had been castrated perhaps a year before by another squirrel. Squirrels are not among the most intelligent animals, yet some of them are able to reason that a young male squirrel, if allowed to develop normally, will one day compete for the preference of the females. Some of the older male squirrels have figured out a way to reduce this competition through a compulsory surgical operation. If this does not signify real thinking among animals, then a human inventor is simply following "instinct" when he invents a new serum to prevent disease.

When the squirrels are very small they are safe because protected by their mothers; the old males will not fight a female. But they lose their mother when half or two-thirds grown, and then the old male hunts them down. He will chase them from one tree to another, and as he comes in close the little fellow sets up an awful squawl, but finally submits to save his life. These operations are in every way equal to those performed by stockmen on calves.

Some wild and many domesticated buck rabbits will kill all males he can get at when they are small, yet the rabbit isn't carnivorous, not a killer by "instinct." A female lion or bear will not allow the males in the same den with the young when they are small, no doubt for the same reason. I know an old male lion will kill all young males, and I believe male bears do also, but have no proof to support my opinion regarding bears.

Arizona still has some wild horses, and at one time they were very plentiful. They were usually small, but fast and tough as steel. The stockmen tried to cross the wild mares with larger, well-bred domestic horses, which would give them the best in both breeds for saddle stock. Naturally, they thought all they needed to do was ship in the big, domestic stallions and turn them loose. The domestic sires would surely drive the smaller, wild stallions from the herds. But the reverse was true. A little, scrubby seven- or eight-hundred-pound stallion would easily kill a sixteen-hundred-pound domestic stallion. It

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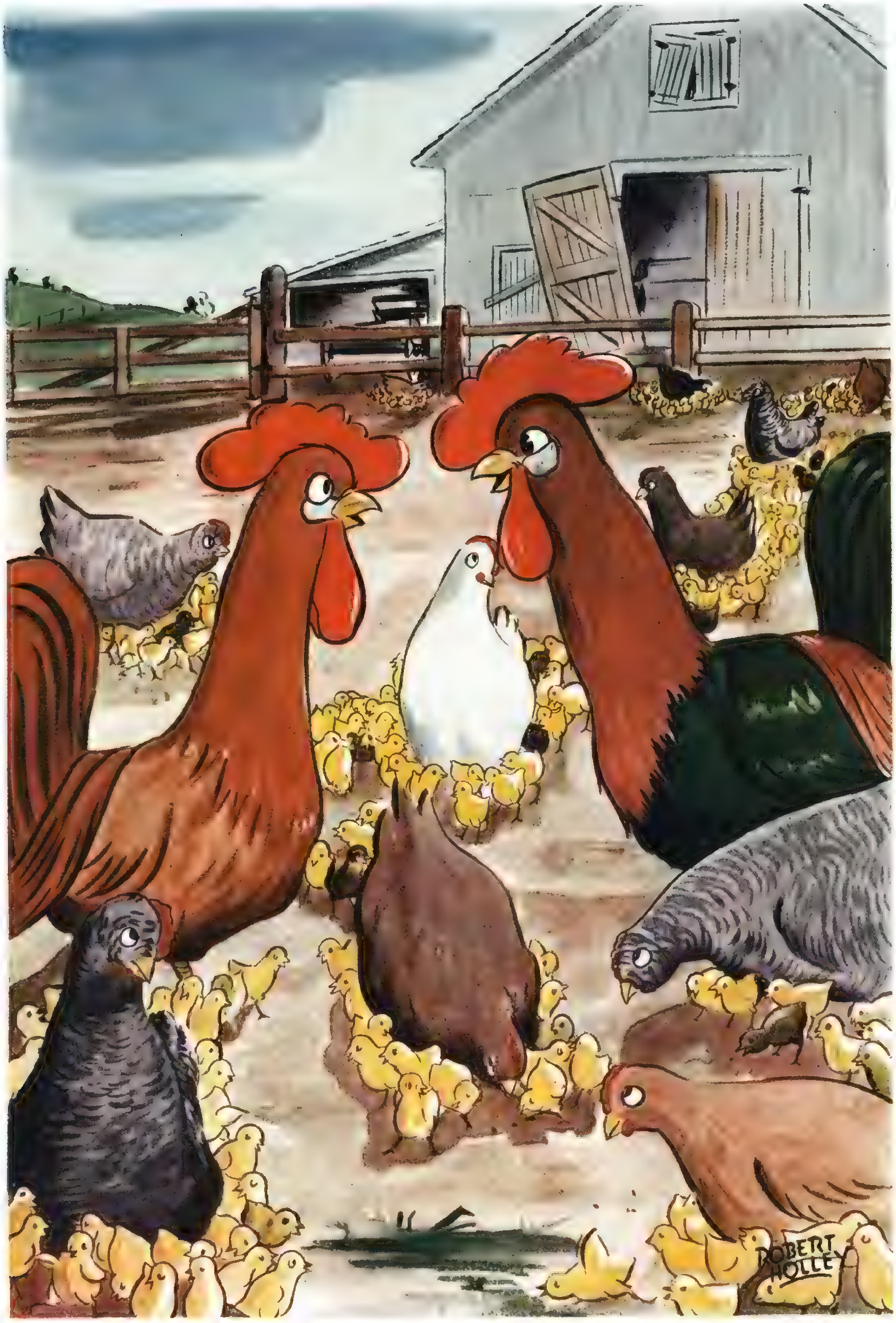
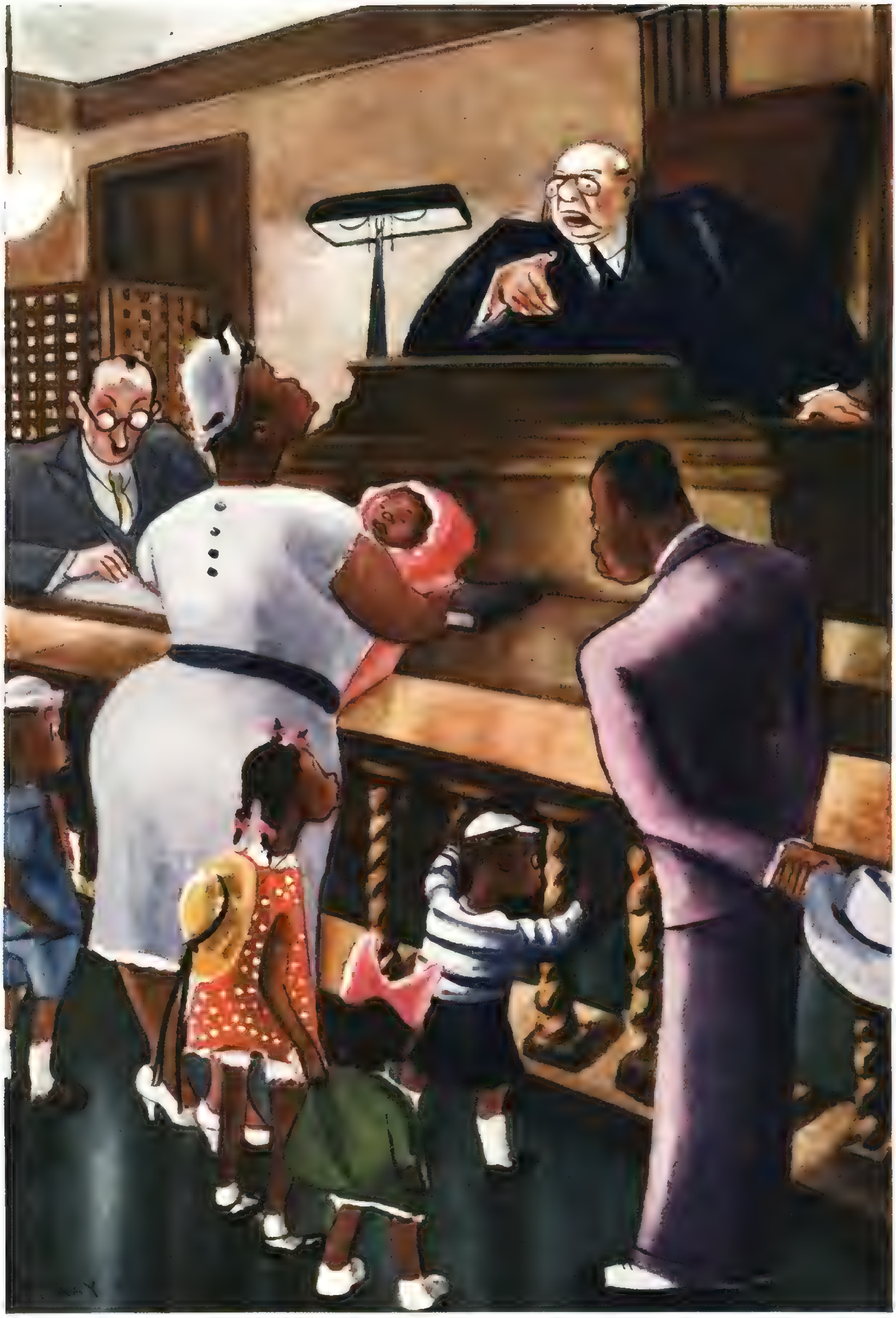

ROBERT HOLLEY

"You know, sometimes I wish we had it all to do over again"



"When did you find out he didn't intend to marry you?"

The Ones That Got Away

When you troll for tuna don't be a glutton, catch one at a time and to hell with the rest

by RICHARD SALE

▪ SPORTS ▪

Oskie had a twenty-two foot sea skiff and a lot of tackle, I had an aptitude for sea-sickness, and the wives had a yen for a summer at the Jersey shore. The Jersey shore, during the summer months, is noted for its tuna and its bluefish runs. You begin to get the point. Oskie and I went fishing for tuna regularly all summer long.

When the summer was over, we were not surprised to find that we had *not* broken Francis Low's record for the largest tuna caught in American coastal waters. We had not, in fact, even come within 801 pounds of breaking L. Mitchell-Henry's world record tuna catch on rod and reel. Our top catch weighed fifty pounds.

There was nothing dishonorable about that. We knew one guy who had been going after tuna for four years and still hadn't even had one on the hook. "What the hell," Oskie said, "you can't always bring home a record fish. That's what makes fishing a sport instead of a sure thing. I think we did pretty well, considering it was our first year."

I said I agreed with him. I had had a fine twenty minutes one morning playing and boating a school tuna of about fifty pounds on an eight-ounce tip and nine-thread. The tackle had been just right for him and the ensuing sport exciting. But just the same, I said: "I don't like this reputation we've picked up."

Oskie said, "What reputation?"

"Well," I said, "didn't you notice the guy in that Elco Angler yesterday, when he stopped by at our mooring? He asked us to tell him why he had lost that tuna he hooked into. That was bad enough. It was worse when we gave him the right answer. And what did *he* say?"

"He thanks us for telling him," said Oskie.

"Sure," I said, "and he remarked that he had heard that we were authorities on the fish that got away. I suppose you figured that was a compliment?"

"Why, the so and so," Oskie said grimly. "Remind me to cut through his slick the next time we meet him out chumming."

The fact remains that we ought to be authorities on lost fish. We boated two tuna all summer; we lost at least fifteen. The basic reason a man loses a fish is because he's a poor fisherman. That goes here too. It was our first year, we were amateurs, we had to learn by experience, and by God, old *Thunnus thynnuss* knew it. But we lived and learned, and if you're planning to do the same, come in out of the sun and sit down and listen.

You don't learn how to fish from books. Oskie and I found that out the first day we went offshore. Books can give you a lot of dope on tackle, on where to find the fish, on the chances of hooking one. Books can also be inspiring, can keep you set up all winter just waiting for the summer to break again. But when that moment comes—when that bluefin hits your bait and starts his run, books go out the window. The fish is excited, you're excited, and anything can happen. That is, unless you've met one before. And even so, the best of anglers sometimes go haywire when the reel starts to sing.

Now, a book told us that big tuna, which means from one hundred and fifty pounds to whatever figure you care to name under two thousand pounds, are rarely, if ever, caught trolling. This meant, of course, off the Long Island and Jersey coasts. You get them trolling on the east side of the Gulf Stream near Bimini, and also at Wedgeport in Nova Scotia. But from Montauk to Barnegat, you had to chum for the big ones, of which more later.

Thus fortified and assured, we ran out to Ambrose Lightship on the first day of July and started trolling southeast. We were after school tuna. It was our first shot at any tuna and we didn't expect much. We had four lines out, two from the fishing-chairs, two from a pair of makeshift outriggers. There were three of us in the skiff, the third member being Ding, Oskie's brother-in-law. Ding was down at the shore for a brief vacation. This was his first day there. He had never fished before in his life. He didn't know what a tuna looked like.

So we went southeast from Ambrose Lightship and we hadn't run more than a mile or two—the Lightship was still in sight—when there was a whirr, the rod in Ding's hand whipped down, and the line started singing out.

Amazed at our good fortune, Oskie ran for the gaff and I took the skiff out of gear and held her there for Ding to land his fish. But Ding was having trouble. The rod—a twelve-ounce tip—was bent into a half-moon. The line was still going out. It kept going until there was more out than there was on the spool, but finally it stopped. We didn't suspect then what we had. Oskie told Ding how to pump and Ding began to try and bring the tuna's head up from the bottom where the fish was sulking. Ding bore down heavily.

The rod cracked open.

Mild hell reigned in the skiff. A handkerchief went around the break, followed by tar-twine and a prayer. It managed to hold the rod together. The catch was disqualified, of course, but we wanted to see the damn fish, broken rod or not. Then began the arduous task of pumping. Two hours of it. Ding's left arm was nearly broken. He had no harness on and the rod twisted to lay the reel against his arm. It was painful and back-breaking. After two hours we saw the tuna for the first time.

He was so big, he scared us. He was pumped in right under the stern. Oscar reached down and grabbed the leader and was about to swing the gaff. And then the leader broke, our fish surfaced for a moment as if to give us one last good look at himself, and then was gone.

Oskie wanted to cut his throat right then and there.

It wasn't Oskie's fault. It was just inexperience. The good book, for one thing, was wrong. Big tuna, however rare, could be caught trolling. The possibility was there and you had to be prepared for it. The fish weighed, we estimated, at least two hundred and fifty pounds. After seeing some of the five-hundred-pounders, we're sure we underestimated if anything. We learned that you have to have the right tackle to pump a tuna when he's sulking. Otherwise, he'll break your stick in half. We learned that you don't catch big tuna on small wire leaders that are rusty and kink with the gyrations of the fish. We learned that you can't stop a tuna's run any more than you can a marlin's.

After that we went out with a 20-ounce tip, 9/0 reel and 24-thread to say nothing of a pair of harnesses. I don't have to tell you we never met that bluefin again, nor any of his particular bulk.

But there were school tuna by the thousands. A funny thing about these baby schools. The ones we caught—with a single exception—we never saw. We used to ride southeast looking for schools and when we found them, we'd present the lures to them, but no strikes came. This happened very often. Another

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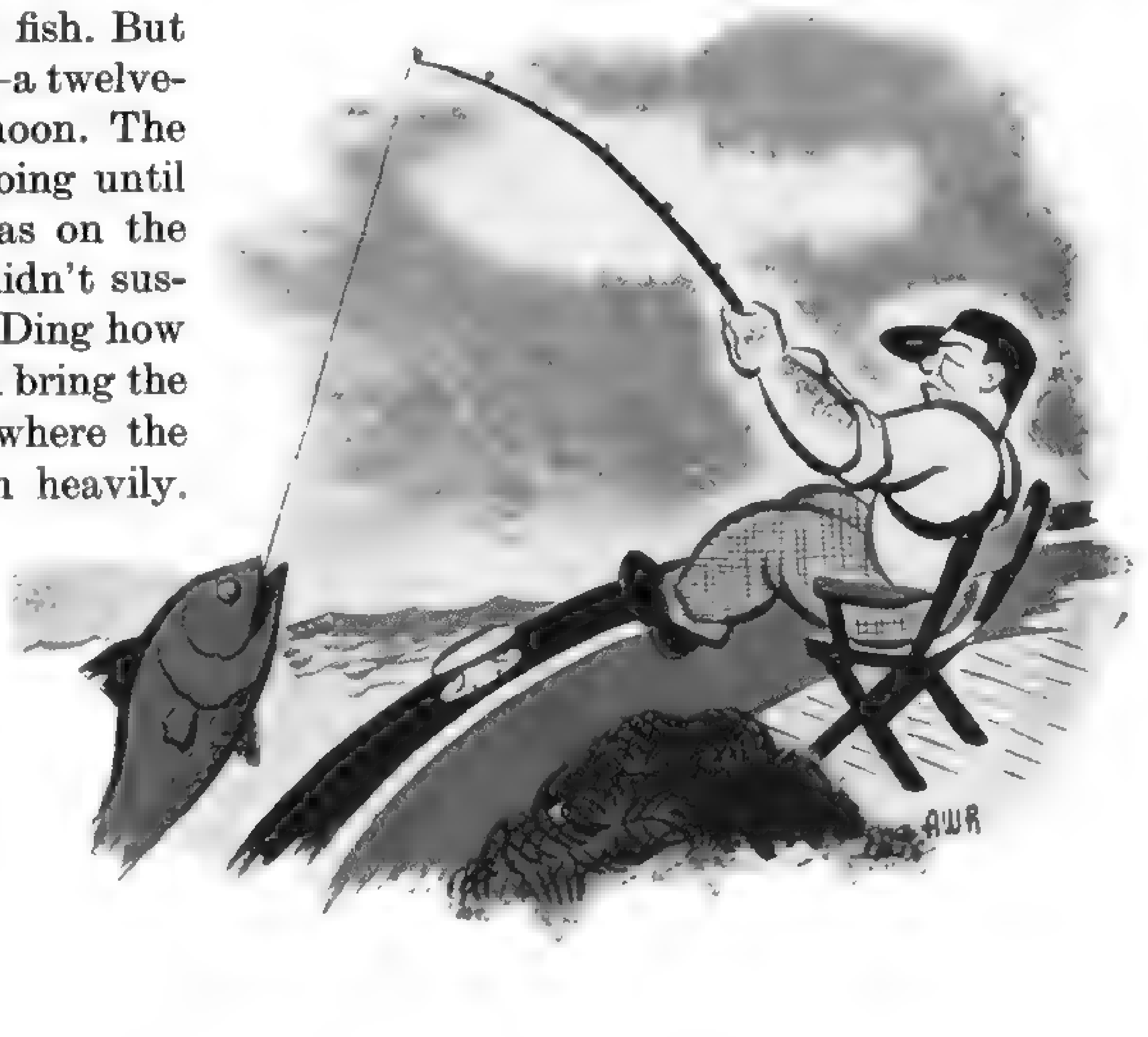
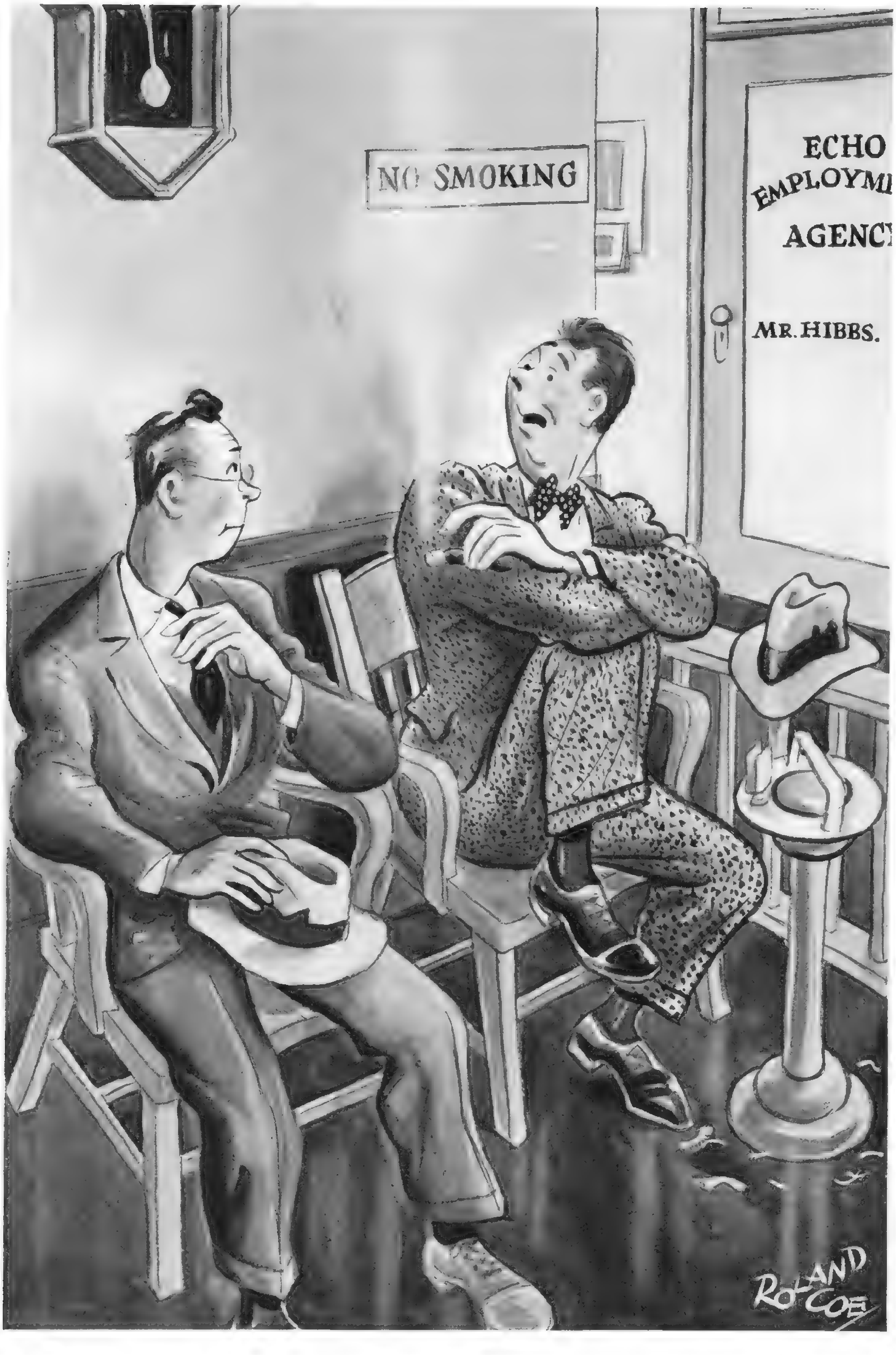



NO SMOKING
ECHO
EMPLOYM
AGENC
MR. HIBBS.
ROLAND COE

". . . So then I says, 'Just because you own this business is no sign you know how to run it!'"

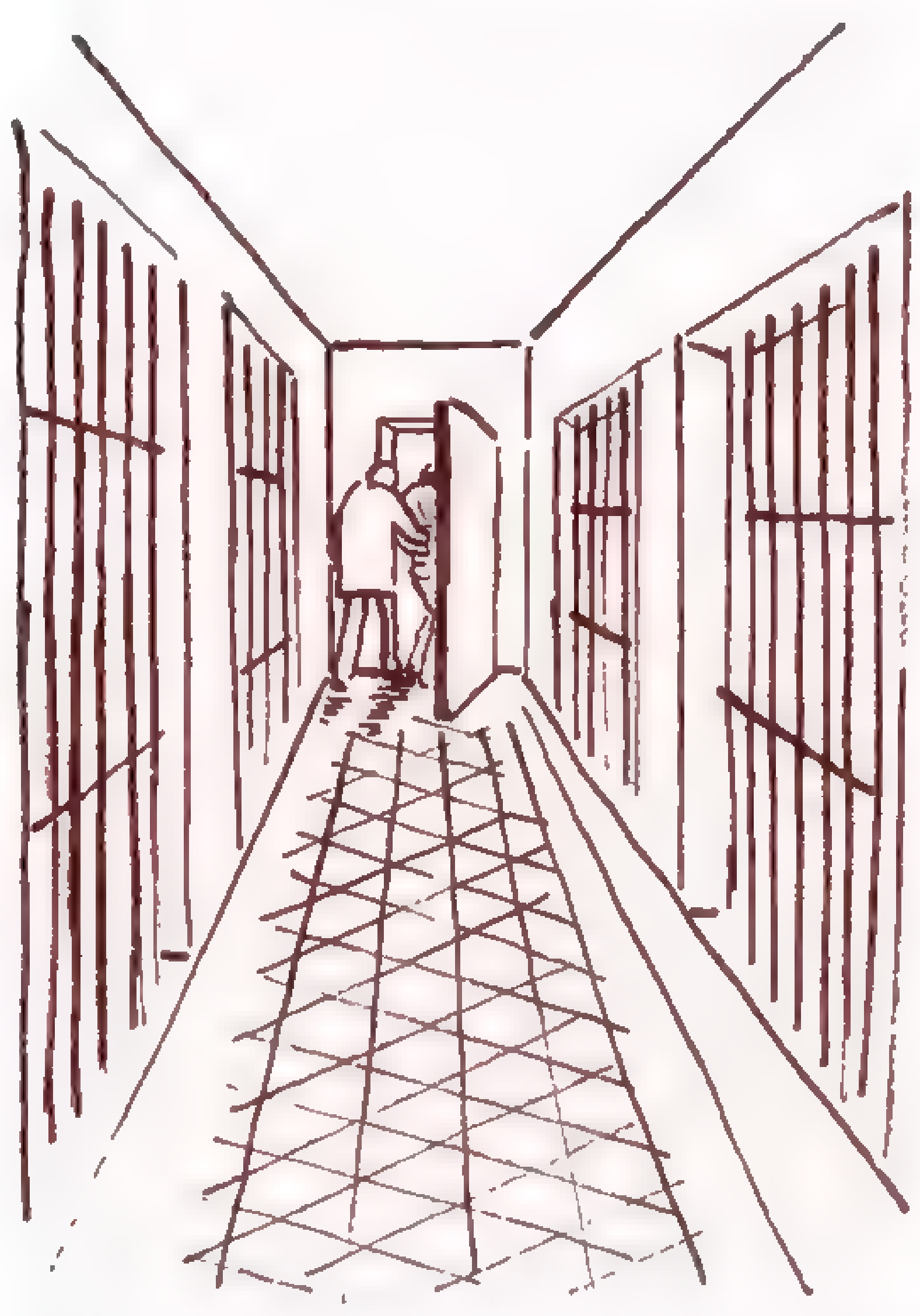
Death, the Mirror

Mary and all the others would certainly have to admit that he was no weakling—not him

by WILLIAM J. BRESLOW

▪ FICTION ▪

WITH a quick, jerky movement he got up from the cot and began to pace back and forth in his cell. Now and then he stopped in front of the locked door and peered expectantly, yet hopelessly through the barred opening; then again resumed his monotonous, measured tread—back and forth—back and forth. Frequently he would interrupt his ambulation by stopping momentarily as if he remembered something; then, with the open palm of his right hand he would slap his thigh, and shaking his head disappointedly, he would continue his weary pacing. He knew he had to die, but somehow he could not remember exactly when. Was it two days? Three days? What difference did it make? Or did it?



Afraid? Not him. Not Jim Manton. Everybody will know that Jim Manton was no coward. Mary, his wife, will have to admit, now, that Jim was no weakling. She'll have to change her opinion about him. The idea, calling him an ugly runt and taunting him all the time. Saying that he was a nobody, a failure. Even laughing at him that time when she found out that he was taking those exercises; the ones which the book said would add inches to his height.

Head up and with steady, unfaltering step, that's the way he will walk to the chair. Not cringing and begging like he did before he shot that yellow bastard. This time he'll be brave. He won't quail. He'll be brave—.

"I'm brave! I ain't yellow! I'll show you! I ain't yellow! I'm brave!—I—What's that, Mike? Gee, I'm sorry, Mike—I didn't know I was yelling like that—No!—Jesus, no, I ain't scared—Ha! Ha! I'm O.K., Mike, thanks."

Now that was bad. He'll have to control himself. He must stop getting so excited. Mustn't pace back and forth like that. The guards will think he's losing his nerve. Better sit down on the cot again. There, that's better.

But she had no right to sneer at him because he was only a waiter. Why, being a waiter was just the thing that enabled him to discover his wife's perfidy. Brought Big Tim Fergens right smack into his avenging hands, you might say. The dirty dog. Of course, it just had to rain the night Mary called at the restaurant where Jim worked. And this Big Tim with a flashy car, offering to drive Mary home. Big shot politician, with his high and mighty airs. Acting as if Jim was just a nobody.

Christ! When you come to think of it, people seldom paid much attention to Jim. Nobody gave him credit for anything. Well, they knew he was pretty smart, now. Boy, the way the papers played up his name when he killed Big Tim. Clever, they all called him. "Traps Wife's Lover by Clever Trick," that's what the headlines had said.

Just wait. He'll give those papers something to rave about. He'll make them feel sorry they never printed anything about him before the trial. Those letters he used to send them, dozens of them. Never printed a single one of them. They'll print the news of his execution, though.

He, Jim Manton, will die with a smile on his lips. He'll even make a little speech to the witnesses in the death chamber. He'll say: "Gentlemen, I do not fear death. I shot a dog." Or perhaps it will be better if he'll look right straight at the witnesses and say: "Gentlemen, I am not a murderer; I am a martyr." The papers will just eat that up. They'll have his picture right on the front page, too.

It can't come too soon now. Why don't they hurry and get over with the damn business? They shouldn't keep a guy waiting. Jesus, how the days drag along. Let's see—yesterday was the tenth, or was it the eleventh? Sure, that's right; the seventh was when that big Pole passed his cell on his way through that little door. He waved to Jim, the Pole did. "How are you, big boy?" that's what the Pole had said to him. Sure, he was a big guy now. So then, that must have been three days ago, because they never—er—do that more than once a week. Christ! How all the other prisoners moaned when the lights dimmed. And he, Jim, laughed. Out loud. Just like this. Loud. Loud! "Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Is that Mike? Is that the guard rattling on the bars? Boy, he looks mad.

"O.K., Mike. Sorry. I'll stop laughing if you say so. You're a good guy. So I'll stop if you say so."

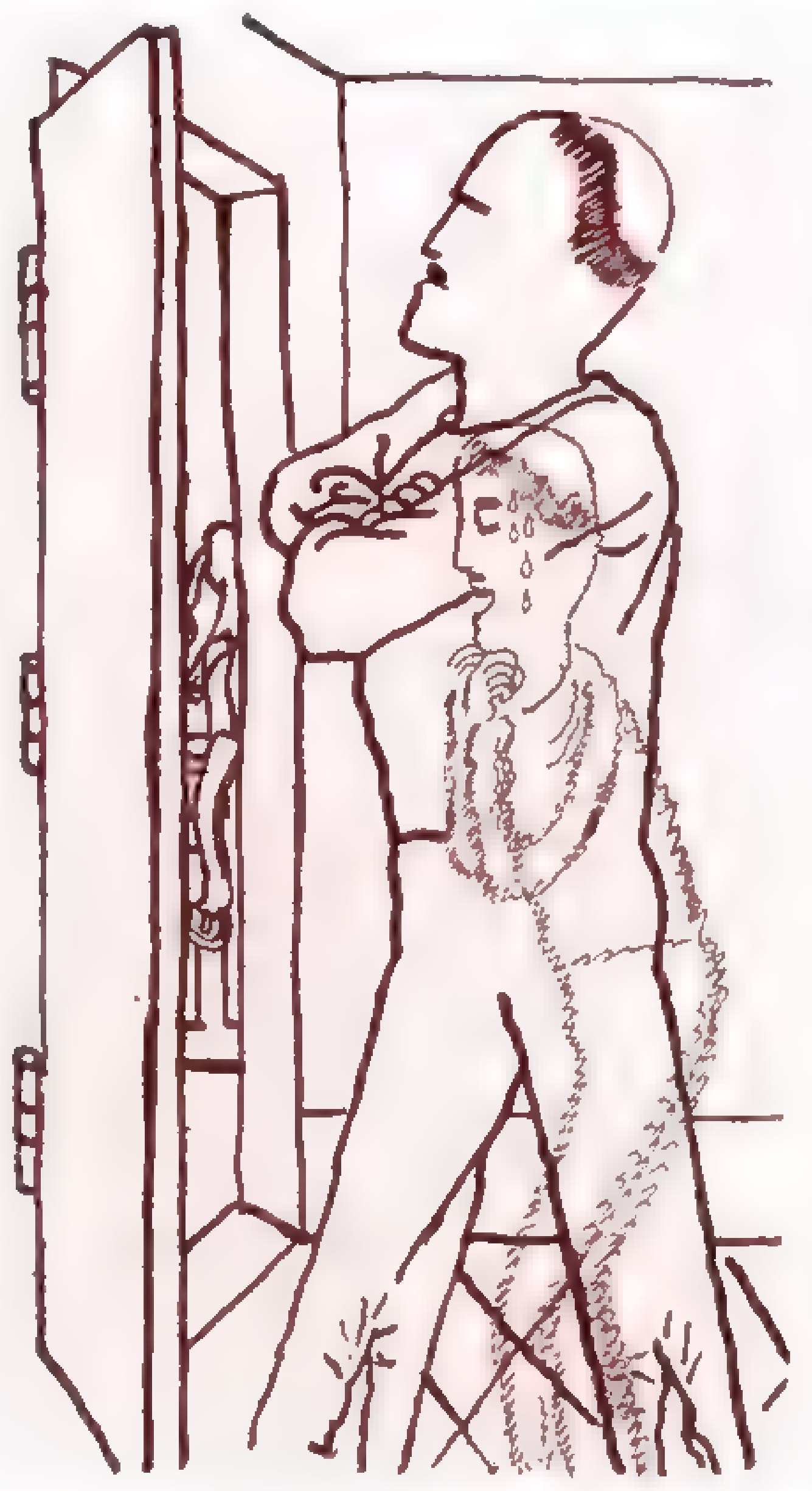
Gotta be careful now. Mustn't let the newspapers think he is turning yellow. Or foolish. Mustn't let Mary get the idea that he, Jim Manton, weakened. He's got to show Mary that she was all wrong about him.

If it wasn't for that sonofabitch, Mary might have been different. It was funny the way she began to act toward him after she met that bastard. Not that she was ever too nice to Jim before. But she never used to taunt him or make him feel so useless. She always used to kind of laugh at him and kid him. That was bad enough, but after she met Big Tim—jeeze, the way she began to ride poor Jim; to throw it up to him that he wasn't as good as Big Tim.

It was always: Why wasn't he smart like Mr. Fergens? Or Mr. Fergens wouldn't be a waiter all his life, or he ought to wear a hat like Mr. Fergens'. Mr. Fergens this—Mr. Fergens that. Always comparing things they both did and making Jim feel so small.

And the way Big Tim always acted so superior; as if Jim were made of glass and he could see right through him. Here he was, trying to prove that he was important, and those two almost driving him mad with their ridicule.

It was no use—there was no other way. He could forgive Mary; she simply made a mistake, that's all. She didn't realize that he, Jim Manton, was stronger and smarter than Big Tim. He tried to tell her that, many times, but she didn't believe him. The only thing to do, then, was to show her. That's it, of course; Mary was making a mistake and it was up to him to show her.



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

Jesus, how scared he was when he planned what he was going to do. How he shook, that time, when he figured how small were his chances of getting away with it. How he almost fainted from fear when he imagined himself burning in the chair; visualized his body straining at those straps and almost heard the buzzing of the electric current. But he had to go through with it. Christ, how he did hate Big Tim. How he hated that guy's guts that day when he shot him. Hated him because even then the sonofabitch robbed Jim of the chance to be a big shot and spoiled his plans. Jesus, the whole business was just as clear as

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Will Swing Be Outlawed?

Cathedral choirs used to "send" something scandalous, until the pope said thumbs down on discant

by JEROME BARRY

• ARTICLE •

THE winter day that Benny Goodman opened at the Paramount Theatre in New York, thousands of baby alligators—young swing fans—gathered in the street in front of the theatre before dawn. They built bonfires to keep warm until the doors opened at eight. When the Goodman band began to play, the youngsters swayed in their seats. Then some stood on them. Some danced in the aisles, and all who could make it clambered to the stage and shagged around the band. It took a squad of police to quell the riot.

How would you like to see that sort of thing result in censorship? Suppose it became so bad that a national law like the Volstead Act was passed to suppress it. Or suppose that the musical world purged itself of the growing curse by reforming from within under a Music Czar—someone like Kenesaw Mountain Landis, who became baseball czar after the Black Sox scandal threatened the life of organized baseball. Or like Mr. Joseph Breen, the censor of Hollywood, who became picturedom's purgative when Mae West led the parade of sex films that gave birth to the various decency leagues.

Will we have a Legion of Musical Decency? A swing amendment to the Constitution? . . . An asinine notion, fit for nothing more important than a revue skit.

The only catch is that it has already, in substance, happened before now. In the course of history, swing has more than once grown to be a menace to something or other; more than once it has been stamped out, by edict and by official power. The first time that happened was six centuries ago.

Swing isn't that old? Let's see what it is first, so we'll be sure we're talking about the same thing. "Swing music is a kind of freedom," Mr. Goodman said, in an interview reported by Michael Mok of the *New York Post* shortly after the Paramount riot. "Swing has blown the lid off music. Musicians used to be slaves—slaves to the score and to the conductor. Now for the first time they've got a chance to express themselves. . . . We play from score, the same as everybody else, but the solos are not written. When there's a trumpet solo or a saxophone solo, it's merely indicated in the music that this guy is supposed to play. He gets up and improvises—we call it sending. . . . It's like a cadenza in a violin or piano concerto, only it's a different cadenza every time. The boys in the band have a swell time playing. . . . The alligators, that's the swing fans, get the drift. They feel free, too. They let off steam, same as the players. That's all there is to swing.

"That's all there is to this dancing in the aisles and swaying and stamping and clapping and shouting. Everybody has a high old time, and the youngsters raise the most hell."

Swing, then, is improvisation, against a harmonic background, of course, determined by the song used as the basic melody. Now let's go back to the year 1322 A.D. There weren't any symphony orchestras in those days. All serious music was church music, and it was vocal music. Harmony, as we know it now, was just coming into existence. As the basis of a composition, the composer would set the Latin words to a "plain song," a slow melody in long notes. Above that he wrote two or three parts in quicker time, making harmonies with the basic plain song. Gradually, however, a method of singing called discant had come into vogue. A singer skilled in discant would add his voice to the others, and would *improvise* ornamented passages of melody around the parts that the composer had written for them. He swung it!

The medieval alligators lapped the stuff up. As the cathedral choirs passed more and more into the control of the secular singers, the divine services were performed to what must have been a close relative of Harlem's skat singing. The discanters completely disregarded the sacred words of the long-drawn-out plain song; they simply vocalized their florid improvisations, using no doubt the medieval nonsense syllables that would correspond to our vo-de-o-do or deeten-dooten-dooten. They wriggled, snapped their fingers, and made wild gestures. As early as the 12th century, we find John of Salisbury complaining, "Could you but hear one of these enervating performances executed with all the devices of the art, you might think it a chorus of Sirens, but not of men, and you would be astonished at the singers' facility, with which indeed neither that of the nightingale or parrot, nor of whatever else there may that is more remarkable in this kind, can compare." According to Jean de Muris, "they bark and bay in the manner of dogs, and like lunatics delight in disorderly and aimless hurryings to and fro."

Antred, a contemporary of John of Salisbury, says, "Sometimes thou mayst see a man with an open mouth, not to sing, but as it were to breathe out his last gasp, by shutting in his breath, and by a certain ridiculous interception of his voice to threaten silence, and now again to imitate the agonies of a dying man, or the ecstasies of such as suffer."

Antred was referring to such vocal gymnastics as the "hoquet" and particularly the "plica," a form of embellishment that combined guttural tones with a falsetto grace note. In other words, the church singer who did the swinging yodeled when he felt like it. A troupe of our current hillbillies would have been right at home in the choir loft.

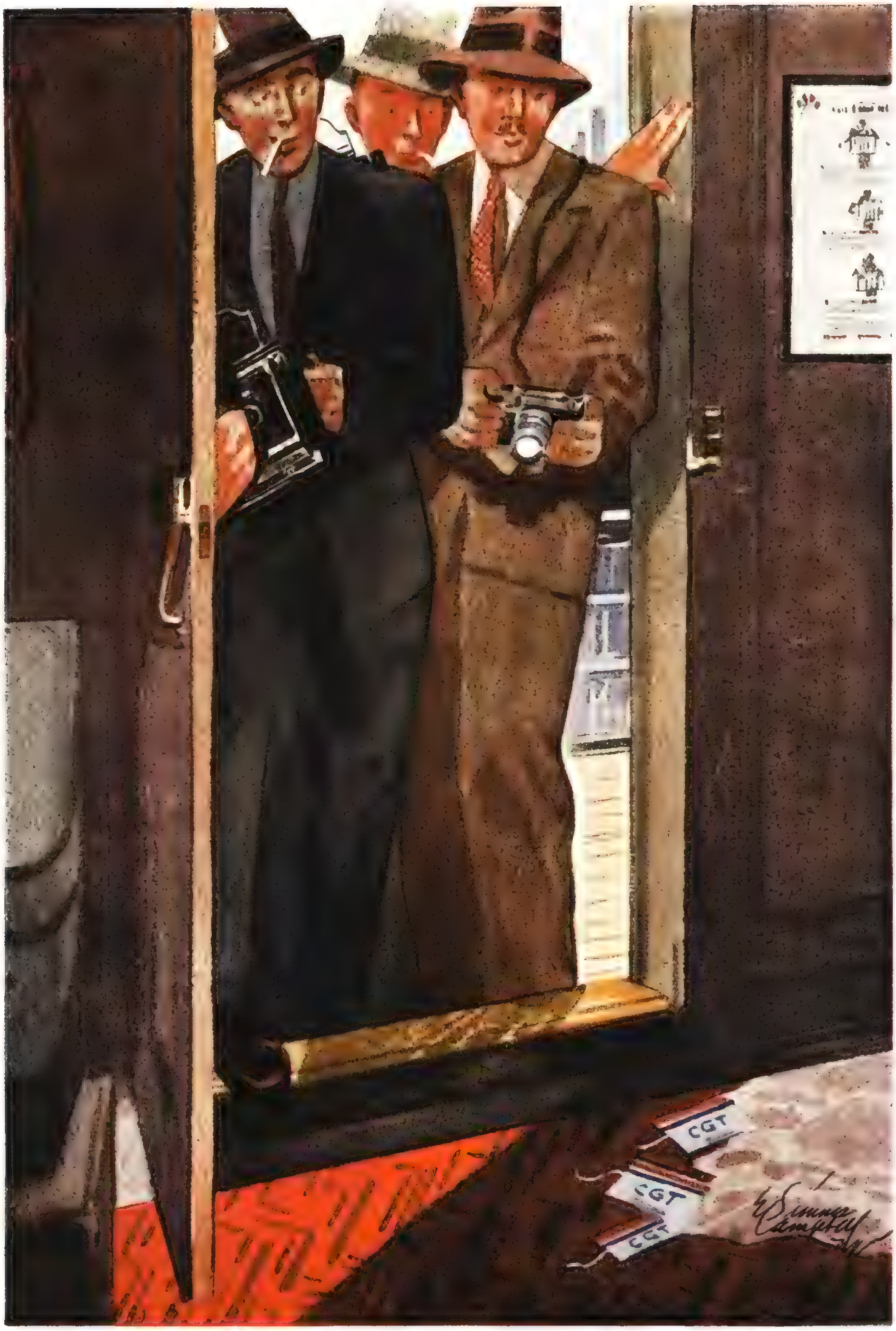
Worst of all, however, was the result of the habit that secular composers had of borrowing melodies for their upper parts from popular songs, which in those days were about equally divided between bawdy love ballads and rowdy drinking choruses. The discanters used the words as well as the music of the profane songs.

In composite, then, we get an interesting impression of the cathedral musical style of that day—a Cab Calloway skat singer swinging a hot version of one of the more risqué night club ditties, with hillbilly yodels interspersed, all this as improvised accompaniment to a slow sacred song that was lost in the din.

Result: prohibition.

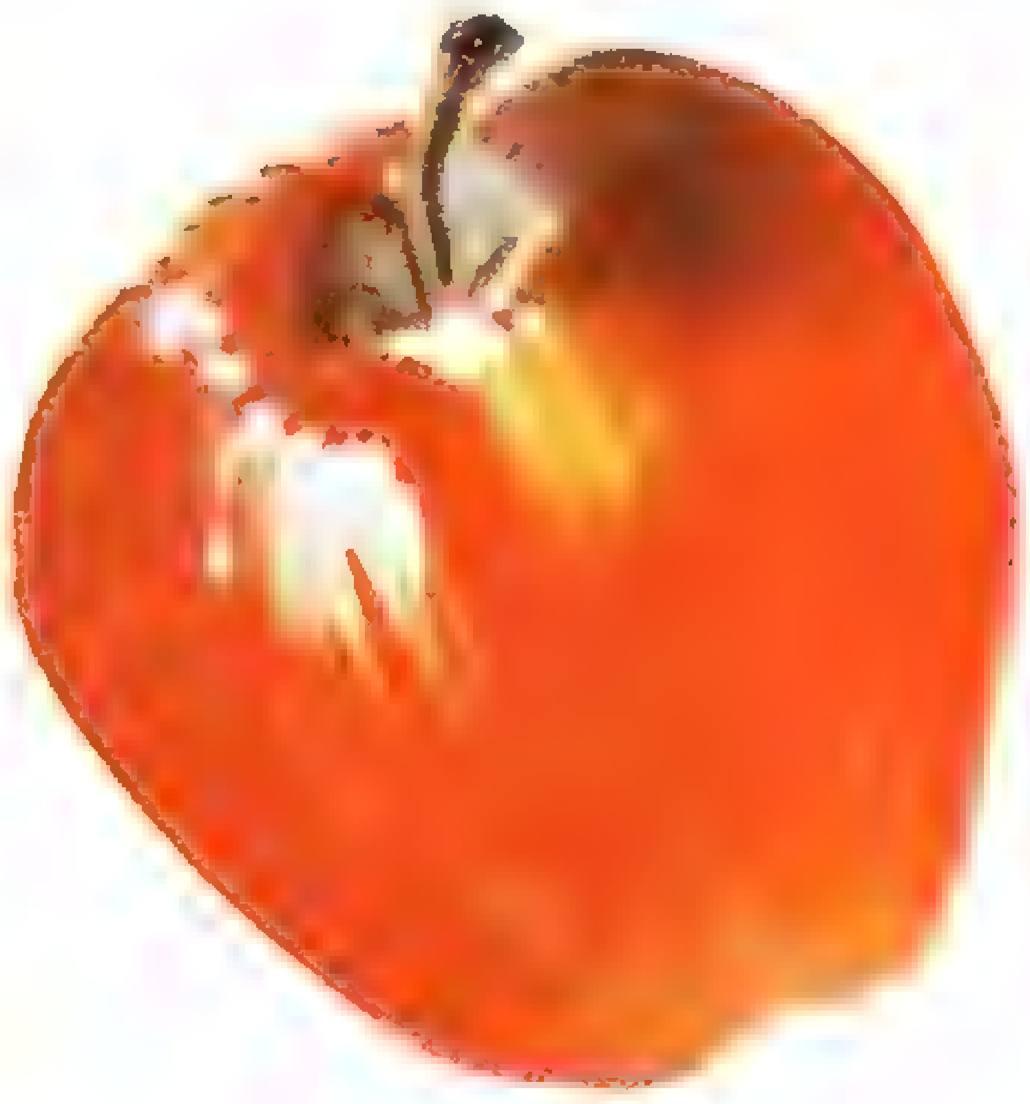
In 1322, at Avignon, Pope John XXII issued a decree absolutely forbidding the use of discant, even of the most elementary kind, in the church services. "The music therefore of the divine offices," he wrote, "is now performed with semibreves and minims, and with these notes of small value every composition is pestered. Moreover, they truncate the melodies with hoquets, they deprave them with discants, sometimes they even stuff them with upper parts made out of secular songs. . . . Their voices are incessantly running to and fro, intoxicating the ear, not soothing it, while the men themselves

Continued on page 193

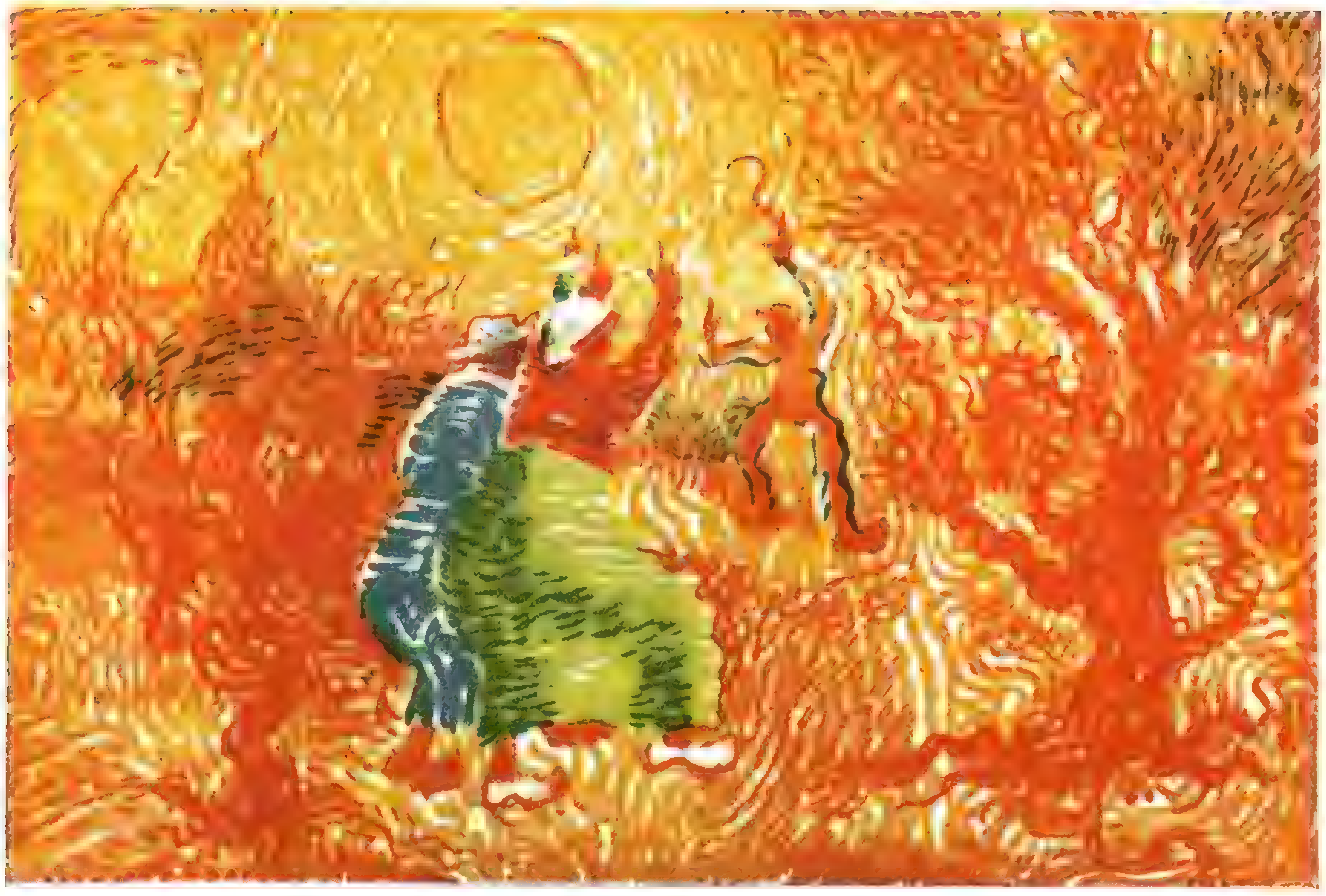

CGT
CGT
CGT
E. Simms Campbell

"—Beg pardon Miss Yvetti, but would you mind posing on the ship's rail—after you slip something on, of course"

The Last of the

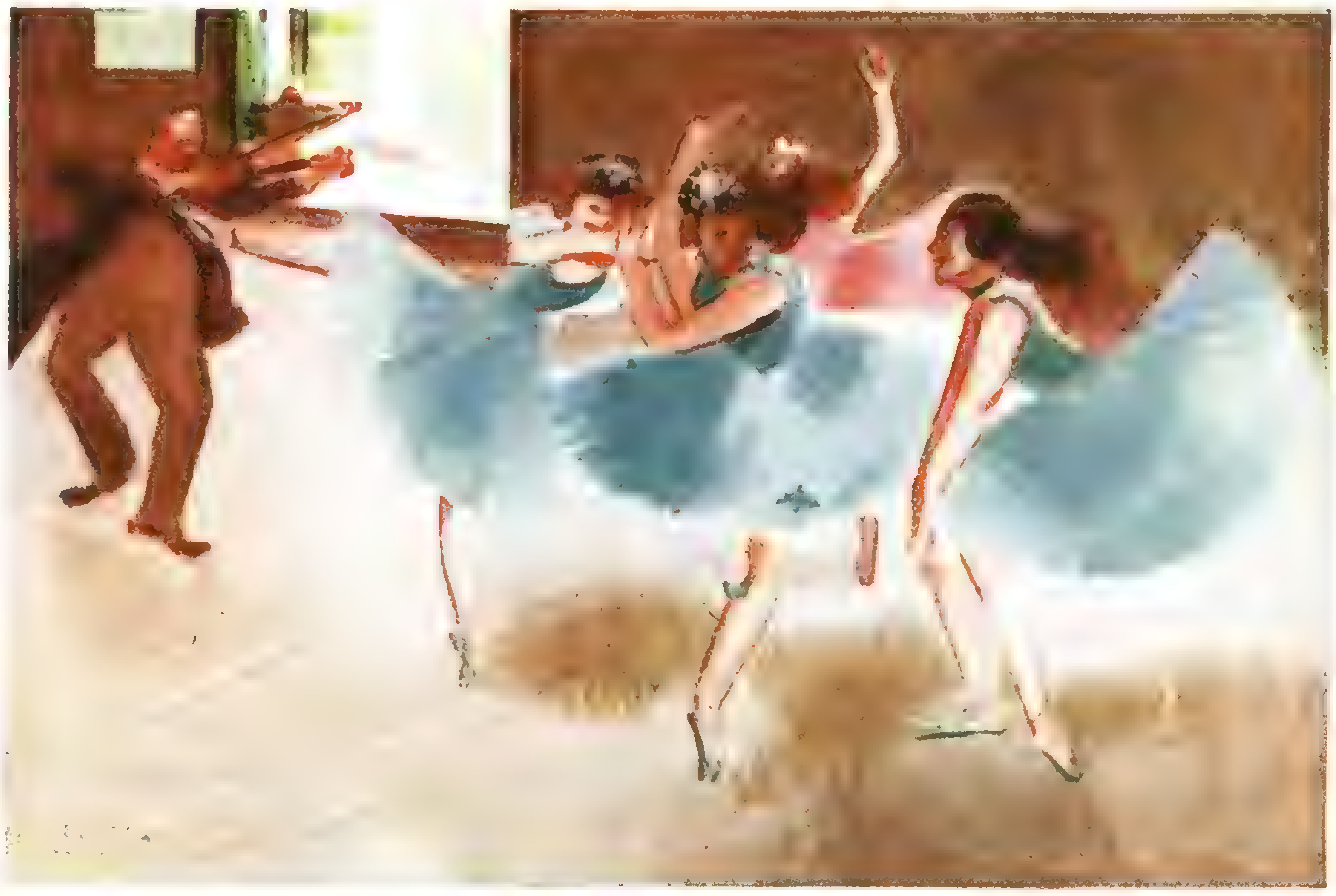


by E. SIMMS CAMPBELL

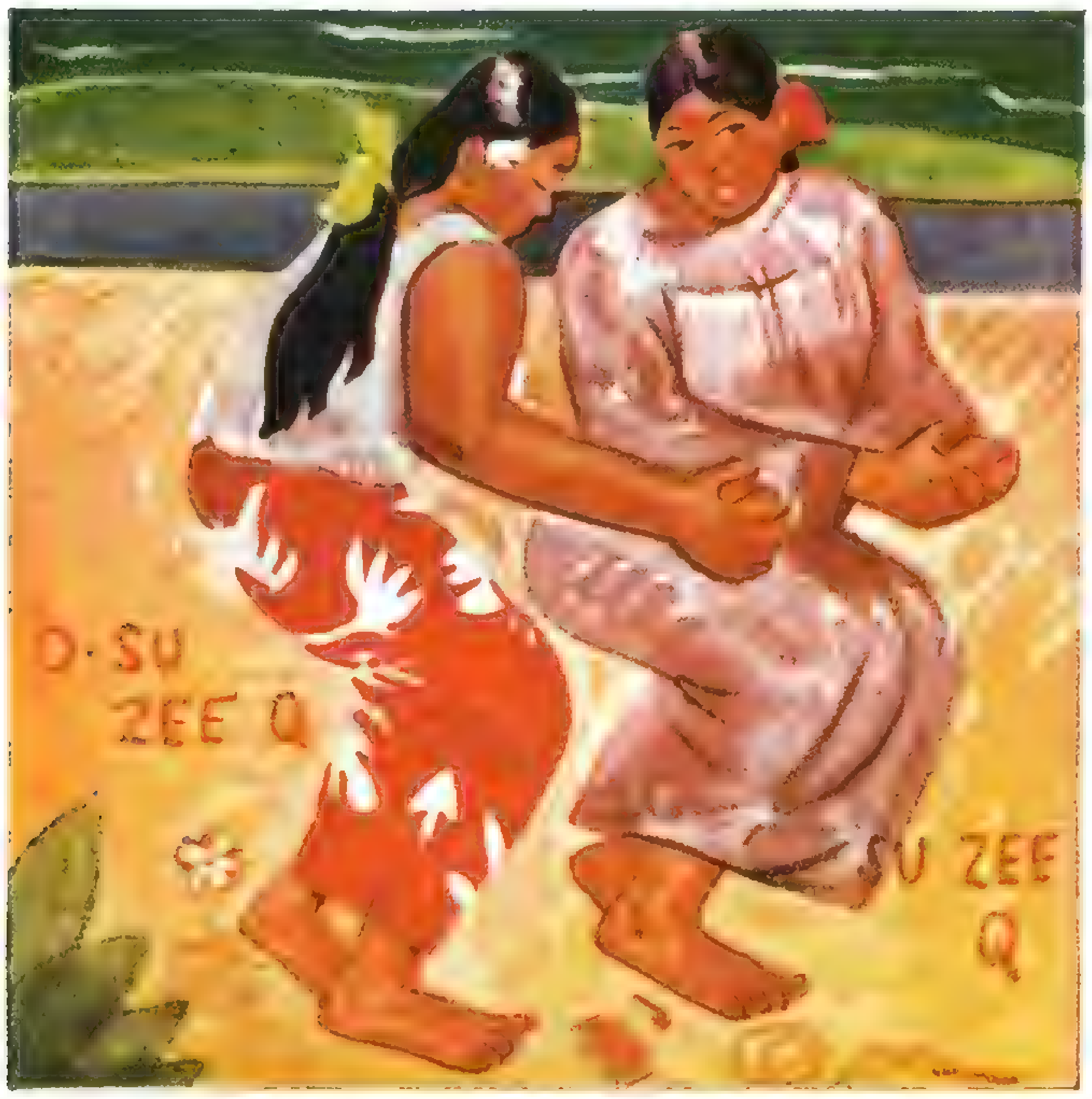


"BIG APPLEING AT ARLES"—VINCENT VAN GOGH

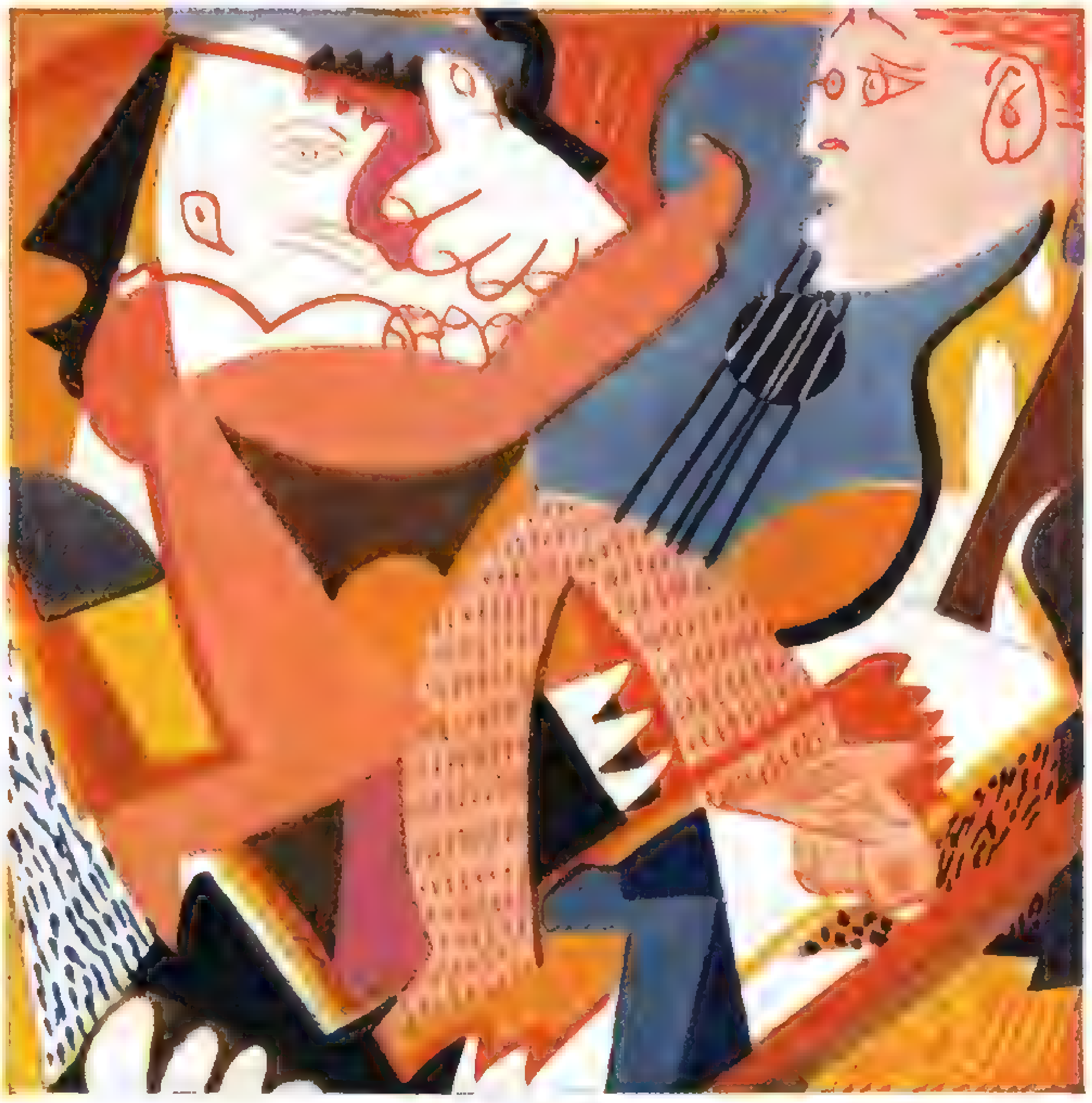
ABOVE, Campbell's idea of the Big Apple by Vincent Van Gogh. We find the peasants of Arles truckin' on down the fields and everything burned well-nigh to a crisp. Next, a group of Degas' hard-working ballet girls decide to raise a little Hell, while the flinty old instructor, who turns out to be as good a sport as the next fellow, swings on his fiddle. Down in Tahiti, Paul Gauguin's little woman and another member of the Junior League are whooping it up. All those mystic letters and symbols (o-Su Zee Q, etc.) are rife with meaning. Roughly translated, they signify that the Spirit of the Dead is closer than they think, the poor saps. On the lower right is an abstraction by that master of them all, Pablo Picasso. This version of the Big Apple might be called a dance of the intelligence. It's a pretty highly evolved piece of work. But you get the idea, don't you? Or do you?



"DANCERS IN BLUE, CHARLESTONING"—EDGAR DEGAS

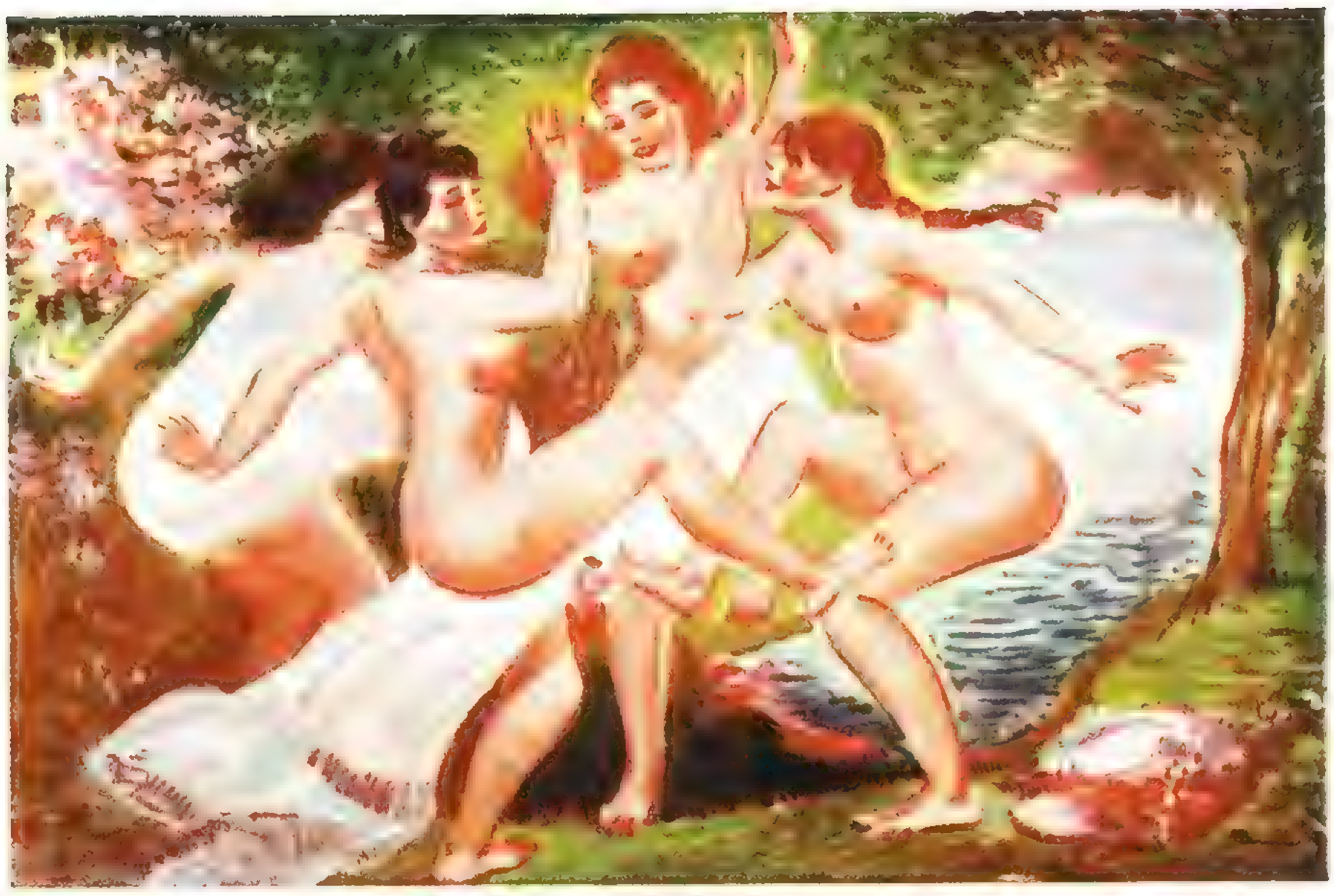


"TAHITIAN BROADS"—PAUL GAUGUIN

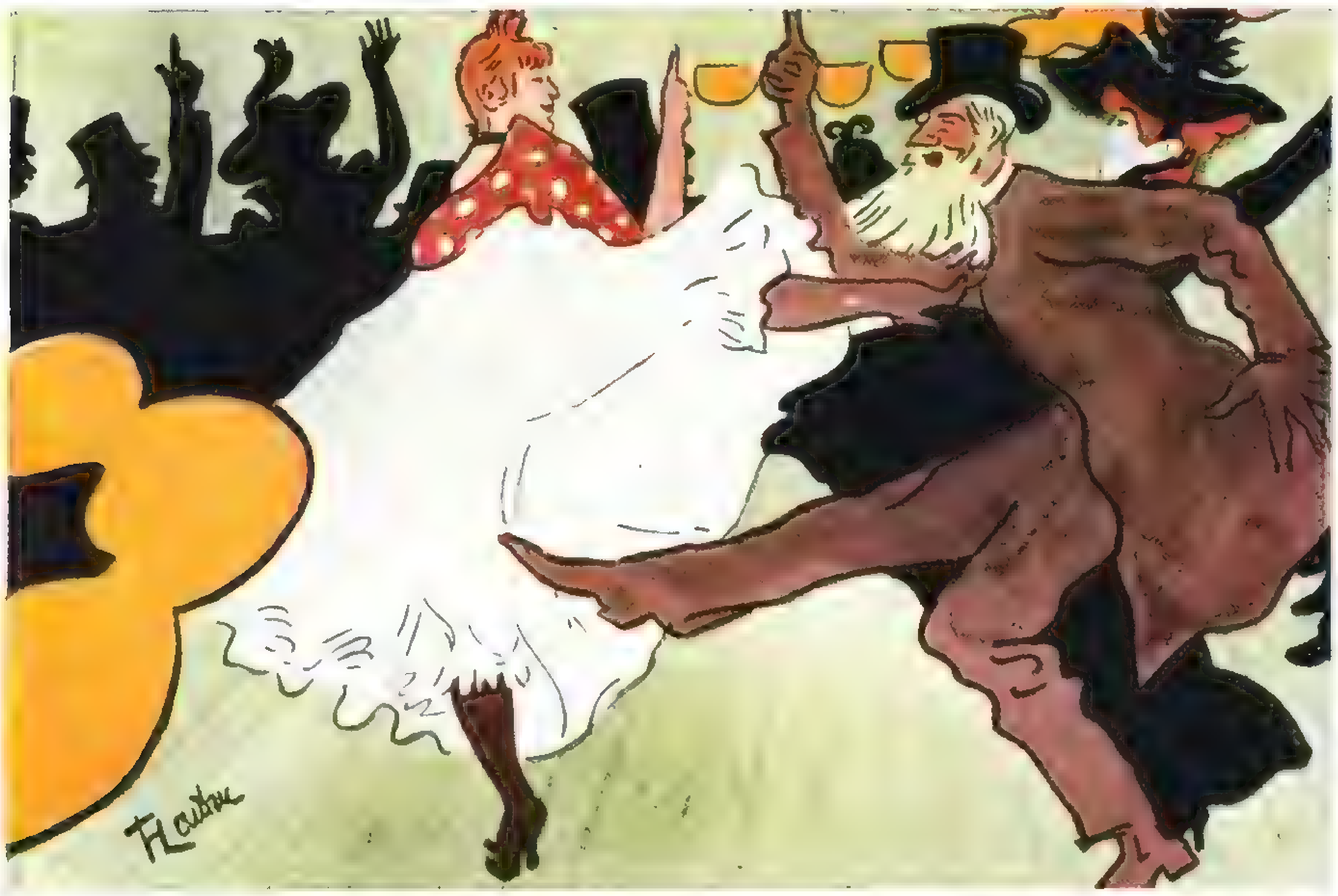


"APPLESTRACTION"—PICASSO

E. SIMMS CAMPBELL, who has occasionally wondered why some of the moderns paint as they do, decided to knock off a few pictures in the manner of the great. He confides, *sotto voce*, that he suspects all may not be art that is lapped up by the boys on 57th Street. He also has a lurking suspicion that such baffling terms as surface unity, plasticity, organized space and juxtaposition of light and shade are tossed around to kid the neo-intelligentsia. At any rate this is his impression of how the better selling masters would interpret America's national craze, the Big Apple.

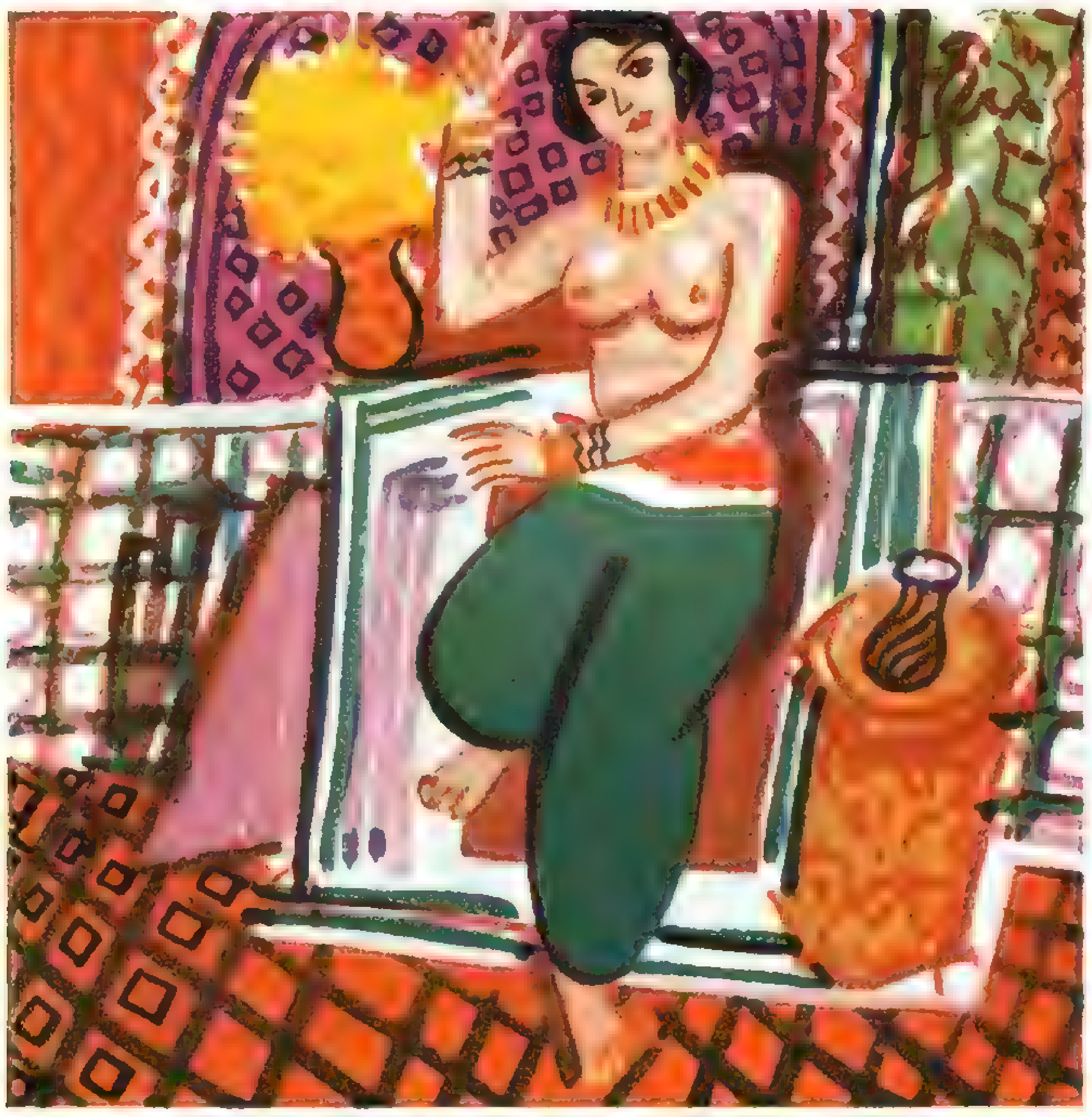


"BATHERS SWINGING"—RENOIR

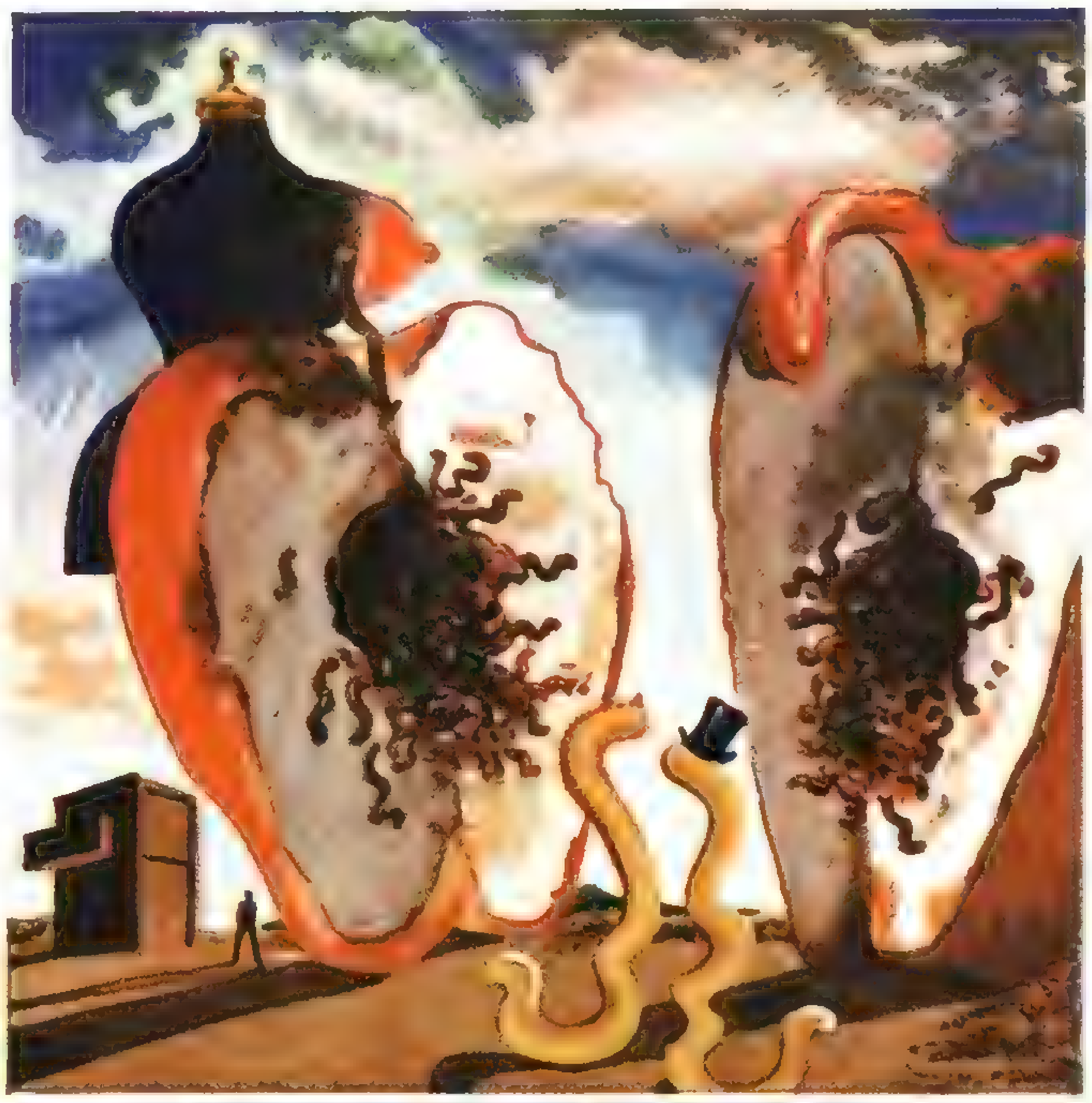


"SWING IT, YOU CATS!"—TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

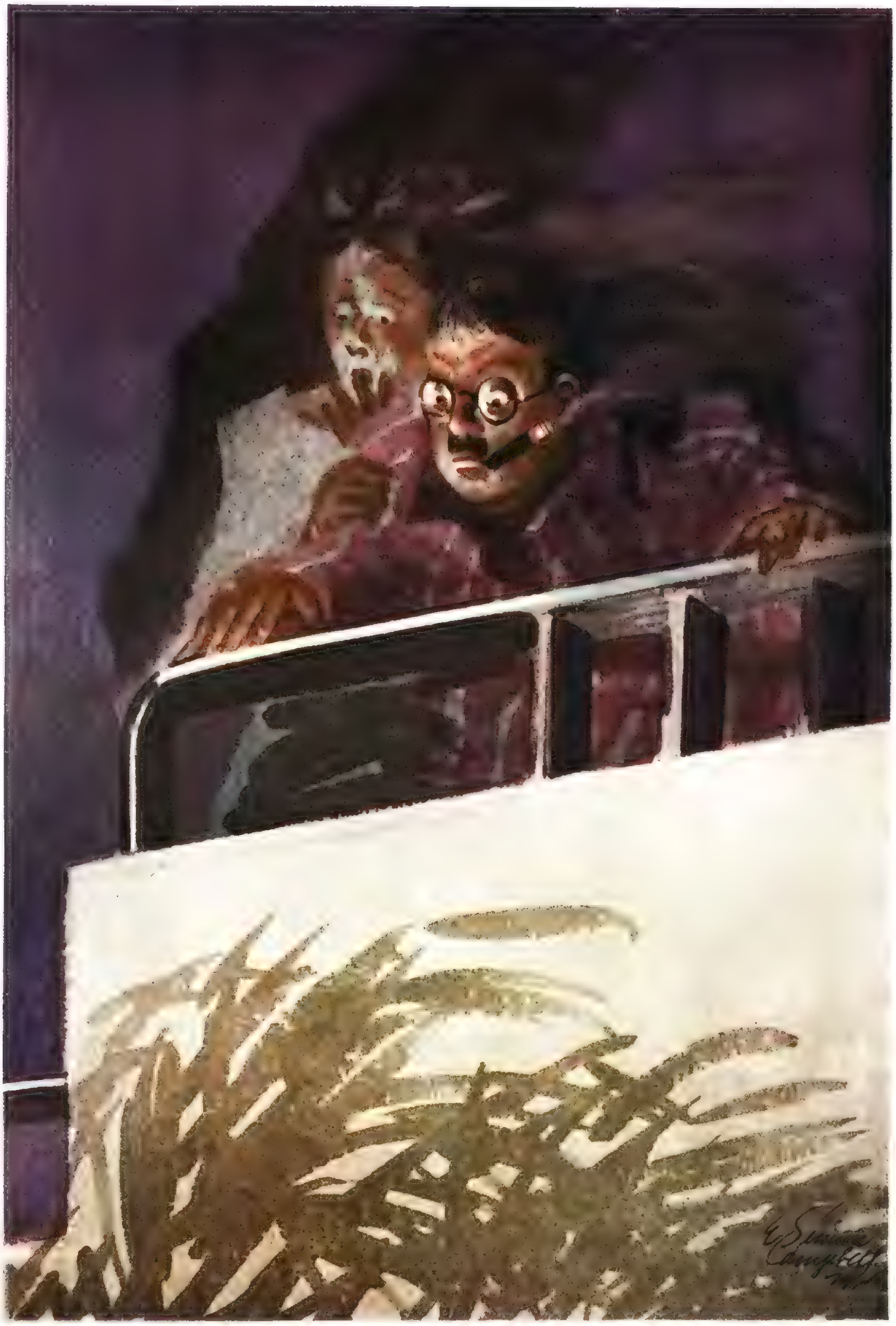
IN THE painting above, a bevy of Renoir's bathers have been caught, as usual, off their guard. For your information, they are not sunburned. Renoir always made his models pink like that because he used to paint porcelain, and just never got out of the habit. Left, a Toulouse-Lautrec. Those gay old gentlemen used to play around plenty, back in the 'nineties, and often painted the Moulin Rouge. Here they are going to town with some female companions who are, to put it nicely, no better than they ought to be. Lower left, an odalisque warming up—painted as Campbell thinks Matisse thinks a child would paint her. And last of all, a nightmare by Salvador Dali, who gets a big kick out of dressmaker's forms and decayed vegetation. This seems to be the last of the Big Apple, all right. According to Freud, anybody who has a dream like this must hate himself pretty bad.



"TRUCKIN' ODALISQUE"—HENRI MATISSE



"SOFT SMELLING CONSTRUCTION"—DALI


E. Simms Campbell

"—Maybe you'd better give them your consent after all, dear"

The Class Report

What has happened to the big activity boys, the grinds, the Christers, the football heroes?

by PARKE CUMMINGS

SATIRE

It is nothing short of fascinating to trace the careers of one's former classmates in college, and to note how they are making out in the stirring battle of life. College training, whatever critics may say, leaves its marks on the graduates who depart from the classic halls, and go out into the world. The proof of this is in the innumerable class reports that are published throughout the length and breadth of this great land of ours. These reports, usually published at intervals of five years after the class's graduation, serve as a splendid check on what the sons of alma mater are accomplishing. What I like to do is check them against the senior albums or year books which are chronicles of these same men's careers *in* college.

Let us, then, take a typical university, Gargantua, and do a little comparing, noticing how our subjects' college careers check up with their accomplishments after graduation. There is, for instance, Ned Hollingley. Ned was president of the student Y.M.C.A., and the leading Bible student in his class. He wasn't especially well known to his classmates, because Ned led a secluded life, and didn't go in for athletics or for high jinks of any description. In fact those of his cronies who knew him intimately looked upon him as what is technically known as a Christer.

Let us see how Ned is making out, now that fifteen years have passed since he received his diploma. No doubt Ned went on to divinity school. But why speculate? This is what he has written for the class's fifteenth year report:

"Had no clear idea of what I wanted to do when I got out of college, but finally secured a position in a song-publishing firm through a friend of my father's. Although I didn't care for the work, I made many valuable contacts. When my father died, he left me an appreciable sum of money, and I started a small informal night club in Greenwich Village, New York. It did reasonably well, but three years ago, I decided to expand, and am today the owner of the Dipsy Doo on 52nd Street. We have the best floor show in the city, featuring the world's most beautiful girls, and we are justly proud of the quality of our cuisine and liquor. I wish any classmates who get to New York would come in and look me up. I can guarantee them the best table in the place and an A-1 time."

Well, good for Ned! Then there is Archer Trask. In college Archer was considered the stormy petrel of his class. Although he styled himself as a liberal, he was looked on as an out-and-out radical, if not a communist. He was the editor-in-chief of *Freedom*, the college's liberal magazine, and was the guiding light of the liberal forum, a speaking society dedicated to the socialization of all natural resources, recognition of Russia, and the complete abandonment of our army and navy. Archer came pretty near getting thrown out of college for saying that Cal Coolidge ought to be embalmed in ice.

It was expected that Archer's pen would, in the years to come, write many a stirring word for the liberalization of the masses, and, indeed, it appears that Archer made some attempts along that line: "Tried free-lance writing for such magazines as the *Nation* and the *New Republic* when I got out of college, but found that I couldn't make a go of it. In 1926 I joined the brokerage firm of Atkins, Fordyce and Whittlesy in Wall Street, and have been with them ever since. Was admitted to a partnership last year, and so my name has been added to the firm. Things have been very trying in the past five or six years, and unless Roosevelt and his crew of communists get the gate in 1940, I can see nothing but utter chaos ahead."

What becomes of athletes? All sorts of things, I suppose, but, to be specific, what became of Joe ("Bull") McGrogan, the class's leading muscle-and-sinew man? What a record Bull set up in his college career! All-American tackle for two years. Holder of Gargantua's shot-put and hammer-throw record! Captain of the basketball team, and intercollegiate heavyweight boxing champion in his senior year! There was a man for you!

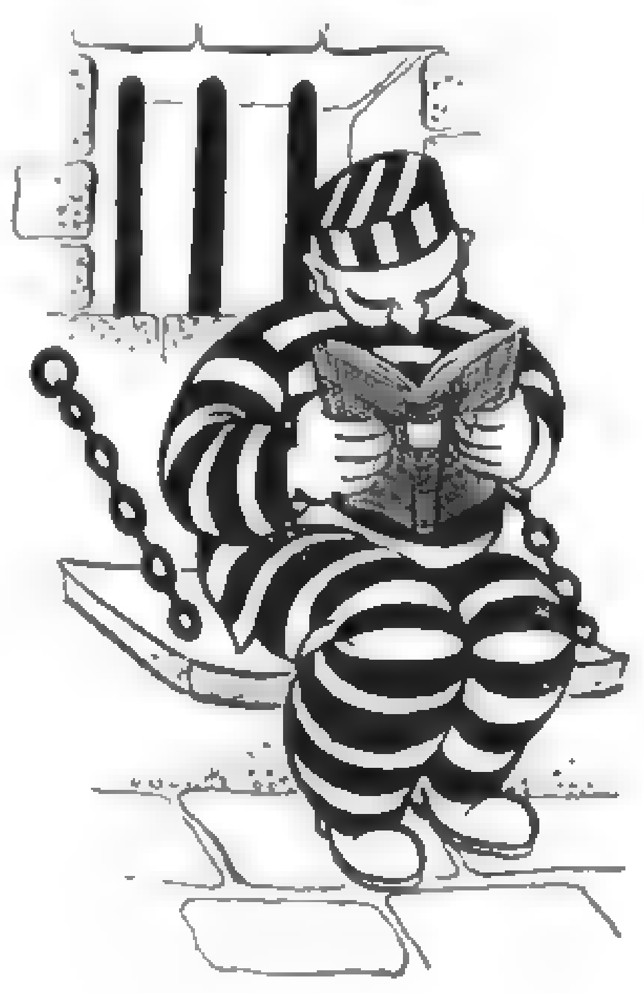
And what has Joe to say for himself? "Ran a boy's camp for several years, but could find no future in it. Finally accepted a job with the Cosmopolitan Museum, and have been with it ever since. Have specialized in textiles, and my book on the origins and history of Venetian lace was published by Otterbach and Fanchon two years ago. For recreation I play chess. Used to attempt golf a few years ago, but gave it up as too strenuous. Another of my hobbies is flower-growing, and my petunias last summer got me an honorary membership in the Millersville Women's Garden Club."

Beyond all doubt the class bon vivant was Charlie Elsworth. Charlie was head of the Junior Prom Committee, was always going off to New York, Philadelphia and Boston for deb parties or theatre openings, and he dressed the part. In fact he won the title of best-dressed man in the class without a dissenting vote. Charlie could order a dinner with the best of them, and the parties he threw in his sumptuous college suite were the talk of the campus. Naturally he was in all the best clubs. He probably had at least twenty-five girls on his string.

He writes, somewhat laconically: "Am raising potatoes in Maine. Haven't been south of Bangor for six years."

Fred Thomas was probably the hardest-working and most conscientious man in the class. He studied every night into the wee hours of the morning, and he would have died before even so much as accepting the merest hint from a classmate as to how to do a difficult problem in calculus or how to work up a snappy introduction for an essay on the English lake poets. It was Fred, editorial chairman of the college daily, who came out with a stirring editorial against proselyting and hypocrisy in intercollegiate athletics.

And what has become of Fred? It seems that everybody in his class knows, but let's hear Fred's side of the case. "I hope that my classmates won't judge me too harshly, and I want to repeat that I did not embezzle the funds of the Second National, but merely used them as I had every legal right to do. Although the courts have not as yet granted me a new trial, I am confident that in the end I will vindicate myself. I have just been appointed resident foreman of the prison machine shop."



During his undergraduate career, there was no one to dispute Harry Grummer's title as the class wit. Harry was president of the

Continued at top of page 149

The Earliest Americans

Archeologists know a lot about the Folsom Man considering they haven't even found a shin bone

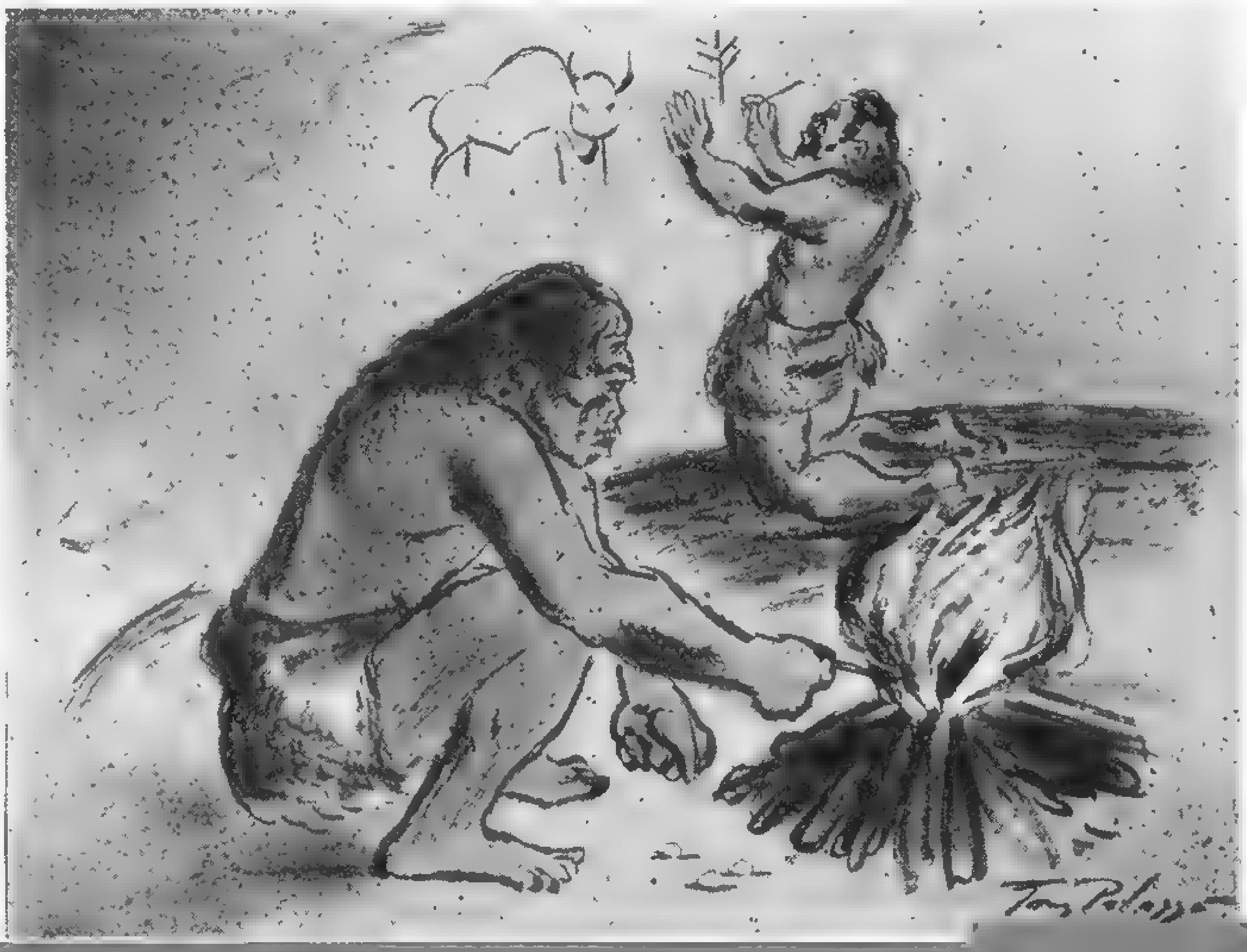
by G. EDWARD PENDRAY

• ARTICLE •

PREHISTORIC Man—real Prehistoric Man and not just an Indian's ancestor—has been pretty illusive in America. The old fellow neglected to leave cave pictures of himself and his prehistoric animal contemporaries. He was careless about burying his dead, or else too careful; in any case his skeletons are not easily coaxed out of hiding. And he wasn't a confirmed cave dweller. He left pitifully few layers of refuse such as delight archeologists.

This regrettable circumstance is all the more embarrassing because, unperturbed by the lack of real evidence, divers villains have taken direct action, and manufactured some for the home trade.

Such an item was the famous Cardiff Giant, the most notorious prehistoric man ever to be fashioned under the chisel of an amateur sculptor. His creator, one George Hall, quarried a block of gypsum near Fort Dodge, Iowa, in 1868, carved it into a crude statue of a man, and buried it near Cardiff, New York. The following year it was conveniently discovered by a crew of men digging a well. It had taken on a gratifyingly ancient appearance, and soon was in the hands of spielers and exhibitors, who carted the ten-foot stone from one end of the continent to the other, selling glimpses to the yokels.



In scientific circles there broke out immediately a furious discussion of the Calaveras Skull.

One who had no doubt of the skull's antiquity was Professor J. D. Whitney, state geologist of California. He tackled the job of gathering an impressive collection of similar evidence from the gold sands, producing a prodigious bid for California as the home of the world's oldest man. The Calaveras Skull is still preserved at the Peabody Museum, Harvard University, but Whitney's conclusions about it have been mostly discredited. Some wag of a miner, it appears, took the series of discoveries proving that prehistoric South Americans had been buddies with ancient animals so long extinct they had no names but Latin ones. In the beginning he cautiously dated these finds in Eocene time —thirty-five to fifty-five million years ago. He ended by making a blanket claim that not only man and his forerunners, but all the mammals of the world, originated in South America.

Such goings-on presently made it unhealthy, scientifically, for anyone to speak of human beings in America before the Indians. In the 1890's, shrewd, precise, wrathful Professor W. H. Holmes, of the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institute, went up and down North America, seeking out and exposing frauds, exaggerated claims and amateur enthusiasm. Under his leadership the Prehistoric Man became very unrespectable. The Old World boldly paraded its *Pithecanthropus Erectus*, its Piltdown Man, its Old Man of Heidelburg, unashamedly claiming ages for them up to 500,000 years. American archeologists were discreetly content with puttering around among the comparatively recent ruins of Central America and the Southwest, deciphering inscriptions little older than the Christian Era, exploring the

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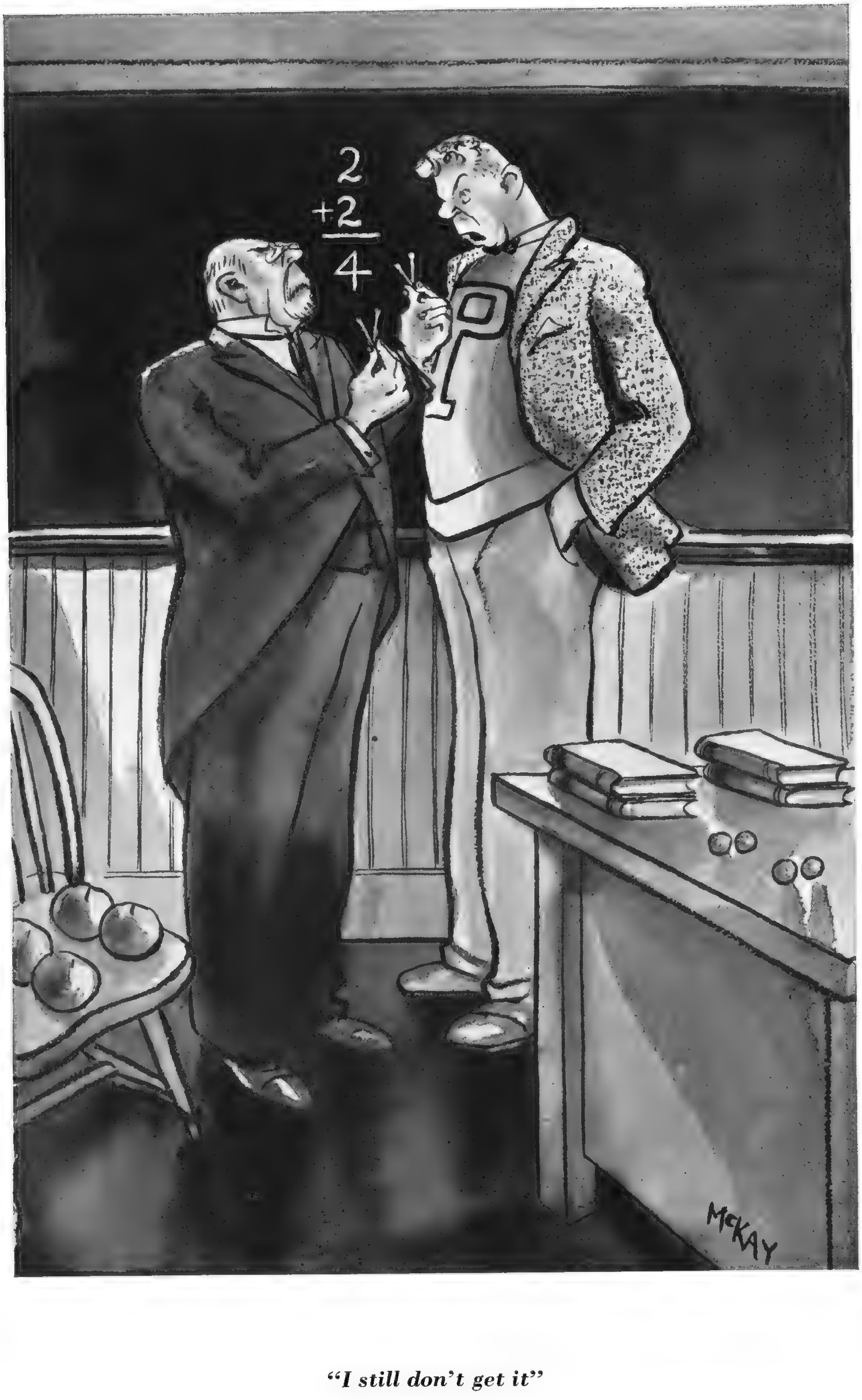


"I still don't get it"

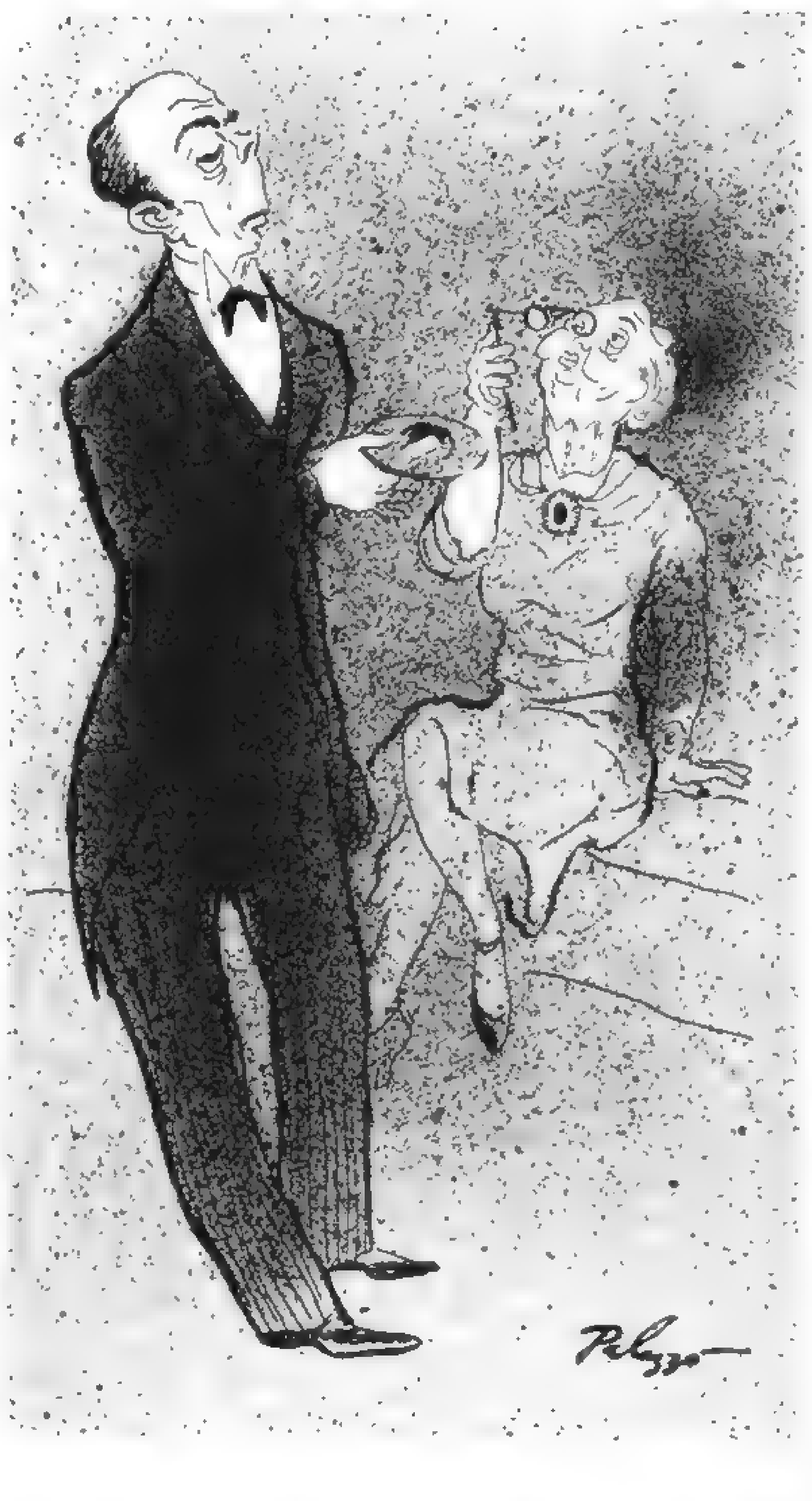
First Nights & Passing Judgments

On the Lord God, Lord and Lady Pishmince and other eminentos figuring in the season's drama

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

THE circumstance that three or four plays dealing with theological matters have enjoyed a considerable box-office prosperity this year has generated any number of newspaper and magazine treatises arguing that audiences have become so acutely religious-minded that it probably won't be long before they enter theatres on their knees and spend the intermissions singing hymns. While it is unquestionably true that many members of the theatrical public have become somewhat fed up with the old, stale routine of dramatic anatomy and physiology and desire something slightly more elevated and spiritual for a change, the advent of the several plays in question no more indicates a generally positive trend or wave, as the dialecticians designate it, than the appearance last season of three or four plays dealing with boys' schools indicated that audiences were avid to put on short pants again and get the hell beaten out of them for not being in bed, with all lights out, by ten o'clock.



It is one of the fruitier humors of theatrical reporting that when it sets out to argue a point it not only grabs at any straw, however hollow, to sustain that point, but loudly sucks so much illogic through it that the argument at bottom gurgles around like a French soubrette. Consider the situation at issue. Does the fact that such plays as *Father Malachy's Miracle*, *Shadow and Substance*, *Susan and God* and *Many Mansions*, all treating in one way or another with ecclesiastical matters, have succeeded with audiences any more conclusively prove that the public has suddenly gone crazy about religion than the equally considerable success of *Amphitryon 38*, *Golden Boy*, *Of Mice and Men*, *The Star-Wagon* and half a dozen other plays which have no faintest concern with ecclesiastical matters proves that the public has no use at all for religion? Among the most disastrous bloomers of the season have been no less than ten plays dealing with sex. Does their prompt failure further intimate that the public has suddenly become continent to the point of being monastic?

Another error that the reporters commit lies in their cunning neglect to analyze the plays with which they seek to substantiate their belief in a religious revival. Of the four exhibits named, only one, *Shadow and Substance*, offers any definite ground for their contention, as it is the only one of the four that in any accurate sense relates to faith and the spiritual world. *Susan and God* is simply a light comedy that spoofs Buchmanism, *Father Malachy's Miracle* a genial trick play of Chestertonian flavor that has a bit of ironic fun with skeptics of Biblical lore, and *Many Mansions* a dish of claptrap that treats of the alarums of a young soul-wrestler in the field of organized religion. Neither it nor *Susan and God* contains enough of the spiritual to fill a quinine capsule.

But whether the theatregoing public is beginning to become God-conscious or not, there is one thing the season has indicated more or less definitely. And that, though an exception may now and again momentarily dispute the rule, is that English polite comedy of the species long made familiar by MM. Carton, Chambers, et al., and their direct British offspring is rapidly passing out of local favor. Frederick Lonsdale's *Once Is Enough* is the latest imported specimen and while at this early writing I am unable to say how it will fare at the box office, I believe that even if it fares pretty well it won't prove that such plays stand much of a chance in the future, unless perhaps they happen to be written by Maugham and are acted by a cast headed by Marie Tempest, Ina Claire, the Duchess of Windsor, Elsa Maxwell, Robert Benchley and Noel Coward, with John Gielgud as the butler and Jessie Matthews as the maid. The average specimen, what with its Dukes, Duchesses, Lords and Ladies all airily comporting themselves like Michael Arlen trying to be Sacha Guitry and rather impressing everybody as Sacha Guitry distressingly being Michael Arlen, is quickly galloping toward the boneyard where lie buried the farces in which the rich bachelor uncle from Brazil returned unexpectedly and no end embarrassed the young married couple who had told him they had a baby, the problem plays in which the young waster son of the proud household got the maid in a family way, the melodramas in which the Italian organ-grinder turned out to be a Pinkerton detective and rounded up the wop counterfeiting ring that was holding Baby Marie, the banker's little daughter, for ransom, and the musical comedies in which the chorus at the finale excitedly described a horse race which was apparently being run around the back of the auditorium, imperiling the safety of George Lederer, Morris Gest, J. J. Shubert and the ushers, and which finished off-stage at upper right in front of Diamond Jim Brady and Foxhall Keene, who were waiting patiently outside the dressing rooms of Lotta Faust and Mazie Follette.

What has minimized local interest in the polite English comedies is their failure over a period of thirty years to depart perceptibly from an established pattern. I have seen almost all of them produced in that time and my stream of consciousness about them is surely not different from that of anyone else who has had a similar protracted experience of them. With apologies to James Joyce, here it is:

Lord Whitehall (Reggie) Lord Pinkhall (Archie) Lord Mauvehall (Dickie) Jenks Jeeves Jarvis ten footmen port whiskey soda Lady Whitehall (Bimbo) Lady Pinkhall (Rimbo) Lady Mauvehall (Limbo) Ciro's Ritz Riviera Rhodesia the Bushwah country in South Africa golf tennis but I say old man the Pig and Whistle Rolls Royce Hispano Suiza the Gaiety Sybil Tremaine Lord Luddington (Booboo) Lady Luddington (Baba) Oakes Doakes Hoakes eight footmen brandy soda tea tea sex is the duty of the poor the diversion of the rich you old blighter heigh-ho a little bit of all right old dear old darling Nigel has got to the point where he has no point dinner is served miladi I could never like *Siegfried* it so cuts into one's supper Claridge's the Carlton those strange Americans the Earl of Essussex (Choochoo) Hipps manservant as Remy de Gourmont observed sir as Balzac observed sir as Schopenhauer observed sir Tony may be what you say darling but he is charming and he understands women Lord Barradine (Nicky) Lady Barradine (Nooki) bitch Sir Donald Heathcote M.P. Sir Aubrey Heathcote K.C. Sir Nigel Heathcote M.P.K.C. Paris the Meurice Biarritz Rudge Mudge Fudge seven footmen whiskey soda port tea tea Derek Pettigrew Diana Pettigrew the Marchioness of Devon (Moxie) Mayfair Belgravia little restaurant in Soho sex is the multiplication of the poor the subtraction of the rich I'm bored my dear I shall go mad Ramon Rolando gigolo polo the Duchess of Highgate (Mokus) the Duke of Highgate (Tokus) Lewes Hewes Pewes six footmen tea tea tea whiskey soda whiskey

Continued on page 161

GAIL PATRICK
Hurrell Photograph

GINGER ROGERS
Hurrell Photograph

The Candid Cameraman

Smelling propaganda in Marco Polo and wishing better luck for Walt Disney with his next fairy tale

by MEYER LEVIN

• MOVIES •

A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE MOVIES

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

THE WAVE: Paul Strand's simple epic of life in a Mexican fishing village. So beautifully photographed that the screen seems to hold a succession of salon-prints. Yet the photography is only a means to tell a grave, tender, and strong story. Watch for the scenes where the fish are actually visible getting tangled in the nets. Watch, too, for the moment when the father mutely reaches for the grave-diggers shovel, and finishes filling the grave of his own child.

EN SAGA: Swedish photoplay of life among the roving Lapp tribes of reindeer herders. Not quite a *Nanook of the North;* nevertheless an honest and often beautiful work. The skiing scenes gain because here people ski not for sport, but as a means of getting somewhere. Two sequences of wolf-packs pursuing sledges reach the ultimate in horror-suspense. Picture may also be billed as *Leila.*

LOVE, HONOR, AND BEHAVE: An unspectacular domestic drama with a good many of the tender home touches that made *Make Way For Tomorrow* outstanding. Notable especially for its attack on our national "good loser" fetish, finally and excellently characterized in a stunning speech by Thomas Mitchell as being a cover-up for a "morbid fear of failure." Mitchell is great as a typical fighter-type business man, he sets the pace for a group of three-dimensional performances by the entire cast. Picture goes Hollywoody in the spank-the-wife finale. Though a good drag-out fight, it follows the current picture vogue for female-beating. Hollywood is very cleverly putting across this wife-whaling idea in a comic vein, capitalizing on the sinister and sadistic impulses of the times. With not a little lechery-release involved.

RHAPSODY: A Technicolor short released as an experiment by M-G-M. Consists of abstract color-pattern interpretation of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody. Though entire sections of the piece use such banal design as expanding orange circles, there are passages of true interpretive feeling, beautiful color-harmonies and some exquisitely right flights of movement.

GO ALONG TO SEE

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS: Some fresh indirect touches and a slew of fairly bright performances by such reliable folk as Robert Young. Concerns the misunderstandings of the married. There's a very neat stretch of broken-dialogue running at a foursome night club table scene. Half-remarks with knife-up pauses. Very realistic.

IN OLD CHICAGO: If you must have something to outdo the San Francisco earthquake, what could be more suitable than the Chicago fire? The actual burning scenes, and crowd-horror scenes, hover between the grandiose and the beautiful. If just a little more time had been given, many of them would have been beautiful. Quite a few liberties with Mrs. O'Leary and her sons. But also quite a sociological punch, and a real Chicago flavor. Dirty politics, saloon gangs, slums, tricked elections, fake reform parties. Why old Chicago?

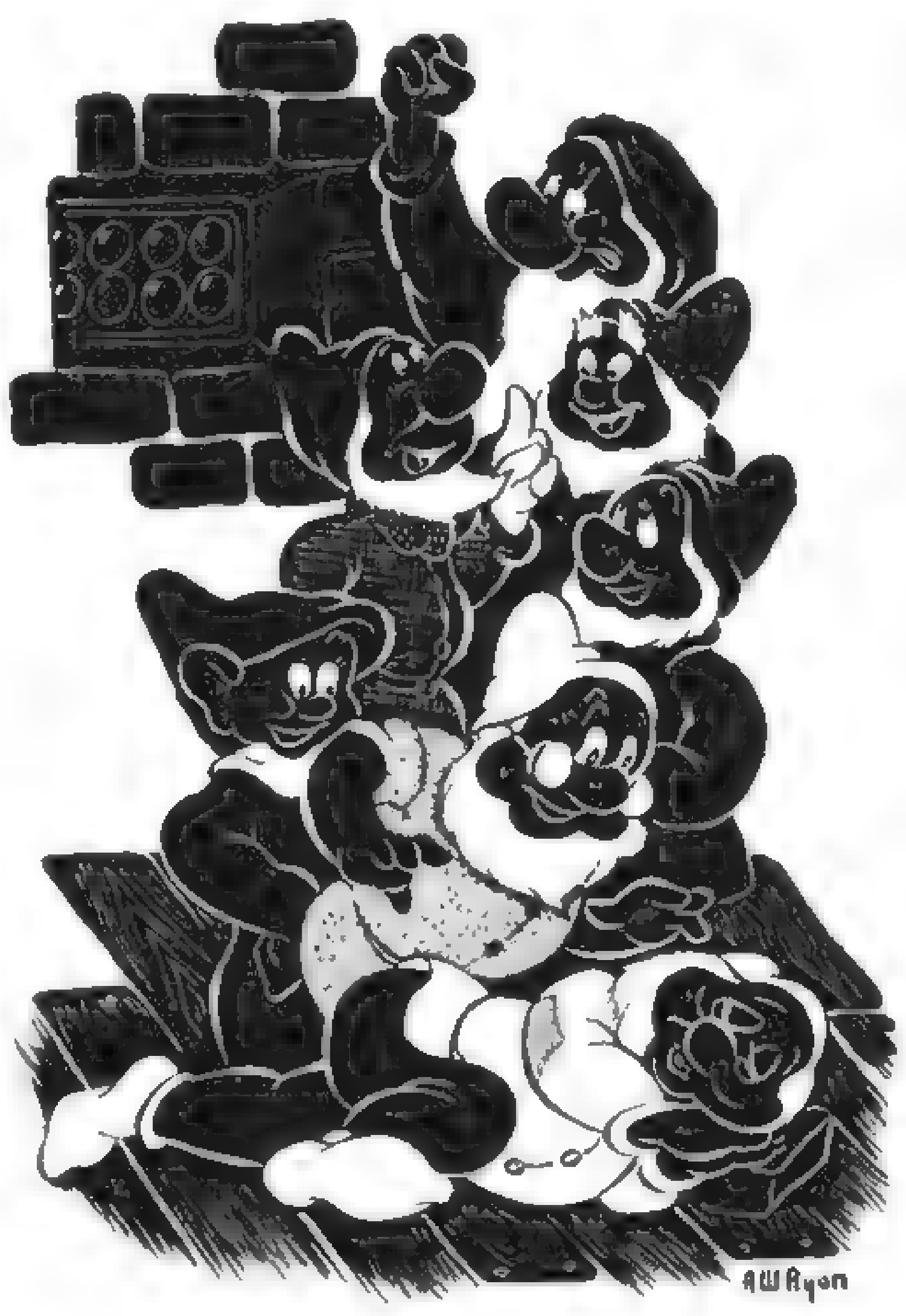
SNOW WHITE: Good, but should have been better. See main review.

TOM SAWYER: Routine, I would say a touch sissified version, with effective cave sequences. Huck Finn inadequate.

JEZEBEL: They talked so long about making *Gone With The Wind,* that Warner's made *Jezebel,* to put an end to the suspense. Bette Davis, more restrained than usual, sometimes subtle, and none-the-less powerful, does the wilful Southern belle to a crisp. The usual duelling scene, also plantation singing, and an inexplicable bit where the negro servant, asked to have a mint julep by a massa who has been to the north, says it wouldn't be proper, and compromises by taking his to the kitchen to drink. Seems almost like someone was trying to say something there, but succeeded in holding it in.

GO ALONG IF YOU MUST

CONDEMNED WOMAN: Can they ever make a jail story without an escape? Aside from some surprisingly sincere and under-acted moments contributed by Sally Eilers, this is the same tale about the tough old-fashioned matron bucking the kindly, understanding warden.



MAD ABOUT MUSIC: Ad in *Variety: "Mad About Music* is the best picture we've ever made," signed, the New Universal. Maybe that's Universal starting new on the day they made *Mad About Music.* After *One Hundred Men and a Girl* this is small peanuts. Exploiting Deanna Durbin.

MARCO POLO: The latest Garbo, Sigrid Gurie, is something to gaze upon. Otherwise another two-million dollar western, in Chinese costume.

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM: The same Rebecca becomes America's Little Sweetheart on a national radio hour because she has to be acted by Shirley Temple.

WASTE

HAWAII CALLS: Bobby Breen sings *Makushla* to the delight of Irvin Cobb.

I'LL TAKE ROMANCE: Grace Moore. I'll take the front, rear, or side exit.

CLASS ANGLE

EXCUSE me, but I do not quite understand it. To a stranger coming to this country from foreign shores there are some no doubt subtle innuendos in the national politique which require a clue. I can see very clearly how this super-spectacle, *Marco Polo,* is one of the chief efforts of the entertainment section of the national bureau of propaganda, and I must commend the lavishness and the luxury which are so open-handedly at the disposal of this all-important bureau. How is the national American expression, when you do a thing it pays to do it right. The political message is quite skillfully and correctly submerged under the spell of romance, of far lands and distant times. All is projected by means of allegory.

Even in the most advanced propaganda bureaus of Europe such skill has not yet been developed. But still it must be admitted that to a stranger, fresh from the battlefields, and whose mind is perhaps not yet free of the European equations, the line and objective of *Marco Polo* is not entirely clear. I will explain how this film appears to a stranger, and perhaps then you can give me the local references and, as you call them, tie-ups, which will complete the message of the photoplay.

First, I take it that I am correct in supposing that this film is an oblique attack on the Berlin-Rome axis, involving at the same time an allegoric exposé of Trotskyist sabotage. The object of this film, am I not right, is to affirm the good will and the excellent trading relations that have always existed between America and Mongolia, for anyone can see that although *Marco Polo* is supposed historically to be a Venetian, the film really means for the audience to understand that it is not Marco Polo, but Gary Cooper, a typical two-fisted, hard-riding American, who rescues the princess from the den of Trotskyites. Also it is Mr. Cooper who as an intrepid and enterprising businessman, bears the American idea of free trade into foreign lands. Mr. Cooper offers the manufactured luxuries of advanced civilization, which he is willing to exchange for the secrets of the Occident, such as the manufacture of spaghetti and gunpowder, also the raw materials, such as coal.

This much is clear. I do not, however, understand the role of Japan in this film. The emperor, Khubla Khan, is shown at the head of an army whose object is to invade and

Continued in center of page 149

The Upstart Champion

Back in the Eighties, Tom Pettitt was famous on two continents and holder of the court tennis crown

by ALLISON DANZIG

• SPORTS •

If you spend any time at Newport you must have seen him around the Casino during the holding of the invitation tennis tournament—a powerful, heavy-set man, wonderfully well preserved for his seventy-seven years and smiling behind his white walrus mustaches as he strolls serenely about the ancient lawns and returns the salutations of the blue bloods from the surrounding villas and châteaux.

If not there, then perchance you have come across him at the Racquet and Tennis Club in New York or at Tuxedo Park or at the Tennis and Racquet Club in Boston, holding court and reminiscing about the good old days. For a septuagenarian, he doesn't miss much in the line of his favorite game, regardless of where it is played, and no championship match would be quite official without his presence.

You do not see his name in the headlines any more and even in his heyday there were millions who hadn't the faintest idea of what his racquet was all about, but Tom Pettitt was a world's champion in one of the most devilishly difficult games the ingenuity of man ever devised, and back in the Eighties he was a sensation on two continents. His story never quite got across to the American public, though it is familiar enough to hundreds in *Burke's Peerage* and the *Almanach de Gotha*. And that is very strange. For Tom Pettitt was a swashbuckling champion of the old school, a lusty-living man of sinew and red corpuscles who would have taken the fancy of John L. Sullivan and an idolizing bourgeoisie had his game been publicized as are the Tildens and the Budges of lawn tennis.

His feats are legendary. He was a trick-shot artist who could do stunts that would have won him the nationwide fame of a Joe Kirkwood had his sport been as popular and exploited as much as are golf and tennis. His tragedy was that his almost unparalleled genius was wasted upon the comparative handful of patrons of a game whose play is limited to ten courts in all the United States and which not two men in a thousand on the street have ever heard about but which, nevertheless, is one of the most difficult of all games to master and puts as great a premium upon physical lasting powers as it does upon brain and skill.

It is that ancient game of kings and king of games, known in France as *le jeu de paume*, in England as tennis and in America as court tennis, to differentiate it from lawn tennis, its derivative. It is a game played over a net with a racquet and ball in a huge, four-walled cement court whose costs, including its lavish appurtenances and appointments, have run into hundreds of thousands of dollars in some instances.

It is a game whose history can be traced back definitely for seven centuries, that was so popular with the masses in a simpler form in ancient times that royal edicts had to be issued to stop the betting scandals, and that numbered most of the monarchs of England and France among its devotees. These included the lusty Henry VIII, who built himself a court at Hampton Palace that is still extant and whose four hundredth anniversary was celebrated a few years ago.

It is a game whose bibliography includes Shakespeare, Rabelais and Erasmus. It is a game of which it has been said that it combines the exactitude of billiards, the coordination of hand and eye of lawn tennis and the generalship and quick judgment of polo. A writer in the London *Spectator* said of it twenty-five years go: "It is not only the sum of ball games. It is the absolute in games. No one, it is probable, has yet sounded the depths of (court) tennis and players of the greatest genius can not master its fine potentialities." A French writer said of it in 1767: "It is the only game which can take rank in the list of arts and crafts, the description of which has been undertaken by the Royal Academy of Science."

This is the game of which Tom Pettitt became a world's champion and a master of such phenomenal skill that only one other player developed in America can be spoken of in the same breath with him. That player was Jay Gould, who, too, stood them in the aisles and on their ear at Queen's Club, London, back in 1906.

Gould with all the privileges and opportunity for self-improvement that money can buy in the way of imported coaches, a private court, choice implements and unlimited time to devote to the game, became a world's champion, the only amateur in all history to do so. That was no small feat, considering the number of professional masters who were doing their stuff in the private and club courts of the old and new worlds. But the rise of Tom Pettitt to the pinnacle was a much greater achievement and much more exciting reading.

Tom Pettitt was no blue blood with unlimited means at his disposal. Neither was he a professional with a family tree whose roots were cemented in the antiquity of the sport.

Without money, family, patron or even the predilection that comes from the association of forebears with the sport, he was practically an upstart. From a penniless, unknown boy, he fought his way up amid surroundings that might have overwhelmed him to become the greatest of the great and the toast of Park Avenue, Back Bay and Rotten Row. Here was a self-made champion who licked the world all by himself.

It was at the age of sixteen that Tom began his climb to fame and relative wealth. His introduction to court tennis was simultaneous with the start of the sport in this country. He grew up with the game, and his sensational rise and exploits had as much to do with the great vogue court tennis was to enjoy, in its limited sphere, as any other factor over a period of sixty years.

In 1876, Hollis Hunnewell of Boston, who had played *jeu de paume* in Paris, and Nathaniel Thayer opened a private court in Buckingham Street, Boston, on the site of the present Back Bay railroad station. They brought over one of the well-known English professionals from Oxford, Ted Hunt by name, to take charge of the court. Pettitt, brought to this country from his home in Beckenham, Kent, by his brother, Bill, a professional cricket player of renown, was hired to take care of the players' clothes and to serve as Hunt's assistant, beginning an apprenticeship in "marking" the play, which amounts to acting as umpire and linesman and calls for keen eyesight and a judgment that only seasoned hands acquire with long experience in this complex game.

Young Tom had a quick eye and a natural flair for ball games. He took to court tennis so quickly that he hadn't been on the job six months before he was beating his boss on level terms. A few months after that, Hunt returned to England, probably because his apprentice was too good for him, and Pettitt stepped into his shoes.

With the departure of Hunt, there was no one who could give Tom a real match. So he adopted the practice of playing the amateurs at cramped odds. In this way, and by constant practice, he gained the remarkable control over the ball that was to make him invincible.

The rapidity with which this stripling mastered the complexities of a game that the

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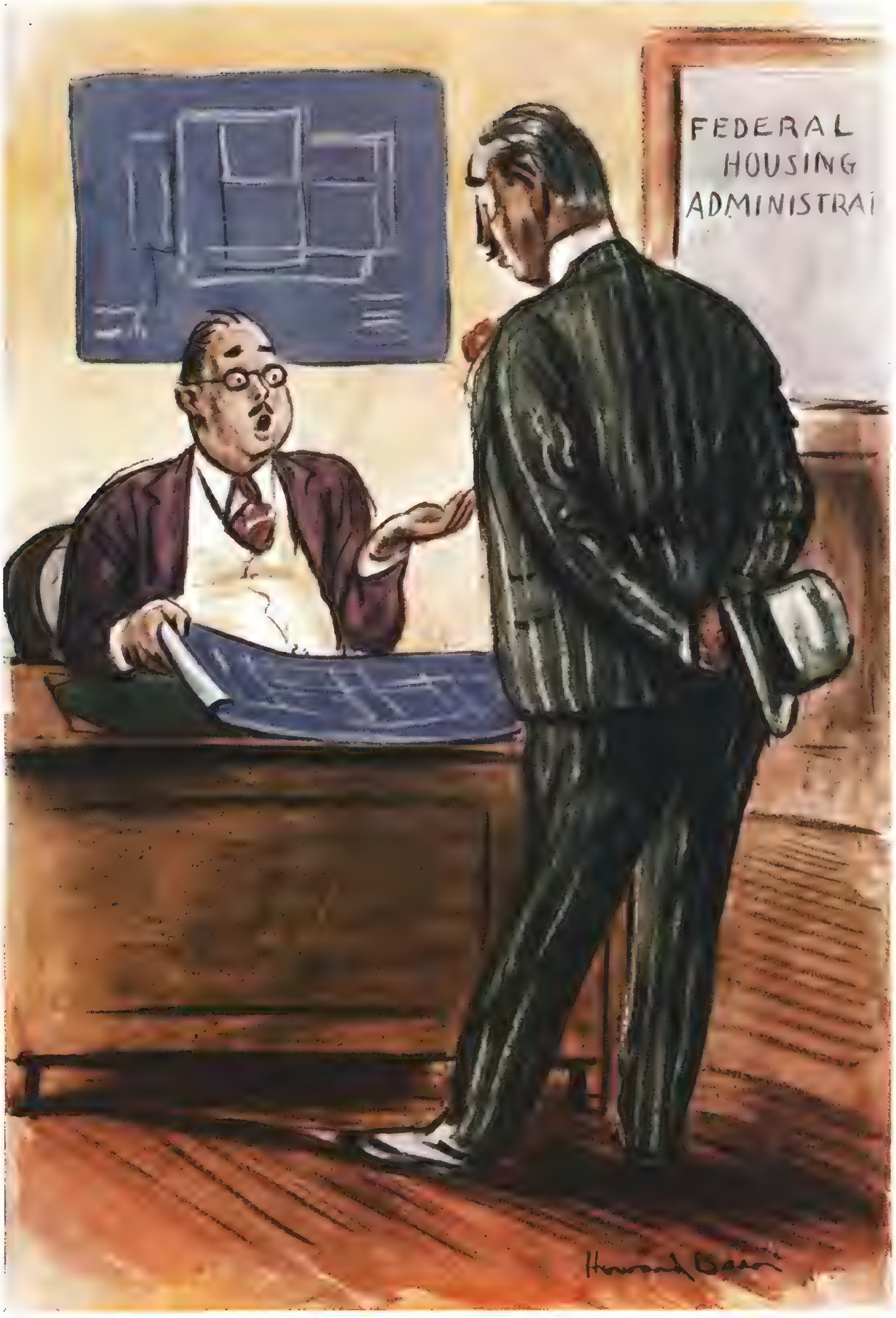
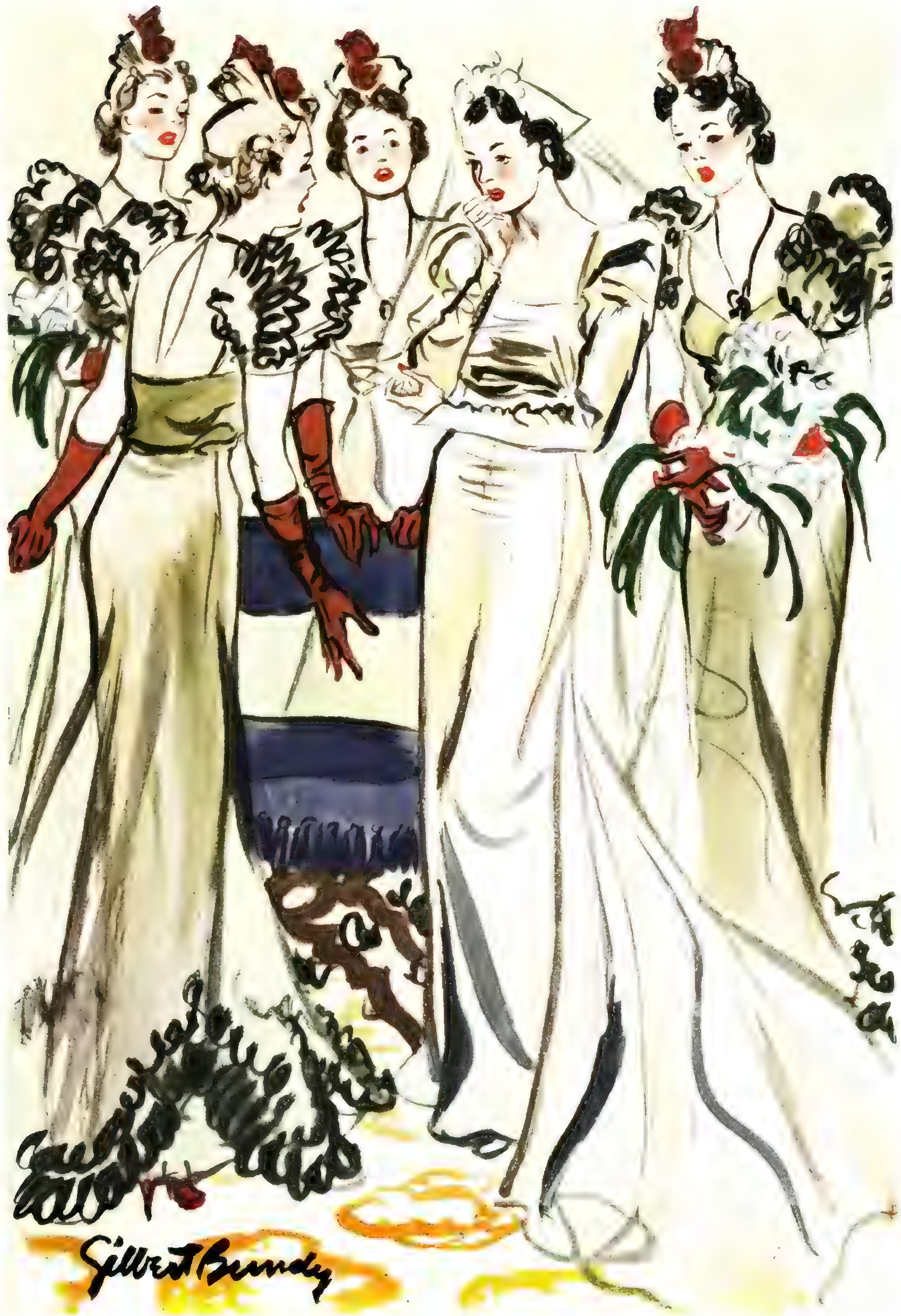

FEDERAL
HOUSING
ADMINISTRAT
Howard Baer

"I'm sorry, sir, but the Federal Housing Administration can hardly advance money on a love nest"


Gilbert Bundy

"If that's the case you'd better rush to the hospital—we can finish the ceremony there"

Mr. Cagney Is Tough Enough

He was such a good bad man, when you thought of a gangster, you naturally pictured James Cagney

by GILBERT SELDES

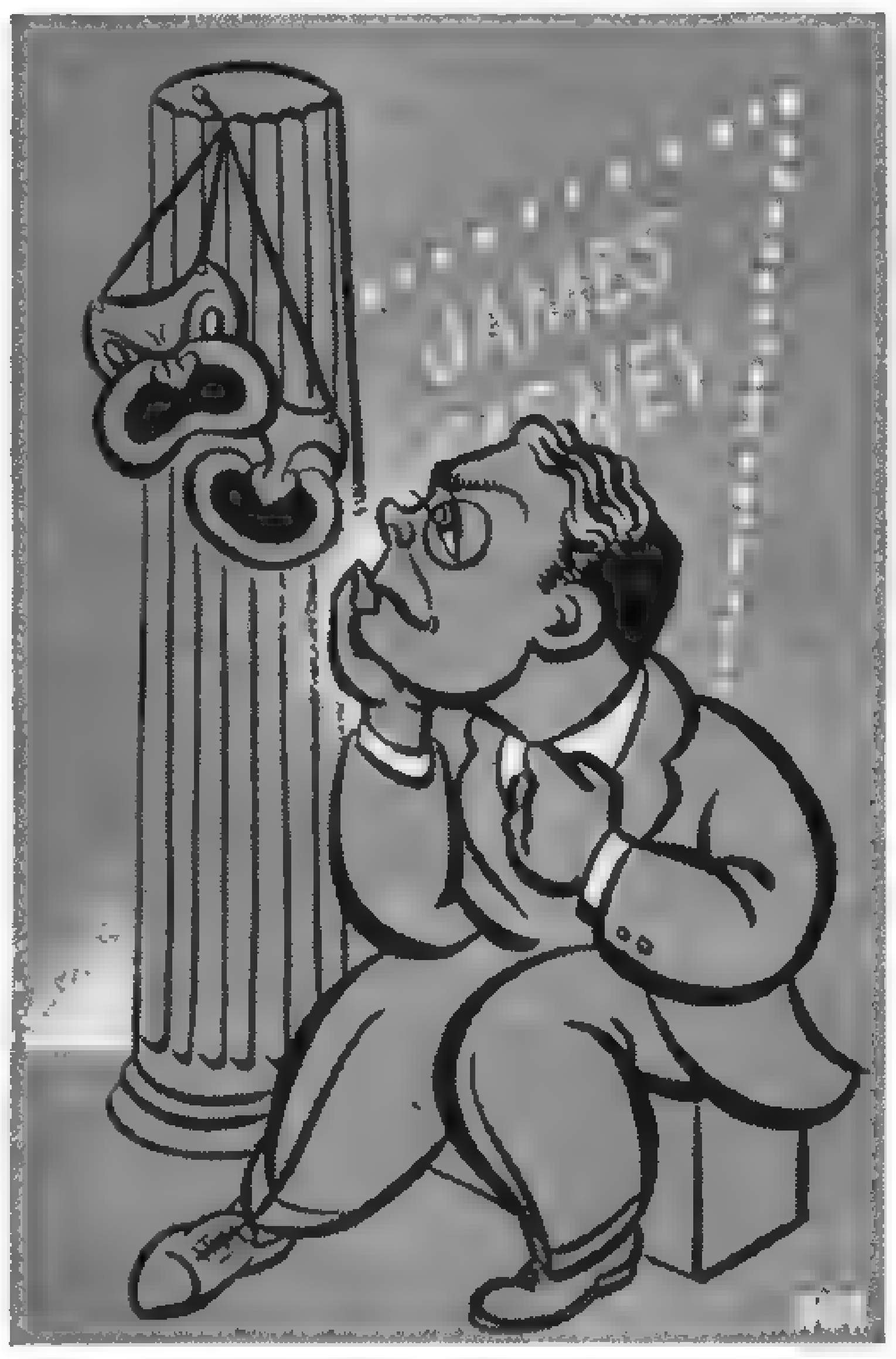
▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

THE one thing Hollywood can't get over is that it has an actor in its population. Almost apologetically, the fact is mentioned, but not in those words. The usual expression is: "Cagney isn't tough off the screen." The accents of surprise at this bewildering fact are touching; the press agents who have written about James Cagney are gratified because it gives them a new slant, but even they can't quite see what it leads to. It leads, of course, to the fact that Cagney is an actor. Apparently that comes under the heading of news in Hollywood.

Actually, Cagney isn't entirely alone. His only rival in the presentation of gangsters, Edward G. Robinson, isn't tough, either; he is known as an art collector and lover of music (and can, incidentally, render a comic Bronx accent to perfection). But Hollywood is more accustomed to the buildup of personality. The press agents can't quite say that Lily Languor is a heartbreaker with a capital B and four dashes for the unprintable letters; but if John Wholesome's next picture shows him in a particularly manly role, you can be sure that the public will be asked to believe that the part is peculiarly sympathetic to Mr. Wholesome's nature. The net result of this sort of thing can be dangerous; Paul Muni, who is an actor, is being handed over to the public as a sort of dedicated votary of high thoughts who doesn't create the part of Zola, but is "living the part." If he can live the part, he doesn't need any talent whatever.

The toughness of James Cagney is a particularly pleasant thing on the screen because it is created; it is the result of a talent, not of "personality." But there is plenty of toughness behind it—tough mental fiber, a hard-headed, bunkless, alert temperament. I use the word "temperament" because it is correct, because the central fact about Cagney is the outlook on the world developed by his experience and character; but it has nothing whatever to do with the "artistic temperament," an ancient fake raised to semi-divinity in recent years by our clamor for picturesque personalities. The artistic temperament led a notable, now dead, movie star to demand in his written contract that he should not be required to sit on cold stone benches; the artistic temperament is always busy about private things and never about art. It leads pretty and popular actresses to break contracts with their studios because "they aren't giving me suitable stories" which usually means (a) that the actress is being asked to act, instead of exploiting her charms; or (b—and more annoying) that some other actress has been assigned to a particularly rich role. Cagney got out of a contract, too, but it wasn't for reasons like that. He was being put into too many pictures of the same sort (which prevented him from giving any range to his acting) and he was making more pictures than he felt able to make. His way of breaking the contract was to take it to the courts. And for over a year he was virtually outside the pale of Hollywood because he won his battle. If it hadn't been for the accidental formation of a new company which needed his talent, he would have made no pictures during the time he fought for his rights. It was a hard thing for an actor to do, and the hardest thing for Cagney to bear was that he wasn't working. He wasn't penniless, but the amount he lost by not working regularly was enough to frighten most of us at income-tax time; I suppose that bothered him, but I know it was never uppermost in his mind. He wanted earnestly to get back to work; he is back now, with his old company, Warners, and the pictures announced for him are excellent. The first one, in fact, is *Boy Meets Girl* (for which the Spewacks have, I am told, improved their flawless original).

His compact little body is agile and graceful; he was a hoofer and a good one; his eyes are bright and darting (they are one of the most effective elements in his work on the screen); his voice is not at all exceptional, but he can suddenly lower it to express emotion or to throw a jet of corrosive acid over what he has said before, so that you have to wait for the end of whatever he is saying to make sure whether he means it, or is kidding it. Most famous, and most effective, are his hands, with which he has built up a series of singularly private, singularly communicative, gestures. I found, in talking to him, that at the end of fifteen minutes I was unconsciously imitating his movements, especially the little shake of his hands, held breast-high, which occurs at least once in most of his pictures. I thought I had better be frank about it, so that he didn't imagine I was burlesquing him, and asked him how he had developed that particular gesture. He said, "I'm never conscious of it." It is, in fact, the one movement he makes without knowing it, the only one not directly growing out of the character he plays; and I shouldn't be surprised if he dropped it for that reason. What pleased me was his refusal to build up the opportunity I offered him, to deliver a mystical statement on the actor's art. (He was once asked to deliver an hour's lecture on the subject and, privately, gave a series of devastating imitations of its most famous practitioners.)



Sunk deep in the life story of Cagney there is one episode which may explain the totally unhistrionic impression he makes: he was a bell hop at the Friars Club in New York. He saw actors at close range, in private life among other actors; which means that he saw them acting their heads off. He got from them no ambition to be an actor himself; he wanted to be an artist. But when he became an actor, he at least knew where to act—on the stage. He never picked up any of the snobbery of the stage, either. After he had made a definite hit in *Outside Looking In*, he had a chance to join the Theatre Guild, at eighty dollars a week and art; he went back to vaudeville at a hundred and fifty. A short time after, he was all set to do the lead in the London company of *Broadway;* he was fired the day before the company was to sail. In fact, his entire experience on the stage was considerably below "satisfactory." *Outside Looking In* was a reasonable success; the *Grand Street Follies* were admirable, but no musical show is really much unless it is done professionally; *Women Go On Forever* was one of those neglected works about which a small number of people are violently enthusiastic (while playing in it, Cagney also established a dancing school chiefly run by his wife). One of George Kelly's failures, *Maggie the Magnificent*, came next, and after that *Penny Arcade* which took him and Joan Blondell to the movies. Nothing in the entire list that is actually outstanding; hardly a memorable name among all the plays; yet it is a fair guess that more people remember seeing Cagney in these plays than remember stars in famous successes. What *Maggie* was all about, I cannot recall; but the apparition of Cagney walking downstairs, pulling on his gloves, and being arrogant as hell, is really unforgettable.

For his fourth picture, they gave him *Public Enemy*, so the world may give thanks to Darryl Zanuck, who was then in charge of production at Warner's and who had suddenly discovered that the gangsters were first-class picture material. (You bet they were;

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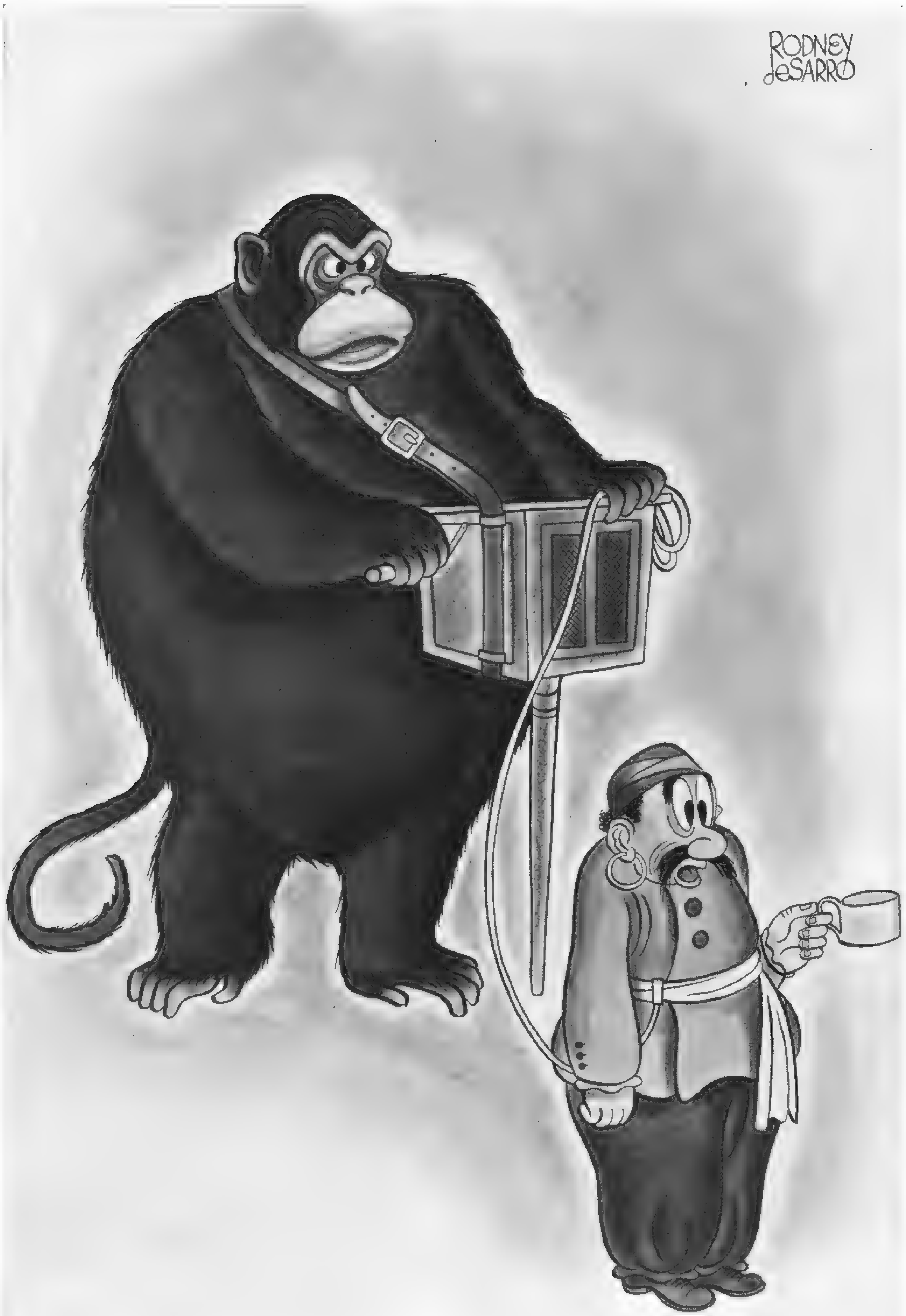

RODNEY deSARRO

"I raise you from a baby and this is the thanks I get"

Roulades and Cadenzas

What good would it do to boycott musicians of certain countries because we hate their dictators?

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

There is something magnificent in the way musicians handle politics. Nations falter. Cabinets deliberate. But not musicians! They settle their affairs with gusto and finality. Ministers resign. Envoys contradict themselves. Mistresses procrastinate between exile and luxury. Kings compromise. Dictators hesitate.

Musicians act. Individually, they have more courage than any of the strong-fisted adventurers who today think for 300,000,000 people. And they act with the same aloof condescension as Dr. Otto von Hapsburg, pretender to the Austrian throne, who, when asked what he thought of Hitler, replied: "Unfortunately, as I have not yet had the opportunity to receive Mr. Hitler, I cannot say!"

Musicians did their latest ink-slinging in the European death-scrap between paralytics and madmen by issuing statements that they would or would not participate in the 1938 Salzburg Festival. Two days after the announcement of the Berchtesgaden "understanding" between Hitler and Schuschnigg, Arturo Toscanini busted loose in the front pages with his decision to have nothing more to do with Salzburg.

That started the deluge. I don't know how it was in your town, but in New York, concert reviews were for days practically wiped off the music pages. Lotte Lehmann wired from Santa Barbara that she would go to Salzburg: "I am not a politician either in mind or deed and I hope to devote my art as always to Salzburg." Other associates of Mr. Toscanini, stage directors and assistant conductors, hedged—waiting developments.

Emanuel List, who has not sung in the Salzburg Festival for two years and whose principal activity there has been signing autographs in the *Café Bazar*, made headlines with a gesture of unparalleled magnanimity. He relinquished his non-existent Salzburg commitments. "No, no," he said. "No more Salzburg for me. I could go there as I am an American citizen, but I will not."

The President of the Salzburg Festival Committee (always the last to hear of anything) said he hadn't heard of Toscanini's refusal to conduct there and didn't believe it. Two days before, however, the *Landeshauptman* (who last summer boasted that Toscanini was not indispensable in Salzburg) had requested the Austrian consul-general in New York to see the maestro and explain that the Austrian situation was not serious.

Bruno Walter cabled Toscanini to reconsider, boasting that he himself had signed a three-year contract in Vienna despite "very tempting offers from America." Austrian critics declared Mr. Toscanini actually had played into Nazi hands . . . "The strongest bulwark against Nazi dictation of the Festival, he opened the way for Nazi domination by eliminating himself."

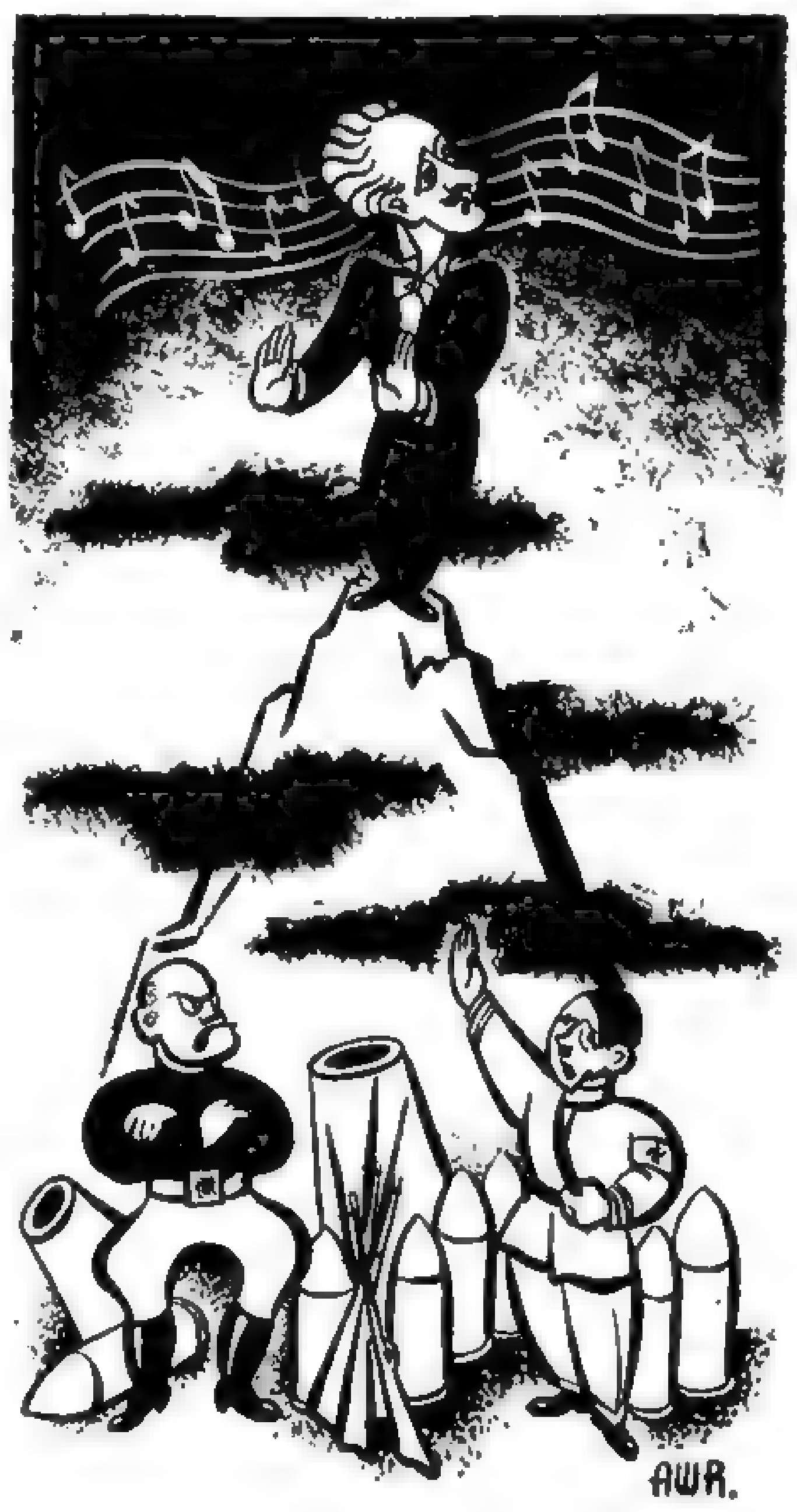
The Bologna newspaper *Resto del Carlino* warned Mr. Toscanini to stop mixing politics and music, and suggested he "go to Barcelona and conduct the bolshevik orchestra there. . . . Toscanini, who feigned stupidity countless times in order not to be accused as an anti-Fascist, today comes down from his artistic heaven and makes himself an accuser of Nazi Germany and self-appointed friend of Jews," the journal stated. "Why? What has Toscanini to do with Nazism?"

Salzburg officials begged the maestro to reverse his decision. Another headline: TOSCANINI CABLES NO! Not shaken, the chairman of the Vienna Philharmonic, a pal of Toscanini's, announced he would visit him in Italy and try to persuade him.

The Salzburg management asked Leopold Stokowski, then romancing with Greta Garbo at Ravello, Italy, whether he would replace the Italian conductor. Wilhelm Furtwängler, they said, was jittery about taking any of Toscanini's engagements as he did not wish to appear to be profiting by the latter's scruples.

Mr. Toscanini accepted the 1937 American Hebrew Medal for the promotion of better understanding between Christian and Jew in America, was felicitated by the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League, and sailed past the Statue of Liberty an hour after the Austrian State Tourist office announced that Wilhelm Furtwängler and Willem Mengelberg would be his successors in Salzburg.

The same day, *Regime Fascista* published in Cremona by a friend of Mussolini's, threatened: "Toscanini uses his art to spread idiotic anti-Fascist propaganda . . . the time is coming when we will be absolutely justified in punishing him as he deserves." This, *The New York Times* printed above a casual footnote: *Other amusements news, Pages 16 and 17.* Two days later the entire Salzburg controversy was removed from the amusements category by Hitler's march into Austria.



Looking back, doesn't it seem that all these statements—many of which should have appeared in political or classified advertising sections, have little to do with art?

* * *

Granted that totalitarian states are unfair and inhuman in their treatment of the individual, that they mix political, racial, religious and other dastardly prejudices with art, *do we gain* by doing the same in retaliation? Is the quality of musical life in America made richer, for example, by our rejecting in 1936 Wilhelm Furtwängler as conductor of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony?

By our protesting in 1937 Leo Blech as conductor of the Chicago Opera? By our boycotting in 1938 Andrés Segovia because he sides with Franco?

Do we, through these actions, alter in the slightest the course of political events in foreign countries? Do we impoverish anyone but ourselves?

We refused, in 1917, under the guise of patriotism, to listen to Wagnerian music, to Karl Muck, Fritz Kreisler, and other "enemy-artists." Did we by that action end the war sooner? Did we accomplish anything except to deprive ourselves of inspiration and beauty during the war years?

The Nazis today refuse to listen to music by Mendelssohn. Who suffers? Certainly not Mendelssohn. If they will not have the music-making of Bruno Walter in their concert-halls, they are the losers. Likewise, if we refuse to hear great musicians from countries where political ideas and practices exist that are loathsome to us, we lose. We are simply being sentimentalists, not realists. Our actions are controlled by passion, not reason.

* * *

Let us admit the desirability of retaliatory artistic measures. Can we administer them and be fair and just, or even consistent?

In the first place, statements of artists on international political matters are not to be taken seriously. It is a subject about which they know, in general, next-to-nothing. Further, they frequently have some interest at stake, and not only their statements but their actions, therefore, are motivated by personal opportunism.

They may, on the other hand, be subjected to coercive political pressure which threatens family ties, livelihood, property, friendships, lifetime associations, and a variety of personal values that vary from individual to individual and thus cannot be judged by rule-of-thumb.

Second, the ramifications of international politics, the complications of exchange, are sufficient to bewilder the best-intentioned

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

So lovely was Vienna's music and so excellent the beer, one scarcely saw all the poverty

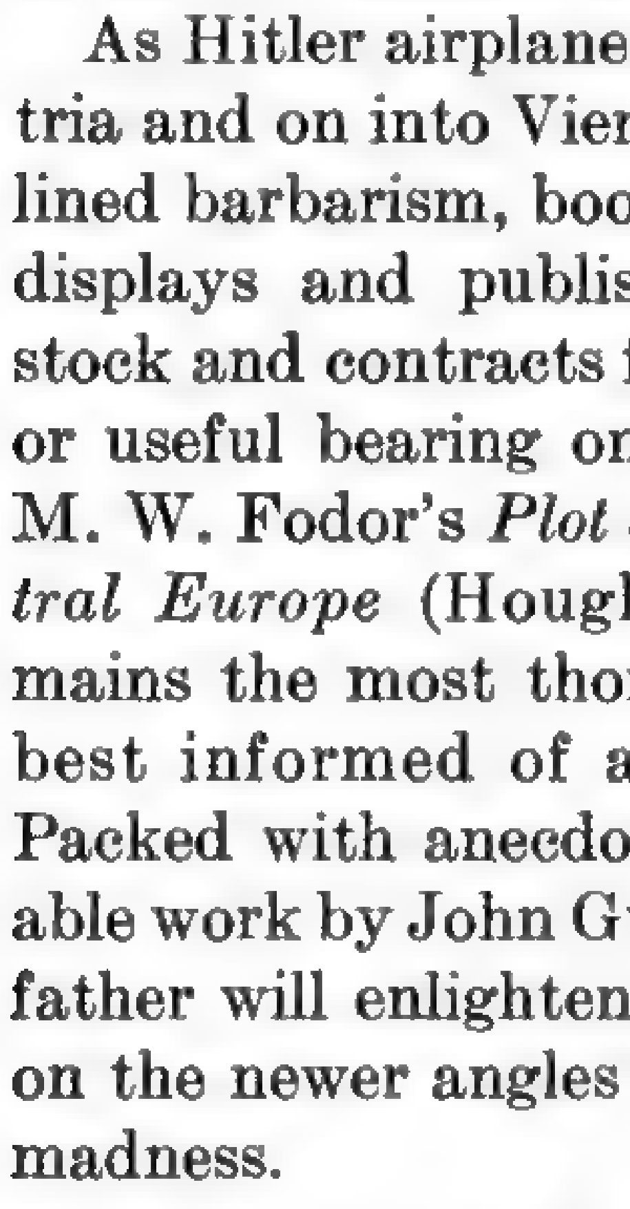
by LAWRENCE MARTIN

• BOOKS •

THE collapse of Austria has a literary angle: it confirms Hitler's *Mein Kampf* as the alivest book of our time, a book that is something more than the interesting autobiography of a Caliban. It is the great political cookbook. The signed, sealed, and delivered blueprint of destruction. A work as real as the Gypsy Dream Book plus the old farmer's almanac—because it contains not only the authentic nightmares but also tells what crop is going to be planted by the light of what bloody moon, and when and by what sharp scythes the harvest is going to be gathered.

As Hitler airplaned and motored into Austria and on into Vienna with his new streamlined barbarism, bookstores changed window displays and publishers rummaged among stock and contracts for works of either ironic or useful bearing on the latest plague area. M. W. Fodor's *Plot and Counter Plot in Central Europe* (Houghton-Mifflin, $3.50) remains the most thoroughgoing book by the best informed of all the correspondents. Packed with anecdotal analysis, this admirable work by John Gunther's journalistic godfather will enlighten many a puzzled citizen on the newer angles of the European race to madness.

Out of Australia comes *The House that Hitler Built* (Harpers, $3.00), a careful, unangry study by Stephen Roberts of the University of Sydney, who has devoted his life to research in contemporary history, and a year and a half in Germany (ending in March, 1937) on this phase of it. What I like about the book is that it doesn't underrate Nazism, the fault of too many "considerations" in the past. It is time the fighting liberals and the deploring democrats recognized that Hitlerism is no pushover, that the Nazi establishment is not a house of cards that will be blown down one of these days by an indignant puff. Roberts throws some light on recent developments by his remarks on Hitler's dislike of the Prussian. "He obviously wishes to move the center of gravity of German life to the south. Disliking Berlin, he spends as much time as possible in Bavaria, even directing most affairs of state from there. According to some of his intimates, he would like to see Vienna the capital of his neo-Germanic Empire."



The 1938 edition of J. F. Horrabin's *An Atlas of Current Affairs* (Knopf, $1.50) is here in time to be somewhat out of date on Austria, as in this: "Her independence is now fully guaranteed by Britain, France, and Italy." Nothing is fully guaranteed any more. The book is an excellent map, fact, and discussion guide on a more reasonable plan than the old-line atlas.

Then, in case you are a lover of Vienna, that city with the mild sweet tang of a cheese in beautiful decay, or in case you are considering it in terms of a visit, look up Edward Crankshaw's *Vienna: The Image of a Culture in Decline* (Macmillan, $3.00), an enlightened and urbane guide. To anyone who has known Vienna, the book will stir memories, arouse nostalgia. As the new Five-Minute book brooder, let me carry on the Rascoe tradition and do a job of brooding on the things that were and will be.

* * *

There were two Viennas, and only one of them is dying. That one is the holiday Vienna, the coffee-house, pastry-shop, Ringstrasse Vienna of gayety and gardens, of violins and waltz tunes. That one is dead for all of us who cannot find life amusing in the shadow of the swastika.

Vienna, the liberal city of Europe, is enslaved. But that "free" Vienna was rotting, because the poor have no city and no freedom, and Vienna was the city of the poor. They were not easy to see, these miserable ones, because the awnings, and the park hedges, and the foam on the famous beer, were in the way. They were not easy to hear over the laughter of pleasure-seekers and the tumult of violins. They were not easy to smell because so many of them plied their beggary behind a bouquet of violets.

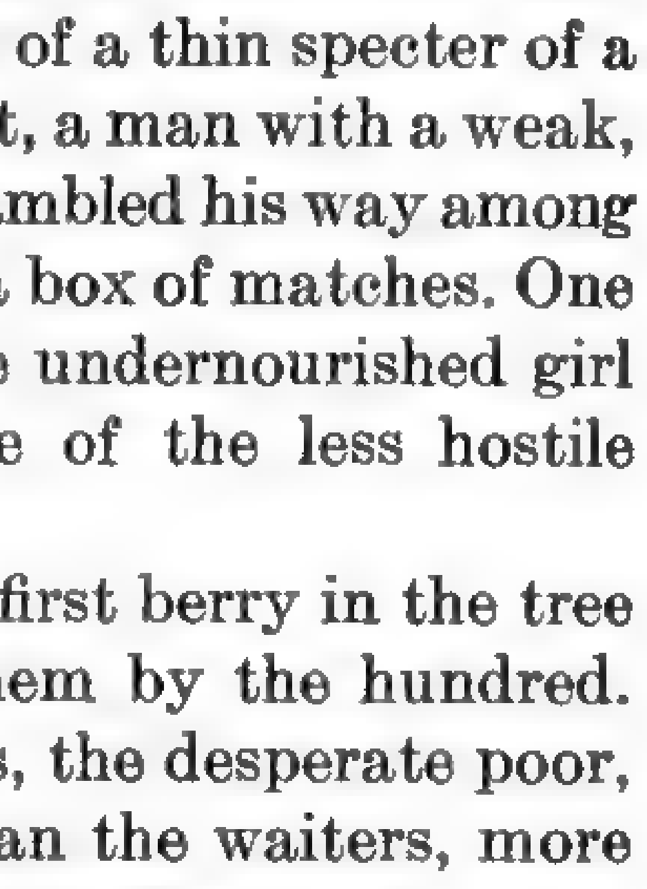
We fortunate ones who could travel and seek out places, we sought and loved a Vienna that was a myth. The real Vienna was in those too-many mean and ugly places we refused to notice. The grand Ringstrasse, that circle of boulevards which divided the Old City from the new, and the Kärtner street with shining shops, were only a showfront.

Now that Hitler has it, it is time we confessed that this Vienna was an old hag with ingratiating ways, in whose decay one detected the grace that must have lived there a century ago, when two Strausses, a Lanner, a Weber, and a Schubert created in this milieu the perfect music of *gemütlichkeit*, for a society which had reached a precarious balance. Vienna then summed up the social graciousness of capitalism in flower. In those easy-going days when the Blue Danube waltz made the western world newly rhythmic, no one dreamed of 1914. And July, 1914, was only the crashing overture to March, 1938.

This lovely Vienna, so long a sham, a fraud, an attractive but shabby prostitute, has been, since 1918, more sinned against than sinning—a prostitute that sold her body not for pleasure (like Paris) but to keep the old folks and the children alive, as well as to fatten the boss pimp.

Sitting in the Prater beer garden, Stadt park, the Burggarten, or the Volksgarten, listening to the brass band pound out martial airs, to the string orchestra spin out waltzes all afternoon—everywhere parks, everywhere music and full of lager and *gemütlichkeit*—one gradually became aware of a thin specter of a man in a threadbare coat, a man with a weak, Jesus-like beard, who shambled his way among the tables trying to sell a box of matches. One became aware of a little undernourished girl offering violets at some of the less hostile tables.

It was like seeing the first berry in the tree—after that one saw them by the hundred. The beggars, the pedlars, the desperate poor, were more numerous than the waiters, more numerous than the beer-swillers and table-thumpers. For every colored ice borne aloft, a worn young woman in peasant dress with a baby in her arms, going silently from table to table, saying nothing, making no plea, but confronting diner after diner with an unvoiced accusation. For every magnificent pastry, a cadaverous old grandfather hawking postcards and Franz Schubert badges. As thick as the foam on the beer or the whipped cream on the *Kaffee mit Schlag*, the tattered specimens of both sexes and all ages peddling newspapers.



In the morning one sat in a sidewalk café, reading an illustrated journal with one's favorite coffee. What varieties of coffee they had—*Turkische*, *Melange Schalebraun* ("Charley Brown" to the English), *Kaffee mit Schlag*, Capucine, Mokka! It was pleas-

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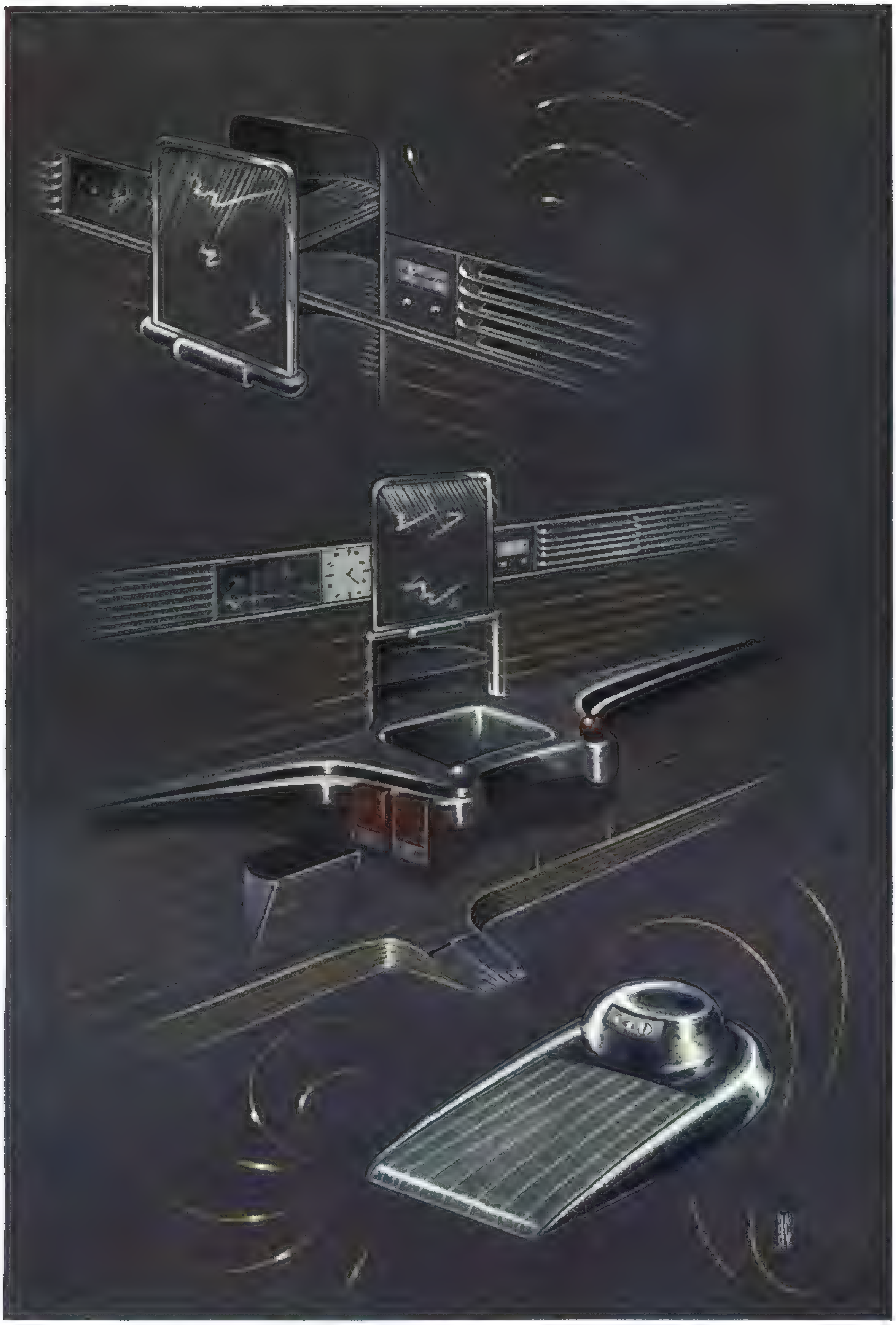
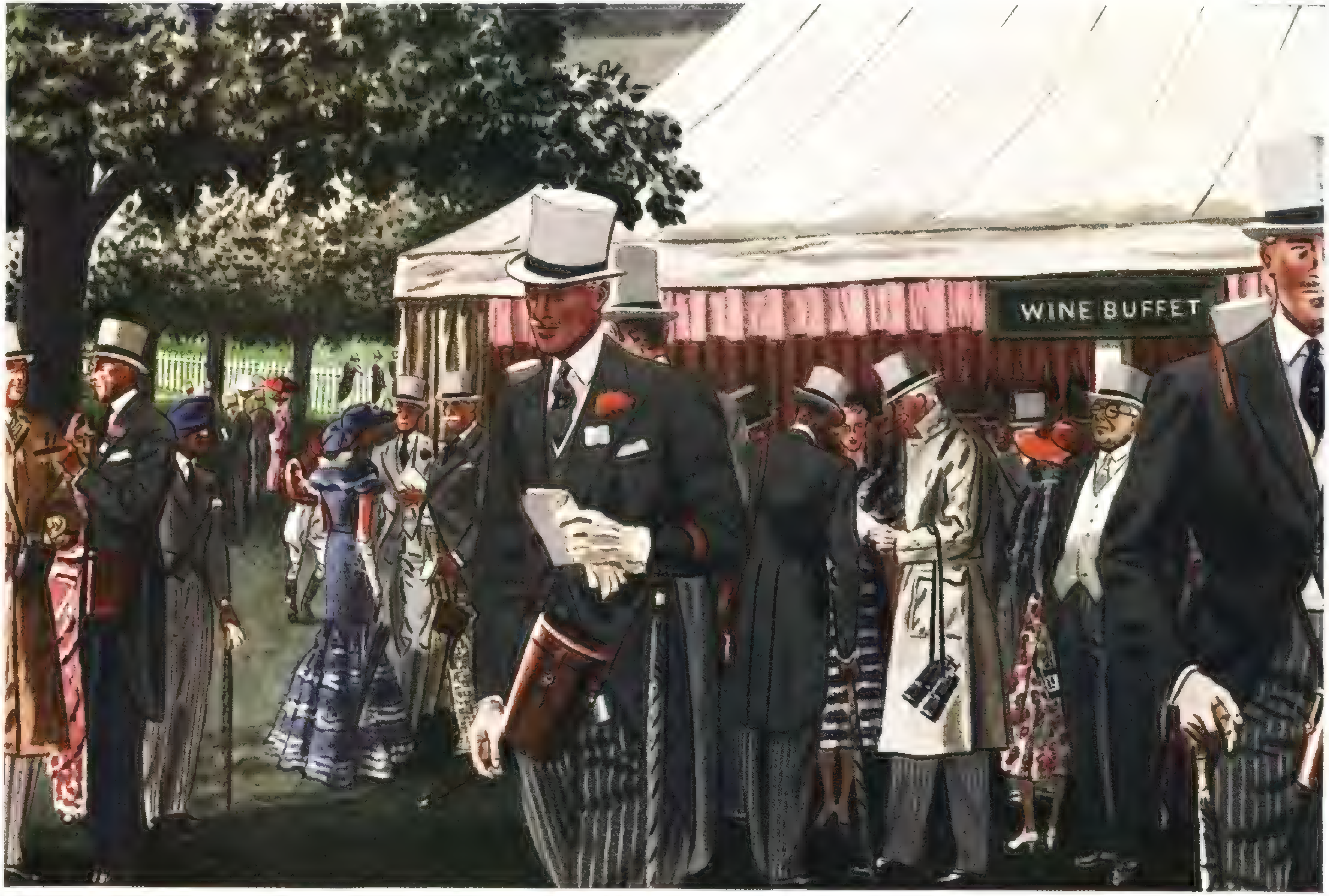


LATEST SCREAM *by* COUNT ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY

Scratch a Sakhnoffsky drawing and you find a radio. This one is at the right of the mirror, its loudspeaker hiding behind the corrugations. The mirror, sketched above, has an indirect lighting slot under its top frame and a white rubber handle below. When you pull the mirror forward, you find a series of shelves behind it. The handle is extra heavy to mollify head bumps. The convex shape of the wash bowl keeps you closer to your work. Undoubtedly the brighter boys have guessed by this time that the blue globe is the cold water tap, the red, the hot. The water is directed toward the cabinet, keeping you out of harm's way, while slotted arrangements hold the towels. Release the clutch and out pops a waste basket. Put on the brake and you have a clothes hamper. At left of the mirror is a clock, and left of *it*, a small closet with sliding glass drawers. Sketched below is a modern bathroom scale.


WINE BUFFET

PAINTED IN ENGLAND FOR ESQUIRE BY LESLIE SAALBURG

Paddock, Royal Enclosure, Ascot

To the King's Taste

In the days of the Romans, the rule for banquets was silence: they ate, they drank, they slept

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

▪ POTABLES ▪

Civilization probably began with a banquet. Discounting the Biblical myth of a big apple for two, man's first meal was shared by the cavemen who helped him kill the beast and burn the flesh in the smoky fire. It was only after the appearance of the mother-in-law motif, when the young mating things wanted to be alone for a spell, that men sought out different caves and began their separate existence. Even then, the business of eating was a communal affair. So we doubt if man will ever escape his racial heritage and be free from banquets.

The earliest record of a pretty good feed is the Bible's account of a party thrown by Solomon. He told his banquet manager to procure for him, for a state dinner, the following: thirty measures of flour, three score of meal, ten fattened oxen, twenty out of the pasture, one hundred sheep, and as many harts, roebucks, fallow deer and fowl as would be required. This was to be washed down by wine made of honey and the local brew, the granddaddy of beer.

There was plenty of eating in a large way, according to the accounts in Genesis. But they were careless of their terms. And when Jacob tried to kid his father Isaac into thinking he was Esau, and brought the old man a "savoury" it was made of goat, although the patriarch had distinctly sent him after venison. The business of fire was not as highly developed in the hot countries, so great cooking never came into its full flower. The chef d'oeuvre then is almost as it is today, lamb or mutton, cut into small pieces and boiled in a pot with rice, barley, onions and a few spices.

It was in Imperial Rome that the business of banquets really went to town. Although Epicurus was a Greek, the scholars tell you that he was erroneously accredited with an interest in food. Like all Greeks of that time he was only interested in talking and he stuck to his trade of philosopher. Facts seem to indicate Epicurus didn't found the great school that believed the excellence of food was the thing at a banquet, but rather the other school of thought holding to talk as the main interest of the evening. As for food, the Greeks didn't bother much about cooking, wrapping their lamb in the grape leaves and poking it into the embers of the fire. A good wine from the hills and plenty of fruit was all they craved.

The Greeks must have had something, for in the early days of the Roman Empire most of the slaves were Greeks. It was one of the noblest offices of a household, that of cook, and the earnest slave worked on his master's sympathies so that he might set up a shop on the way to Capitol Hill where he could "entice the gods with the odors of his ambrosia."

Pliny tells of the dining habits of the Romans. The poor ate a little meal at noontime and had a simple supper of figs and meal, at night, with occasional fish. But the rich, ah my hearties. They ate at least five times a day. The economic royalists of that time ate at their banquets the brains of peacocks and pheasants, the tongues of nightingales and the roe of fish. When a citizen was invited to a banquet he always wore his brightest attire and used the best oil on his hair. And he also came prepared to spend a long time. Suetonius tells of one banquet he gave, that lasted one night and two days.

The description of these feasts is well known to every freshman in Latin who could borrow an unexpurgated *Suetonius*. The garb of the diners would make a Hollywood scene designer blush with shame at his inadequacy. There being no Will Hays in those days, the guests lay down on the benches surrounding the tables and ate and drank the Falernian wine while slaves thrummed the swing of the time, and youths and maidens swam nude in the perfumed waters of the pool. The Romans were smart about one thing; they took over the best things the Greeks bore to them, including scholarship and cookery, but they passed up the banquet speaker. The rule of the Roman banquet was silence. You ate and drank and slept. The talking was reserved for the Senators on the Hill.

Vitellius was certainly the envy of the playboys of the early Empire. At one of his banquets he surprised his guests with a dish which he had concocted, and which he called *The Shield of Minerva*. It was set in the middle of the table, covered with a pastry in the form of a shield. After the guests had eaten the first course of oysters, lobsters and crabs, the dish was opened. It contained two thousand rare fish and five thousand rare birds. During his party days Vitellius spent seven million dollars on food and wine, and he didn't have to go to a night club to do it.

As no one of the period could surpass Vitellius in his imagination and the snacks he offered, the esthetes tried to outdo him in finding more refined idiosyncracies. Aesop, (not the fable-maker), ate only the tongues of birds, and birds who could imitate the human voice in word or song. His son thought a long time before he could outdo the old man and finally he sprung a trick he had picked up from a traveler from Egypt: he served to each guest a pearl dissolved in wine.

There were three Apicii, who came along under Emperor Augustus. The first Apicius is noted for discovering the most ways to serve oysters. Up until then they had usually been eaten raw. He also was the father of ragout, finding succulent ways of serving the same old lamb. The second Apicius became so excited over his culinary prowess that he went about giving lectures on the art of cooking and dining. His talk didn't go so well down near the Pontine marshes where the rabble were trying to get the corn laws reformed. The third Apicius came to a tragic end. He had spent several million dollars in giving banquets and one day sat down to figure out how many more affairs he could throw. Finding he had only four hundred thousand dollars left, he stirred up a glass of poison and drank it down. Like the Rotarian, he couldn't live without banquets.

In case you are consumed with envy of those brave times, bear in mind that on the bills of fare were such items as dormice, polyps, hedgehogs and cuttlefish. And nearly everything the Romans ate was served with a sauce called *liquamen*. Every household had a crock of this, obtained by allowing the entrails of fish to sit out in the sun for several days. This was then mixed with mustard seed, dried mint, lazer root, vinegar and dates. You find liquamen called for in nearly all of the old recipes. One for boiled chicken sounds palatable if they could have forgone the sauce. You boil a chicken in aniseed until tender and then add the sauce.

Another great delicacy was *Hog's Paunch*.

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Ernest Fiene: Architect-Artist

Continued from page 59

There are respects in which he is a most lucky man and he knows he is. Had he not left Germany when he did he would have lived only long enough to fertilize the battleground around the fortress of Liége, in company with every one of his schoolmates. This is how it was.

He was born in Elberfeld, near Cologne, November 2, 1894. He was approaching military age in 1912 and he didn't want to serve in the army. He could not obtain official permission to leave the country.

He fled to Holland and entered the United States without passport, but legally. When the war broke out every schoolmate was either in the Cologne or Düsseldorf garrison. Both cities are on the border. When the German Army was sent marching into Belgium, the first contingents included these frontier garrisons. Before the big guns had arrived to batter the fortress of Liége, these lads were sent against it in old-style infantry formation. Within the first two weeks of the war they died by the tens of thousands daily. They were dying to prove to the German General Staff that the old forts were impregnable against boys with guns in their hands.

In 1932 when Fiene revisited Cologne on a Guggenheim Fellowship, the only surviving school fellow whom he could find was one who, at the outbreak of the war, had been secretary to the Burgomaster of Cologne.

He does not seem to have had a happy childhood. There were family disputes and financial difficulties. He found some solace in his skill with pencil. Between the ages of twelve and fourteen he was tutored privately by the high school instructor in art, an unworldly man who was steeped in the Chinese masters and in the German masters of Dürer's time but whose real passion was the keeping of bees. Ernest's father had died when he was nine and his mother had remarried and left with her new husband for the New World.

At the age of fourteen Ernest began his apprenticeship in mining construction with the view of becoming an engineer. Breakdown from overwork terminated this apprenticeship and this ambition.

When, about 1912, he arrived in the United States he found work of less exacting nature. For several years he worked for a decorative painter who supplied mural and easel copies and rearrangements of period paintings for the decorating trade. He did other occasional jobs. During 1914-15 he studied in Leon Kroll's night class at the National Academy of Design and during 1915-18 in the day classes of Thomas Maynard. In 1920 he moved to Woodstock where he built a house and where he painted his series of Ulster County landscapes as well as various still lifes and figures. He then began his Hudson River and ferry boat series, which paintings were exhibited in his first one-man show at the Whitney Studio Club. The following year he gave another show at the New Gallery, at which he sold nearly every one of the fifty oils, water colors, gouaches, drawings and etchings which he had on view.

He has had sixteen one-man shows since he began exhibiting, if this kind of information impresses you.

Around 1926 he began moving away from his indebtedness to Cézanne and Renoir toward the primitives and toward a more sober and architectural design. He strove for a conception of space that was more abstract in the sense that it was more architectural.

He was learning to construct plane by plane, instead of through atmosphere, which was very fortunate, since atmosphere has hardly been his strong suit. His most famous painting of that period, *Dyckman Street Church*, after which he later made his most famous lithograph of the same name, signalized his new approach toward the problem of *building* a picture rather than evoking it. The only trouble with that kind of painting is that the canvas may become as cold as the stone and concrete which it is supposed to represent.

He was getting bored with Woodstock as landscape and with Woodstock as artists' community. In 1927 he made a trip to the Murray Bay section of French Canada; he was the first to discover the painting possibilities of that region. During 1927-28 he completed the Murray Bay and Hudson River series. In the latter year also he set to work on a group of drawings of New York, specializing on its bridges and skylines.

A fortunate sale of three important paintings, among them *Hudson River Boat*, to the Whitney collection, enabled him to contemplate an extended trip abroad. Before leaving, he sold his Woodstock house, and then he set his face toward Paris. He rented a studio in that city and made an extended water color trip through Brittany. In his studio he examined the New York drawings he had brought along and made the well-known lithograph, *Under Brooklyn Bridge*, from which later developed probably his best-known painting, *New York Skyline*, which is reproduced. It was in Paris that he made up his mind to paint the stones of New York. He returned to New York in the Fall of 1929 and exhibited his Brittany water colors and the figure paintings he had done from the model in his Paris studio. He refused to consider a most attractive teaching post in the West because he wanted so badly to execute the New York series. From 1930 to 1935 he was busy painting his New York waterfront and bridge pictures, *New York Skyline* being started in 1930 and finished three years later. Within this period he spent a year abroad on a Guggenheim fellowship, spending most of his time traveling through Italy and looking at pictures in churches, museums and private collections, studying principally the works of Ucello and Piero della Francesca. In Florence he spent a little time studying the technique of fresco painting and he also did a little painting of his own in the art-haloed cities of Siena and Venice. He later had the satisfaction of learning that a Venetian nobleman, a reputed patron of the arts, while examining his *New York Skyline*, declared him to be the first artist since Canaletto capable of painting Venice. Much art has passed over the canal since Canaletto, but the comparison was seriously intended as a compliment.

A second group of New York pictures for which Ernest Fiene is perhaps no less noted than for the skyline and waterfront canvases is that which may be described as the *Fall of Old Houses* series, which is the title of one of them. The excavations for Radio City gave him opportunity for extended exploration.

He developed with characteristic thoroughness the contrast between old New York and new New York. *The Passing Scene*, reproduced, is probably one of the best things he has done in this category. The light upon it almost imposes a mood on the scene, a rare thing in any Fiene cityscape. In *Changing Old New York*, also reproduced, he plays upon the theme of the invasion of the old quarter of the town by a new type of structure. *The Fall of Old Houses*, originally entitled *Razing Buildings, 49th Street*, was the first and the most popular of his series on the tearing down of old brownstones.

This painting, sent to a group exhibition at the Modern Museum, was bought twice within fifteen minutes, first by Duncan Phillips through one dealer and again by another collector no less important through another dealer. The first bidder won.

In 1933 the artist purchased a pre-revolutionary farmhouse in Connecticut and reconstructed it. He usually spends six months of each year in it but the first year he was in possession for the full twelve months. During the blizzard of early 1934 the Fienes were snowed in and although the larder was nearly empty, the roads from the grocer being practically impassable, Fiene was thrilled by the snow vistas and set to work on a new series of canvases, this time of snow in Connecticut. Recalling the popularity of his *Dyckman Street Church*, he subsequently put some of the old Connecticut churches in the Danbury and Waterbury sections on canvas. There was no particular stir over them.

In 1935 Boardman Robinson invited him to teach for a summer at the Fine Arts Center of Colorado Springs, Colorado. He accepted this opportunity to visit the West and during that summer when he was not at work teaching he painted a new series of watercolors, working his painting way down from the Rockies into New Mexico.

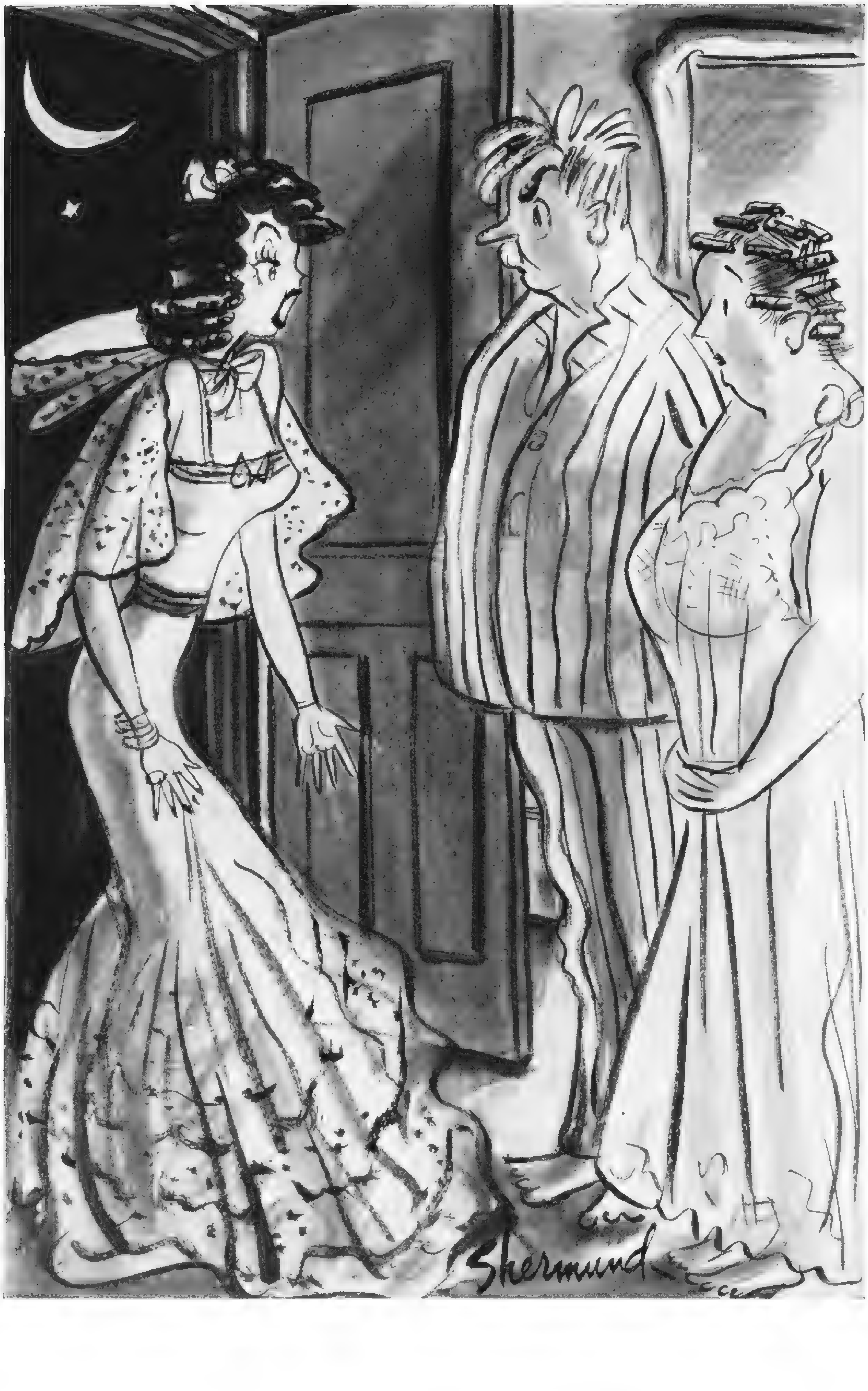
While at Colorado Springs he was invited to join the special skills division of the Resettlement Division for the purpose of making a graphic record of conditions in the United States. In December, 1935, he set out on a motor car tour of the steel and coal regions of Kentucky, West Virginia and Pennsylvania. It was a winter of particularly fierce snowfalls and blizzards, but he proceeded onward from Pittsburgh to West Virginia, making his now important record of coal mines and steel mills in their blanket of snow and dust.

These notes he later developed on canvas, working until 1937 on the series, which he then exhibited in Pittsburgh, through the Pittsburgh Commission for Industrial Expansion, whose purpose is to induce out-of-town industries to come to Pittsburgh. The same pictures find favor because of their alleged proletarian content in the exhibitions of the radical Artists Union of Philadelphia.

During 1936 he took time off from his industrial series to paint a mural for the post office at Canton, Ohio, under the direction of the Procurement Division of the Treasury Department and he is now at work on designs for a set of murals to decorate the main floor stairwell of the new Department of the Interior Building, on the themes of forest fire fighting, reforestation, placer mining and Western grazing.

For his brilliantly shimmering *Frosty Morning* he won the Norman Wait Harris silver medal and the accompanying purse in the 1937 exhibition of the Chicago Art Institute. He is represented in the collections of more than a dozen American museums and in the portrait galleries of several universities.

He wishes to be put down as a great believer in art finding a function in contemporary life. The only way in which the artist may become a respected member of the community is to serve that community and not to cut himself off from it in ivory tower isolation. He believes that the development of art in Europe has come to an end and that American art today is in the same relation to the art of Europe that Dutch and Flemish art were in relation to the art of Italy at the end of the Renaissance, that is, at the triumphant beginning. #



"I said induced—i-n-d-u-c-e-d"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 96

ant in the sun under the blue sky which like everything else in Vienna was calm, light, airy, modest. Then almost at your elbow, just beyond the potted plants on the low railing, appeared a broken-down old woman in the neat but worn shawl who stood there and looked ravenously at the coffee, at the cut of pastry, and after a while shuffled on.

You paused to read the inscription on a monument, and there were the poor—not asking, only standing, half bent, and looking. You leaned over a bridge on the Donau canal, and the poor looked with you, and waited. Now and then some ragged bundle of a man or woman leaped from a bridge and was fished out by the bargemen, or wasn't.

That was the Vienna of ten years ago, 1928, the halfway point between Armistice and the Nazi horde. That was the Vienna behind the tradition; the skeleton at the feast; the reality behind the romance of the State Opera House and the syrupy sentiment of the café concerts; the mockery of Herr Baedeker's epic. That was the Vienna of poverty and despair that made Nazi conquest possible once socialism was thwarted. That is the Vienna which will live on, for the psychic income which is all that Nazism can pay will not put meat on those gaunt bones.

In that year of 1928, that halfway point, two hundred thousand Germans invaded Vienna, a far greater number than Hitler used when on March 12 he demoted Austria from a country to a county, and Vienna from a world metropolis to a provincial capital. Two hundred thousand Germans from all parts of the world, members of singerbunds, converged on the city to celebrate the Schubertiad, the centennial of a Viennese. It was a hilarious, melodious conquest. The invaders came by train, autobus, Danube steamer, and on foot with rucksacks on their shoulders.

Looking back, I find that invasion portentous. The German seldom goes it alone. He has always liked to travel en masse with his singing, gymnastic, university, or family group. He was always most at home in a crowd of his own kind, and nothing made him quite so happy as to go off on such a mass expedition, carrying a banner, pinning a lot of badges to his lapels, wearing a sash from shoulder to hips, and having people yell "Heil!" at him. He has always so loved to march in a parade that even his casual Sunday morning cross-country hikes formed themselves into semi-military reviews. It was only natural, when an opening in the world came for the strange phenomenon of Nazism, that Germany should fill it.

In this respect the Austrian, the Viennese, is least German of all. He is lazy and unambitious, and never insists on his dignity. He likes to play but doesn't care about winning. His conversation is not debate or argument, but discussion, speculation, verbal playfulness, and casuistry for the fun of it. He is more like a Provençal Frenchman than like a north German, and it is going to take trouble to make a Nazi of him. The best thing that German *Kultur* ever gave the world was the *gemütlich* ideal, and this was a uniquely Austrian way of life. It was this that made Vienna the continental city of cities, where even the beggars and the hopelessly poor had an air and a tone to be found in the gutters and slums of no other city.

Not all the poor were beggars or hawkers. There were the thousands who had seen great days. Their common haunt was the Dorotheum, that vast block-long palace of usury, the state pawnshop. It is one of the most imposing edifices in all Vienna. The Opera House symbolizes one Vienna; the palace of the three golden balls symbolizes the other. Every day auctions were held in the Dorotheum's spacious halls, and the building was so stocked with ruins of family life that even the corridors overflowed with beds, mattresses, safes, pianos, whatnots, brought there for a loan and never reclaimed.

The Dorotheum was the realest thing in Vienna, as real and unforgettable as a trip to the morgue, but there wasn't a thing about it in *The Satchel Guide to Europe*. Baedeker spoke of it as little as possible in a guidebook which devoted twenty-three pages to a partial inventory of the Imperial Museum. And of course there was nothing in Baedeker about the former assistant minister of finance turned baggage-smasher, who turned his face away as he thanked you for a too-liberal tip. Or the frail old lady, once a grand dame, who trained canaries and cleaned her lodgers' boots—counted herself lucky when she and her husband could rent out their bed for the night, while they slept close together on kitchen chairs in the back part of the house, with the tablecloth for a blanket.

At the Buergertheater they were playing *Ohne Kleid—tut mir Leid*, a gay revue to be translated "Not a Stitch on But I Should Worry." The *Abendblatt*, the evening paper, came out daily with a supplement—not comic strips, but sheet music.

A high iron fence ran around the Burggarten. For seven cents, the price of a promenade ticket, you could get past this fence to the string orchestra which was buried in the park. Clouds of people who couldn't spare seven cents clung to the fence and listened to another installment of the Schubertiad. An American "millionaire" could go the promenade ticket one better—climb up to the terrace, seat himself at a table covered with white linen, eat a goulash and drink wine, and while the orchestra played the American "millionaire" could watch the crowds, those in the seats, the seven-cent promenaders, and far back, beyond the iron fence, those others. At the next table an old dowager sipped tea—in stiff black, white-haired, eagle-eyed, an impressive old ramrod out of the past. She sat there every night. Probably not enough money to buy a concert ticket or a meal, too old or too proud to stand or walk about with the lower middle classes, she had a seat on the terrace, where, although she could hear the music only by snatches she could make her tea and her hot water last all evening and preserve her respectability.

Typically Vienna were the Brunners and their apartment on the 4th floor at 100 Margaretenstrasse, 4th bezirk. Their carpet, their portieres and curtains, and most of their furniture and knickknacks were in the Dorotheum. They lived in rooms practically bare except for three chairs, a piano bench, and a grand piano in rosewood. On the walls were three full-length portraits in heavy gilt frames of the Brunner forebears. There was also a clock that would suddenly quit. Mr. Paulania ("Formerly of the Austrian civil service") would get up on a chair, after the usual polite argument, and repair it. He always had a part or two left over, but always it ran, and always it quit again. A symbol of Austria, they used to say.

Paulania and Papa Brunner had gone to the university together, sat at the same desk. Ah, what devil-may-care fellows they were! Paulania went from the university into a diplomatic career; Papa Brunner followed the ponies. Kicked out of the house by his father, he went to America, and brought back to Europe the American style of short-stirrup racing. He came into his inheritance (dyestuffs industry) in 1917, and the following year ten thousand kroner would not have bought a pack of matches.

Since Papa Brunner loved horses and had a life pass, I went once to the racetrack with him. He wasn't eager to go. "But they will ask me about my glasses!" he whispered in an aside to his wife. And then, apparently not remembering he tried to keep it dark, he looked up at me wistfully as we went through the turnstiles, "You will see, they will ask me."

And sure enough—"Hello, Albrecht. Why, what are you doing here without your glasses?" The "hello, Albrechts" came from all directions. Papa Brunner was the Old Maestro returned after a long absence to his stamping ground, that funny roly-poly figure with the beaver hat whose beaver was all washed away by many rains, and his fine field glasses saved from the great days.

Three days ago, Albrecht had pulled the beaverless beaver down over his eyes and had pawned the glasses at the Dorotheum.

"Stupid of me," he answered people, "I left them at a friend's house in the country."

Some found face-saving necessary; some sank below the line. Mr. Paulania would take a tip, but only if you made a game of it; the Brunners would starve first. The Brunners would insist on fixing you up an English jam tea, and skip a meal next day. Where are they now? And who is living in those extraordinary apartment buildings put up by the socialist government, where three rooms with bath came to $3.00 a month, where each cluster of apartment buildings was provided with library, meeting hall, baths, mechanical laundry, and "boarding kindergarten"? What has become of the socialist youth bands, comparable to our Boy Scouts and Campfire Girls, whose word of greeting was "Friendship"?

Walking in the Prater, the world's largest park, Papa Brunner would say, "The socialist government is doing well, but it is doomed. The British and the French will not let it succeed, any more than they would let the German socialists succeed. Some day there will arise a strong man, perhaps an Attila, perhaps a German Genghis Khan, and they will have to let him work. Britain and France are responsible for the depth of misery you see here. What they are doing with us is fertilizing the soil for the next war."

In 1928, in the midst of the Schubertiad and the joyous invasion of two hundred thousand blood-brothers, I discounted this as the talk of a socialist whose sufferings and losses and hopeless prospects had affected his view. One time he even prophesied: "Austria will some day be a part of Germany. But what difference will that make to the poor? The poor do not have a country."

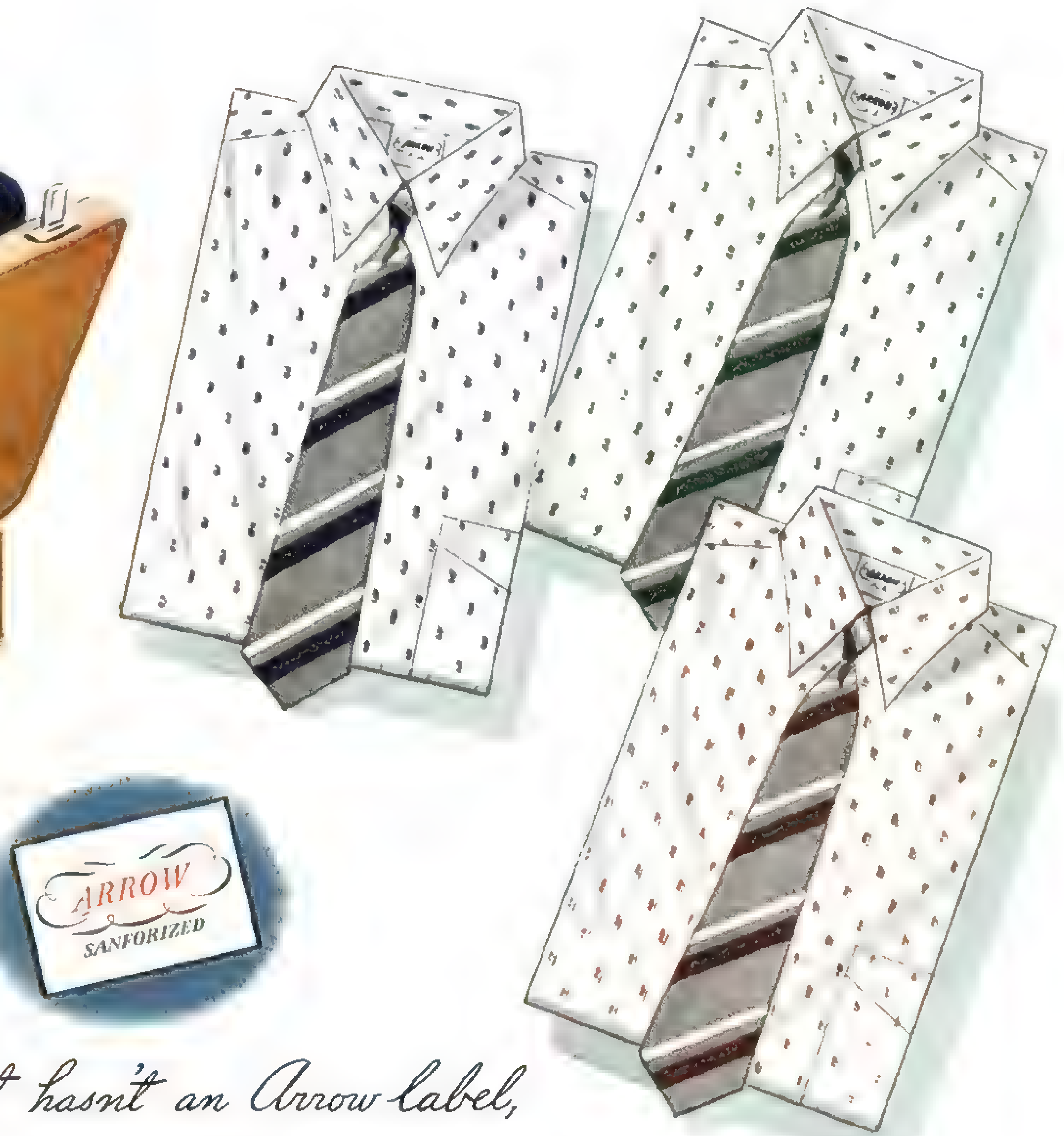
Vienna, heil! A dynamic barbarism is completing the ruin the World War began and the dictated peace encouraged. Other cities have died—why not you? Were you greater or nobler than Sidon, Tyre, Troy, Memphis, Babylon, Byzantium, or Guernica? Your splendor was founded on misery, injustice, and exploitation; there was discord under your melodies; starvation paused at your beer-gardens and coffeehouses and went away unfed.

Maybe the deluge of blood that is coming will wash Europe clean. Ten years ago when I wandered your streets and marveled how heaven and hell could live together so mildly, somewhere not far away the new Attila, the super-Hun, was brooding darkly over his stein of dunkel, dreaming of putsches and butcherings to come. Maybe even now, in some back alley of a remote municipal bezirk, a leader and deliverer is growing up, learning, planning, being prepared for Der Tag. Then maybe at last when the bodies of more millions have been buried, and honest men come into possession of the world, Vienna may again be a capital of joy, with no beggars at its feasts.

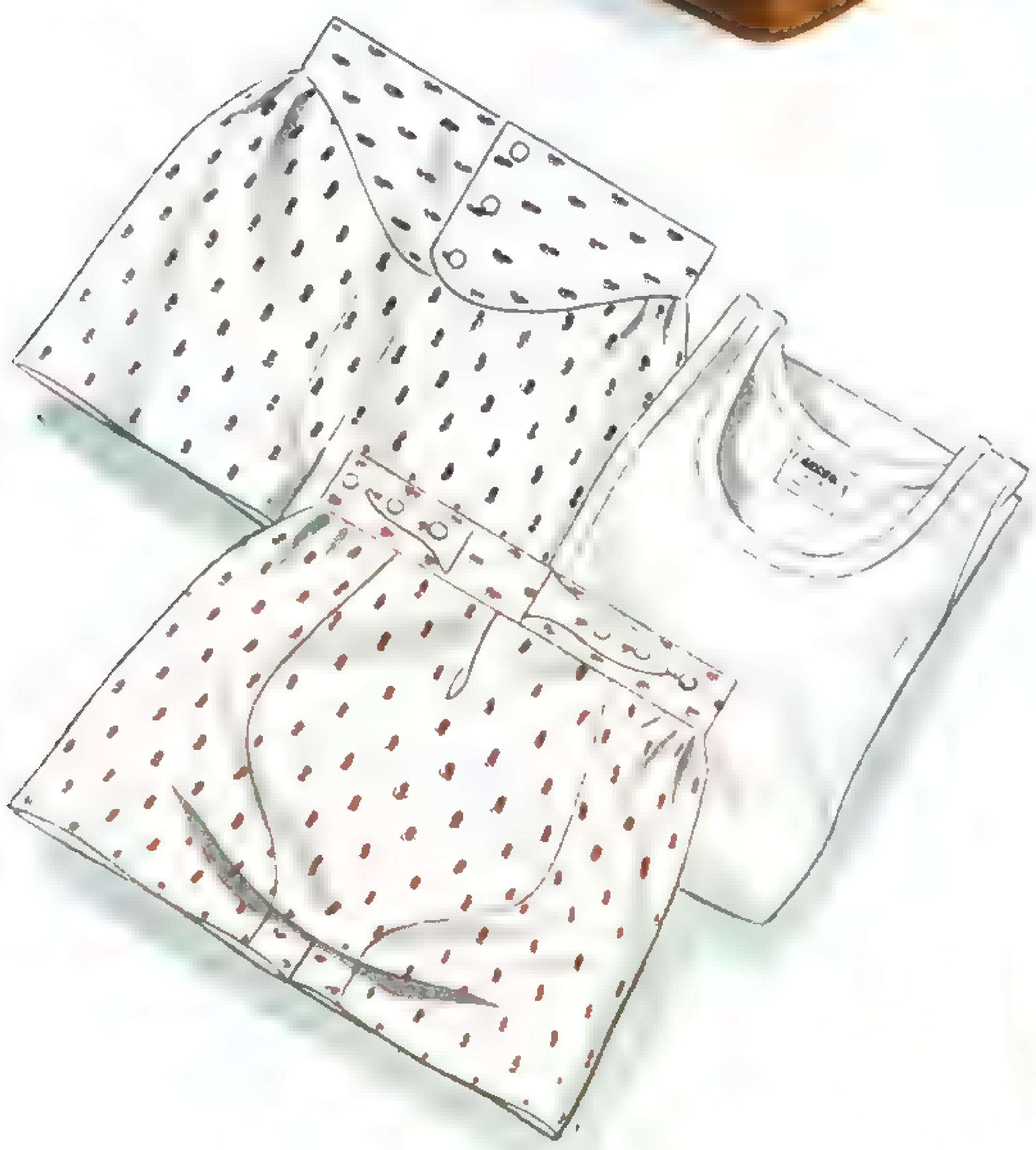
Maybe. Grüss Gott!

Latest advice to shirts: "Don't Shout!" Latest example of the no-shout school: Berkeley Squares by Arrow Sanforized. Mitoga tailored-to-your-torso. $2.75.

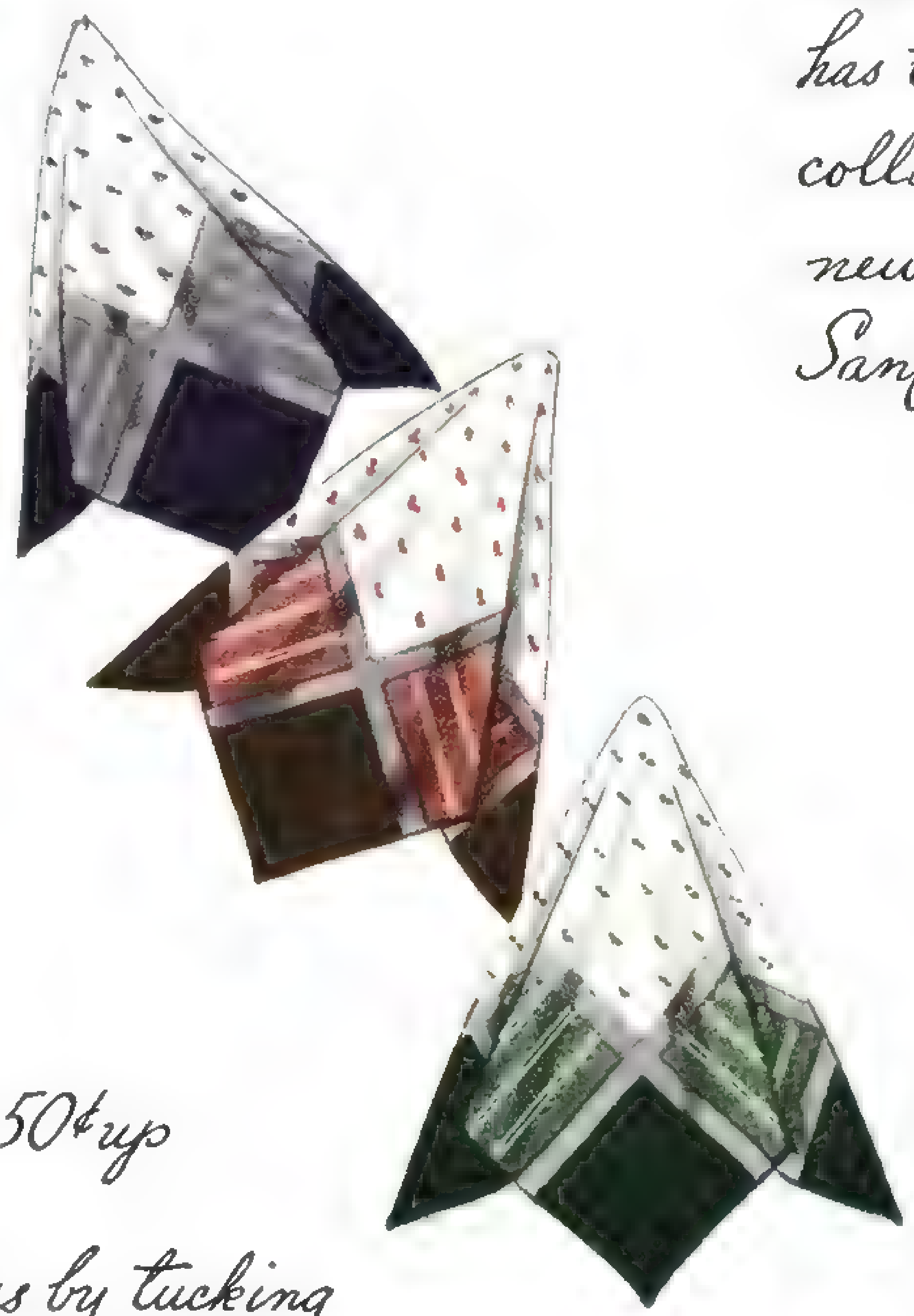
Arrow's Berkeley Stripe ties are carefully designed to go with the shirts. $1.50.

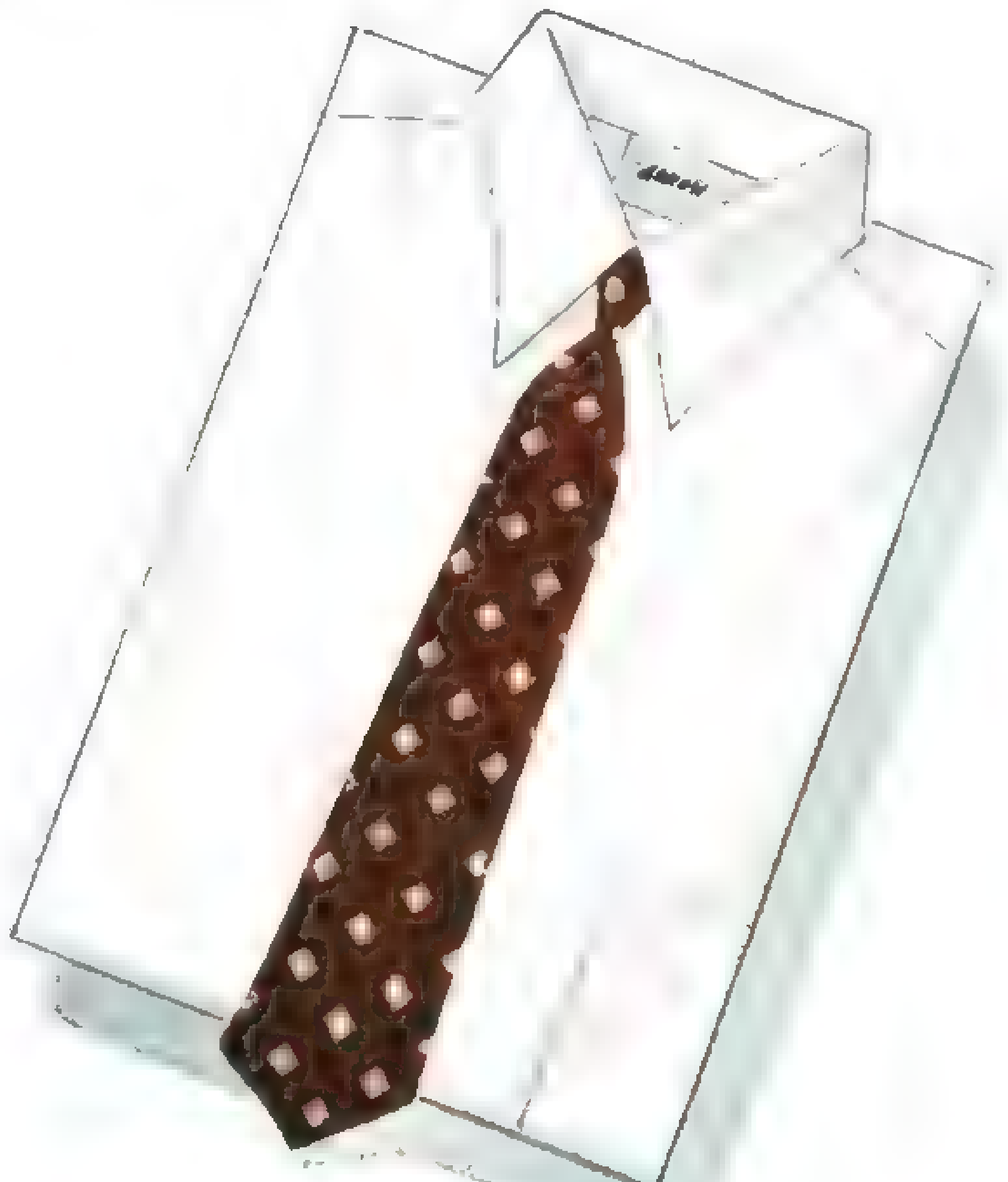


If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.



Dart, Arrow's great new white shirt, has the longest-wearing non-wilt collar ever united to a shirt, the new Aroweave collar. Dart is Sanforized Shrunk. $2.25.



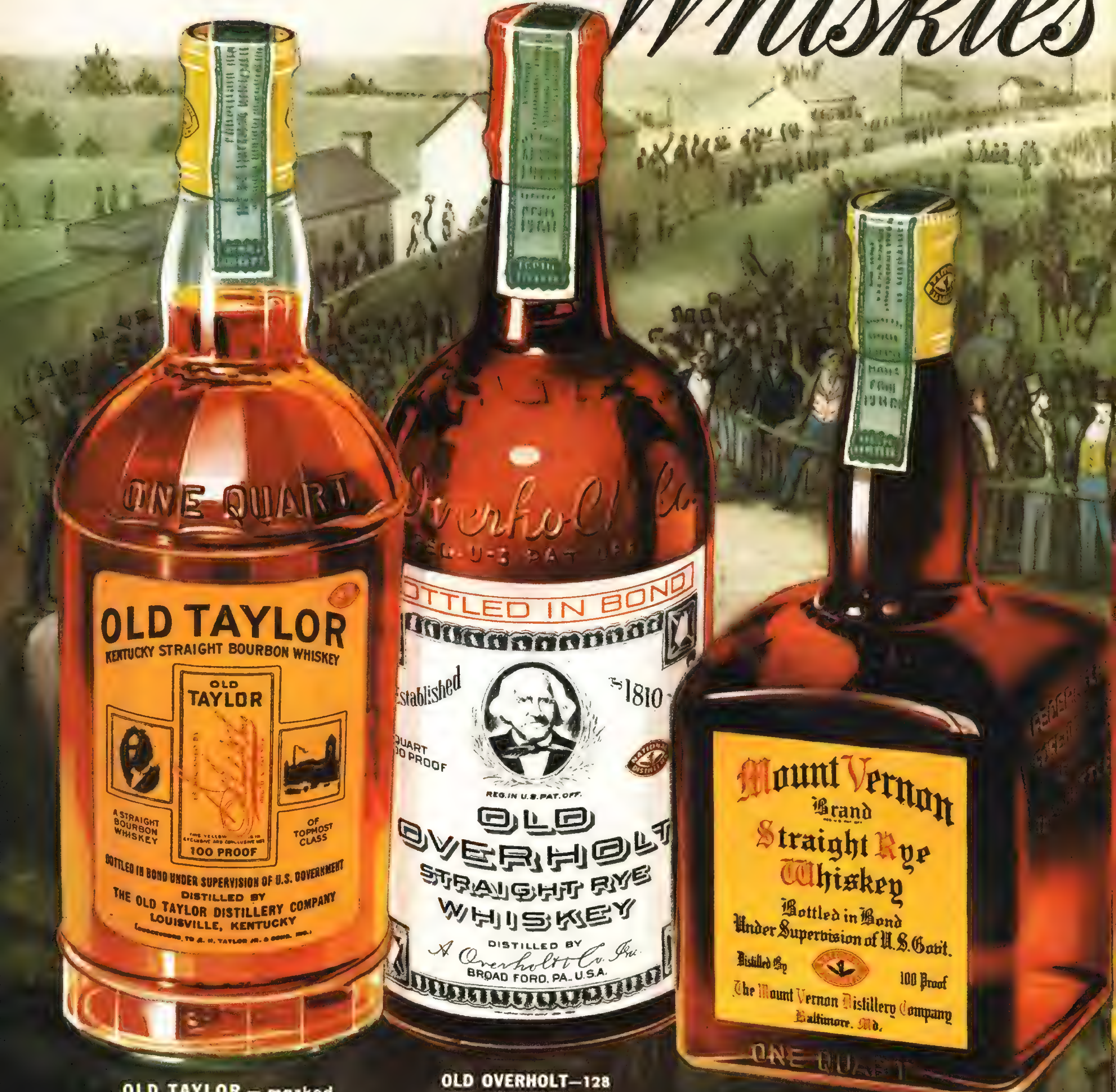


Q. Why don't Arrow shorts ever creep, twist or chafe?
A. Because they lack that root of all evil, the heartless center seam. In Berkeley Square fabric, $1. Undershirts, 50¢ up

Make your Berkeley ensemble faultless by tucking Arrow's Berkeley Square Handkerchief in your coat pocket. 50¢.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

America's FOUR Whiskies*


ONE QUART
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OF TOPMOST CLASS
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
Overholt Co.
BOTTLED IN BOND
Established 1810
QUART 100 PROOF
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
A. Overholt & Co. Inc.
BROAD FORD, PA. U.S.A.
Mount Vernon
Brand
Straight Rye Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
Under Supervision of U.S. Govt.
Distilled By
100 Proof
The Mount Vernon Distillery Company
Baltimore, Md.
ONE QUART

OLD TAYLOR — marked with the signature of a man who made whiskey history

OLD OVERHOLT—128 years famous for its rich, robust rye taste

MOUNT VERNON—delicate in flavor . . . the patrician of American ryes

MOST

TRULY American and traditionally fine are these four great whiskies.

Even back in 1875, when the first Kentucky Derby was run, the oldest of this quartet had been distilled for 65 years.

All are straight whiskey and full 100 proof, supremely rich and maturely mellow.

All are bottled in bond under the strictest supervision in the world—the standards laid down by the U.S. Government.

Each bears an old and honored name. Each is distinguished by a characteristic taste all its own.

Surely, none but great whiskies could enjoy the deep respect and the unbroken popularity that these four have held for so long.

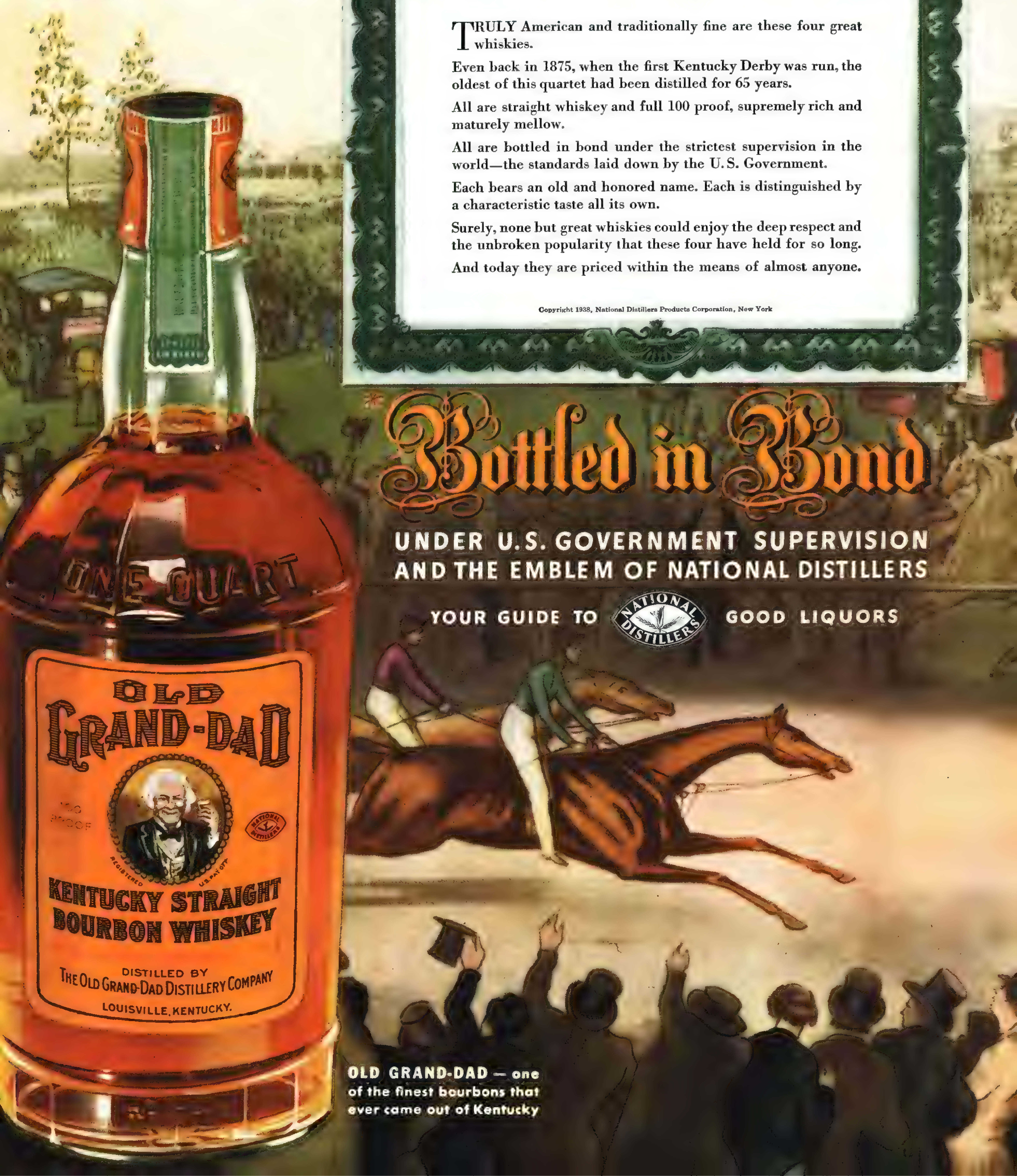
And today they are priced within the means of almost anyone.

Copyright 1938, National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Bottled in Bond

UNDER U.S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
AND THE EMBLEM OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS

YOUR GUIDE TO NATIONAL DISTILLERS GOOD LIQUORS


ONE QUART
OLD
GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
REGISTERED
U.S. PAT. OFF.
NATIONAL DISTILLERS
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

OLD GRAND-DAD — one of the finest bourbons that ever came out of Kentucky

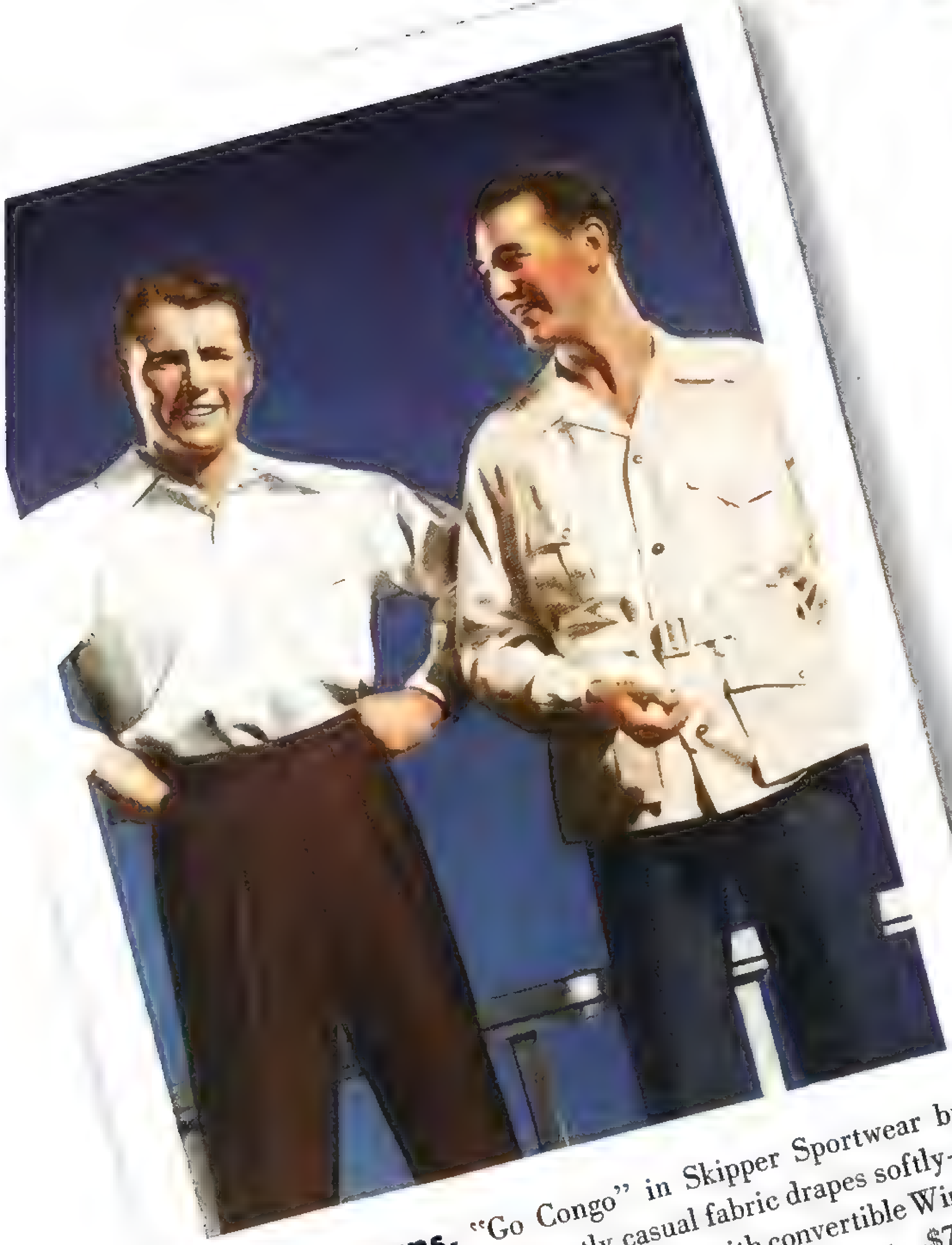
du pont spun rayon *is famously cool in*

CONGO CLOTH

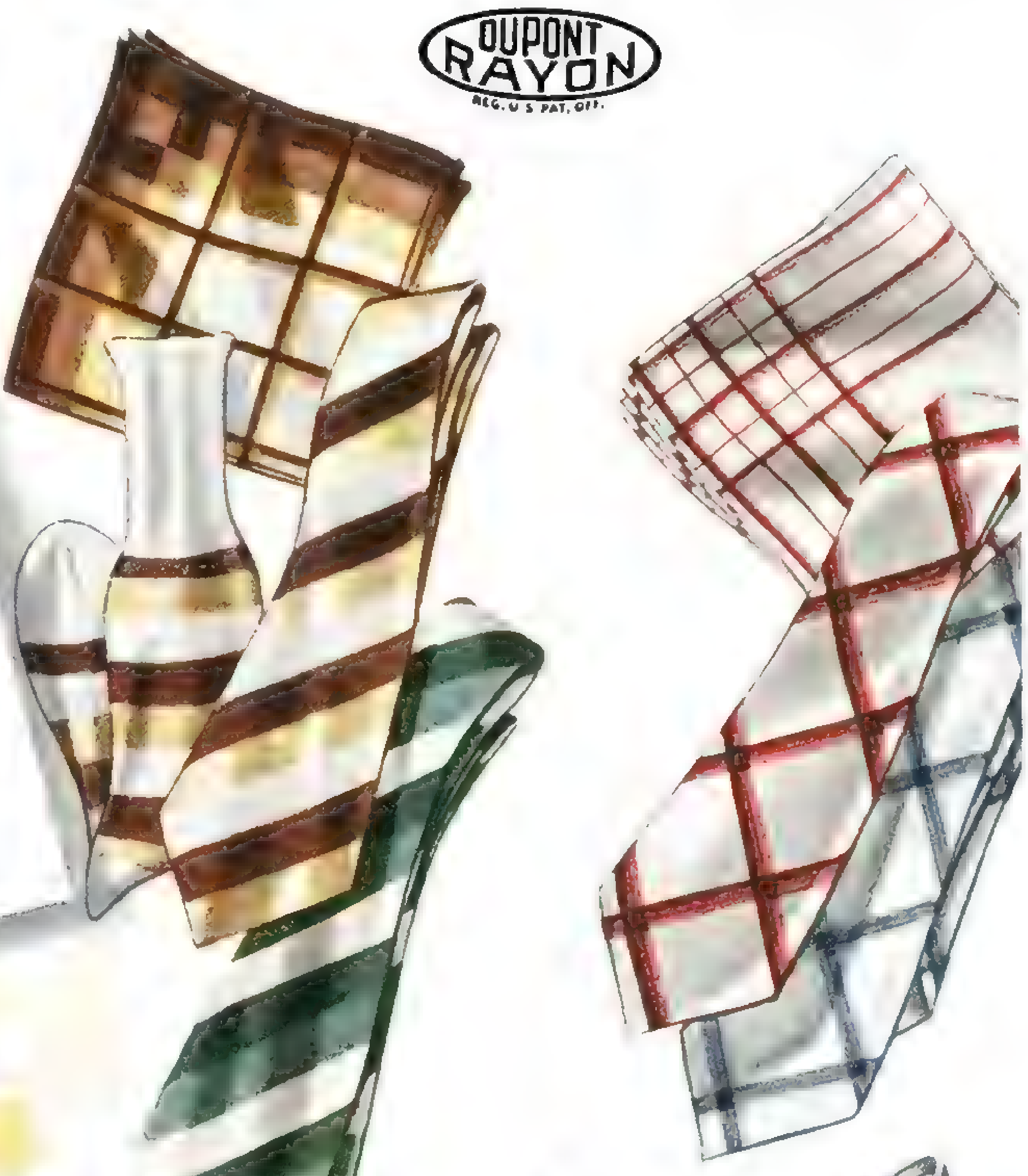
styled by Wilson Brothers

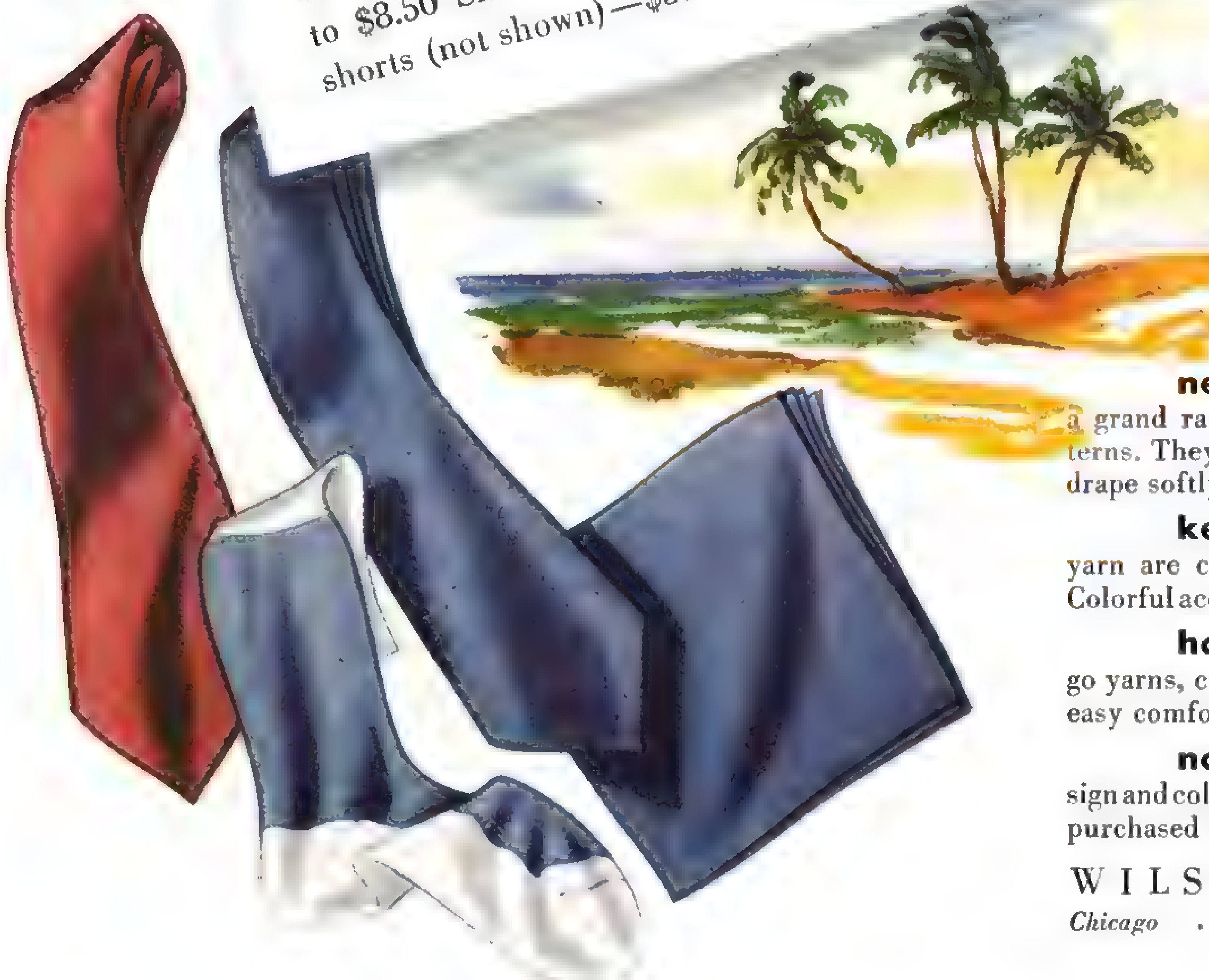
This fabric, thanks to Du Pont Spun Rayon, ranks next to air-conditioning as a cool boon to men. The very yarn is frosty and luxurious. And, Congo Cloth is so unusual that patents were granted to protect it from imitation. ***Wilson stylists, alive to its cool, XXth century character, have used it across the board in summer-wear . . . Patterns and colors are exclusive—correctly keyed to sport, business and dress-up. *Now in the better shops from Maine to California.*

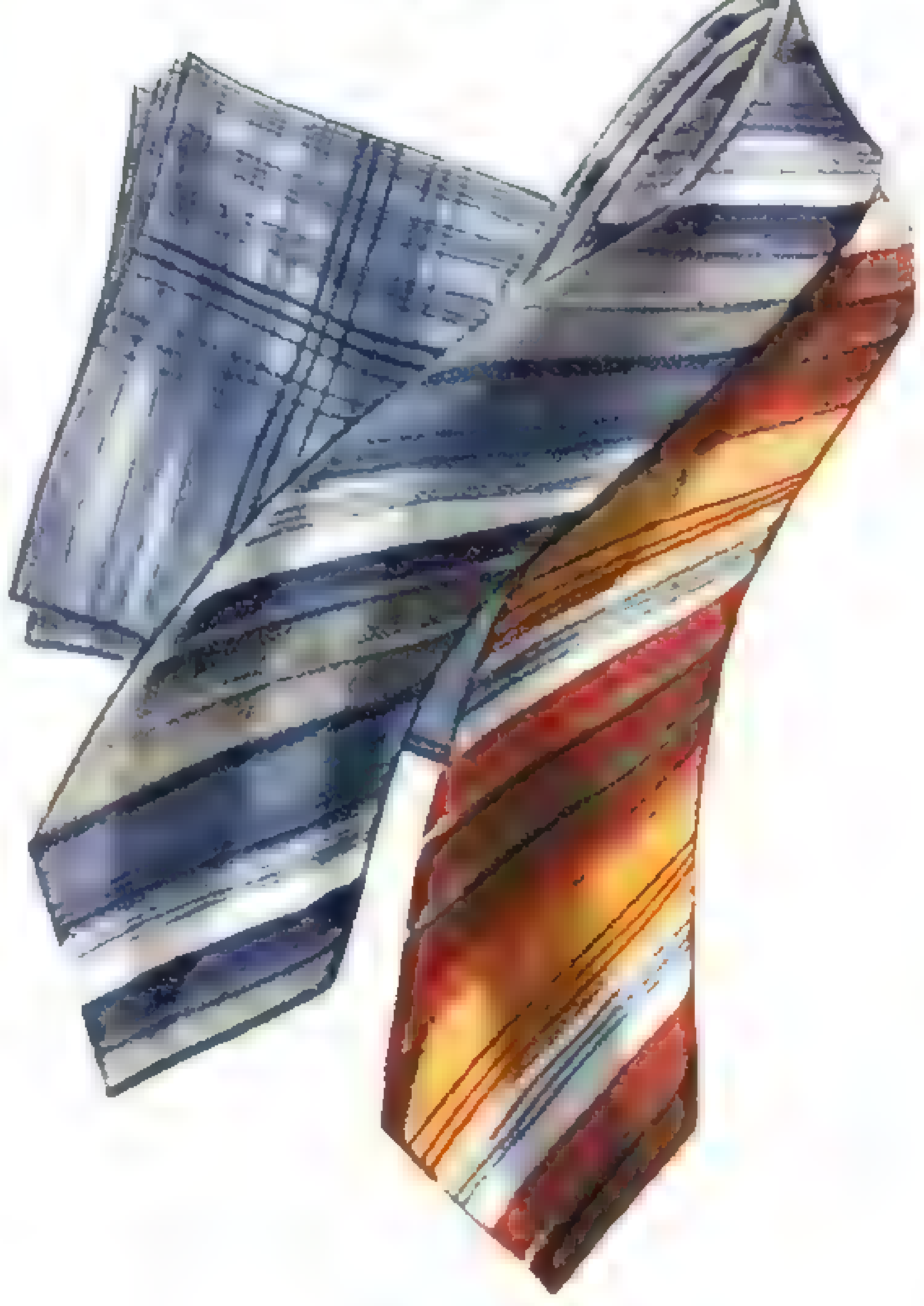
DUPONT RAYON
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



by all means, "Go Congo" in Skipper Sportwear by Wilson Brothers. This smartly casual fabric drapes softly—tailors beautifully. Pictured—the shirt with convertible Windsor collar—$4.00 to $5.00. Military cut Bush coat—$7.00 to $8.50 Slacks with attached cinch belt—$8.50. Tennis shorts (not shown)—$3.00. All in the season's best colors.







neckwear in Congo comes in a grand range of exclusive Wilson patterns. They knot neatly, resist wrinkling, drape softly. $1.00.

kerchiefs woven of Congo yarn are crisp as linen and rayon-soft. Colorful accents for summer suitings. 65c.

hose, knitted of patented Congo yarns, combine rayon luxury with the easy comfort of lisle. 55c.

note: Cleverly related in design and coloring, these furnishings may be purchased singly or in match mated sets.

WILSON BROTHERS
Chicago . New York . San Francisco

RAYON DIVISION E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC., EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

To the King's Taste

Continued from page 99

Take the paunch of a hog. Wash it out with vinegar and salt. Now mix the brains of three hogs with six hard boiled eggs, add cloves, garlic, aniseed, ginger, rue, oil. Stuff paunch and boil until tender. Then hang over fire and smoke. When ready to serve cut open and cover with red wine and liquamen.

One thing more before we leave the Roman to his well-earned nap. In going through the ancient books, I think I unearthed the first recorded cocktail. Promulfis served his guests before dinner and between courses with a cup made of honey, wine and spice. In cold weather this was heated.

When Caesar pushed his way through the fogs of England, he found a race, with their faces painted blue, sitting before little peat fires. Their main article of diet was a meal they made from grinding barley and corn. Caesar not only brought them good roads but he brought them milk and the taste of cooked flesh. If he hadn't been called back to protect the home sector from the Huns who were overrunning the plains north of Rome, he might have done something worth while for the British.

But the taste of flesh was enough to start them and the Saxons brought a still more lusty taste when they came over. The food was rough and hearty, including joints of meat and fish. The Normans added a further fillip to the fare and by the time of the first Henry, the English cooked a joint as well as they do today.

Stowe tells of the importance that the cooks or *coquus* held in the royal household. They were always mentioned in the Kings' Orders, and the posts in the kitchen were as eagerly sought after as some of the fancier-sounding retainer jobs of today. Those boys knew where the cabbage and joints came from. Stowe is a little shocked though, at the revelries of the courtiers in the pantry: "eating, wrestling with women, nice going, and much drinking," is the way he puts it. Yes, my hearties, "nice going" is his phrase and not from 1938.

It was Henry who used to roam about his kingdom in shabby clothes seeing how his subjects fared. He looked with suspicion on the holy orders; he thought they were all too fat and had nothing to do but eat and drink. So one day he dropped in on an Abbey and asked himself to dinner. The good Abbot had a fine dish for the game, hare and plover and a roasted sheep. The King fell to in great shape and polished off the table. When he was finished he noticed that the Abbot was not eating. He didn't know it, but the good Father had spied finery under the disguise and smelled a mouse, or rather, a King. The Father explained that he had a squeamish stomach. The King looked at the Abbot's paunch and had doubts. So, when Henry got back to London, he sent for his host and had him clapped into the Tower. There he fed him on bread and water for a month and at the end of that time, sent in a steaming loin of beef and a pitcher of sack. Peeking through a crevice the King saw the Abbot put the joint down without much trouble. As the saintly man was licking his fingers, the King stepped in and had a good laugh with him. He slapped him on the back and sent him back to his Abbey with a few bottles of wine and a hundred sovereigns.

By the time of Henry III, dining had taken on more regal aspects. At his state dinners in the thirteenth century, Henry would serve the head of a boar and a stuffed peacock. The peacock was the pièce de résistance of every meal. It was carefully skinned with all the feathers on, and after it had been cooked, the meat was diced and stuffed back into the skin. Then the tail was spread, the head propped up and a bag of meal, saturated with spirits, put in the beak. The spirits were set ablaze just before the peacock was brought to the table.

When Lionel, son of Edward III, married Violentis, daughter of the Duke of Milan, two hundred noble Englishmen were asked to the feast. The meal consisted of thirty courses and it was estimated that there was enough food for ten thousand men. The Duke had brought along a few little presents for the bride's new papa-in-law and the King himself came across nobly. These favors were passed out between courses, a neat trick, as seventy of the favors were horses fully caparisoned with armor for the fray. To the women went rubies, diamonds and bodices of gold. The lesser knights, who didn't rate horses, received cuirasses of solid gold or silver mesh.

This phase of the world and its stomach is interesting as the birth and flowering of the floor show. It took some time to eat thirty courses, and during the banquet minstrels would stroll in and sing flattering or ribald songs, usually about the guests present. They were seldom invited, they just came. They probably smelled the food down the wind. It must be said to the credit of the race that gave us the Magna Charta that even then there was complete freedom of the press, the minstrel being a sort of gadding newspaper. A minstrel could say what he liked, as one did at the banquet Henry III gave in Paris to the Kings of France and Navarre. When it came to the time of the toasts, a minstrel pointed to the shield of Richard and said: "Tremble at that shield, all you French knaves." He got a big hand and didn't lose his head, either.

Edward III and Richard II were two of England's greatest

Continued on page 108

THE COACHER
RAINCOAT
perfection in protection

Men who are prominent socially and in business wear the Galecoat Coacher by Alligator...which is more than a raincoat, it's a fashion. Inspired by the model worn by the members of London's famous Coaching Club, it has that casual ease, smartness and comfort that well dressed men demand. Fly front, 85" sweep and ticket pocket. In grey or white water-repellent Galecloth, $18.50. Other single and double breasted models in tan, brown or blue, $15.75 and $18.50.

ALLIGATOR COACHER Same style in semi-transparent, water-proof Alligator fabric in deep sea or blue, $10.50. Other single and double breasted models in deep sea, navy, brown, grey, dark green or black, from $5.75 to $15.75...*available at all better stores.*

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.
MANUFACTURERS OF ALLIGATOR RAINCOATS AND GALECOATS

Robt. Burns
de Luxe

The Topper Goes Panatela

● Escorts of debs this season are creating a vogue for the Robt. Burns Panatela de Luxe—Sophistocrat of Cigars. They like its jaunty, manly effect with evening dress. They also find a new pleasure in the ultra mildness of its 100% choicest Havana filler. Try it for ultra mild taste and the smart effect of its graceful shape.

Robt. Burns
Panatela de Luxe 10¢
SOCIETY'S NEW KEYNOTE IN SMOKING

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To the King's Taste

Continued from pages 99-107

gourmets. Edward usually had "five hundred Knights and fifty beauteous damosels" at his little dinners. Richard had two thousand cooks in his kitchen and three hundred waiters.

Rome, for a long period, had to reduce its waistline, but it is interesting to note a trace of the old grandeur in a banquet Pope Clement VIII gave the King of France, the King of Venetia and the Duke of Savoy. The palace was entirely hung with gold and silver tapestries and the food was all served on golden dishes. The favors were huge replicas of arches, castles, pyramids, made out of sugar. In the palace yard a fountain flowed throughout the day spouting the best of Italian wines.

Young men about to be married might consider the banquet staged by William of Rosenberg when he got married in Prague in 1587. The correspondent of the Fugger *News-Letter* of that year reports as follows: "Deer 36, venison 12 tons, boars 36, sucking pigs 9 tons, roes 49, hares 1,290, turkeys 27, pheasants 272, partridges 1,910, field hares 11,560, Westphalian cocks 50, oxen 75, sheep 754, calves 173, lambs 221, fattened pigs 32, young sows 160, Indian cocks 200, fattened capons 500, fattened hens 5,560, young hens 900, fattened geese 1,350, eggs 20,620, lard 1,700 weight, cheese 2 tons, skate fish 960, char fish in pastries 70, large pike 300, small pike 420, carps 5,800, a very large she-pike, Rhine wine 70 pails, Hungarian wine 100 pails, Moravian wine 40 pails, Austrian wine 17 barrels, Bohemian wine 74 barrels, sweet wine 10 kegs, pale ale 150 barrels, Rakonitz beer 8 barrels, barley beer 18 barrels, spices, marzipan, and sweetmeats, wheat for rolls and corn for rye bread a goodly amount." What, no spinach! It might comfort you to know that it took the guests three meals to get away with this.

Perhaps the banquet of all times was the little affair Henry IV staged when he married Jane of Navarre. The account speaks of it modestly as "only three courses." Draw up a hamburger, open a bottle of beer and listen.

Remember that at this time of orthography the initial "s" was printed as an "f."

Firft Courfe

Fylettes of galentyne (flesh, bread crumbs, herbs, etc.), Vyand ryall (wine, honey, ground rice, spice, mulberries), Gross chare (beef and mutton), Fygnettes (baby swans), Capon of haut Grece (fat capons), Fefauntys (pheasants), Chewetys (fat greasy pudding), A fotelte (A paste & sugar or jelly ended every course).

Fecond Courfe

Venfon with fermente (wheat—milk and sugar), Gelye (jelly), Porcellys (young pigs), Conynge (rabbits), Bittore (bittern), Puleyng farcez (unknown), Pertryche (partridges), Leche fryez (cream, isinglass, sugar & almonds), Brawne brufe (brawns' flesh), A fotelte.

Third Courfe

Creme d'almaundys (almond cream), Perys in fyruppe (pears in syrup), Venifon rofted, Ryde, Woodecokke, Plovere, Rabbettys, Qualys, Snytys (snipes), Feldfare, Crustfade (custard), Sturgeon, Frettoure, A fotelte.

* * *

The Order of the Three Courses of Fish.

Firft Courfe

Vyaund ryall, Sew lumbarde (Lombardy broth), Salty Fythe, Lampreys powderyd (spiced lampreys), Pyke, Breme, Samoun roftyd, Cruftarde lumbarde (Lombardy custard), A fotelte.

Fecond Courfe

Purpayis en frumente (porpoises in firmetty), Gely, Breme, Samoun, Congre, Gournarde, Platys (plaice), Lampreys in paft (lamprey pie), Leche fryez, Panteryfe coronys for a fotelte (pastry in form of panthers).

Third Courfe

Creme of almaunds, Perys in fyruppe, Tenche enbrace (2 tench in dish), Troutez (trout), Floundrys fryid, Perchys, Lamprey rofted, Lochys and colys (fish), Sturjoun, Crabbe and creveys, Grafpeys, egle coronys: in fotelte (crowned eagles in pastry).

* * *

There comes a time when men have to spend more time on the battle field, on the seven seas and in the parliamentary halls, than at the table. England goes back to her boiled mutton and "spring greens" (cabbage) and the nationalistic spirit even enters the stomach. Two schools of cookery survive that seem to know no racial or national barriers; the French and the Chinese. Of the French school of cooking, it was brought to its fullest stature by Escoffier, who died a few years ago at a ripe old age. Before he had died, he had passed on to his many pupils and disciples all that he knew of his art. Three or four of his pupils came to America. When Escoffier visited here in October, 1926, his friends, led by Scotto, who until his death last winter was at the Pierre, gave him a banquet at the Hotel Ambassador. Here is what the best of modern cooks ate and said was good:

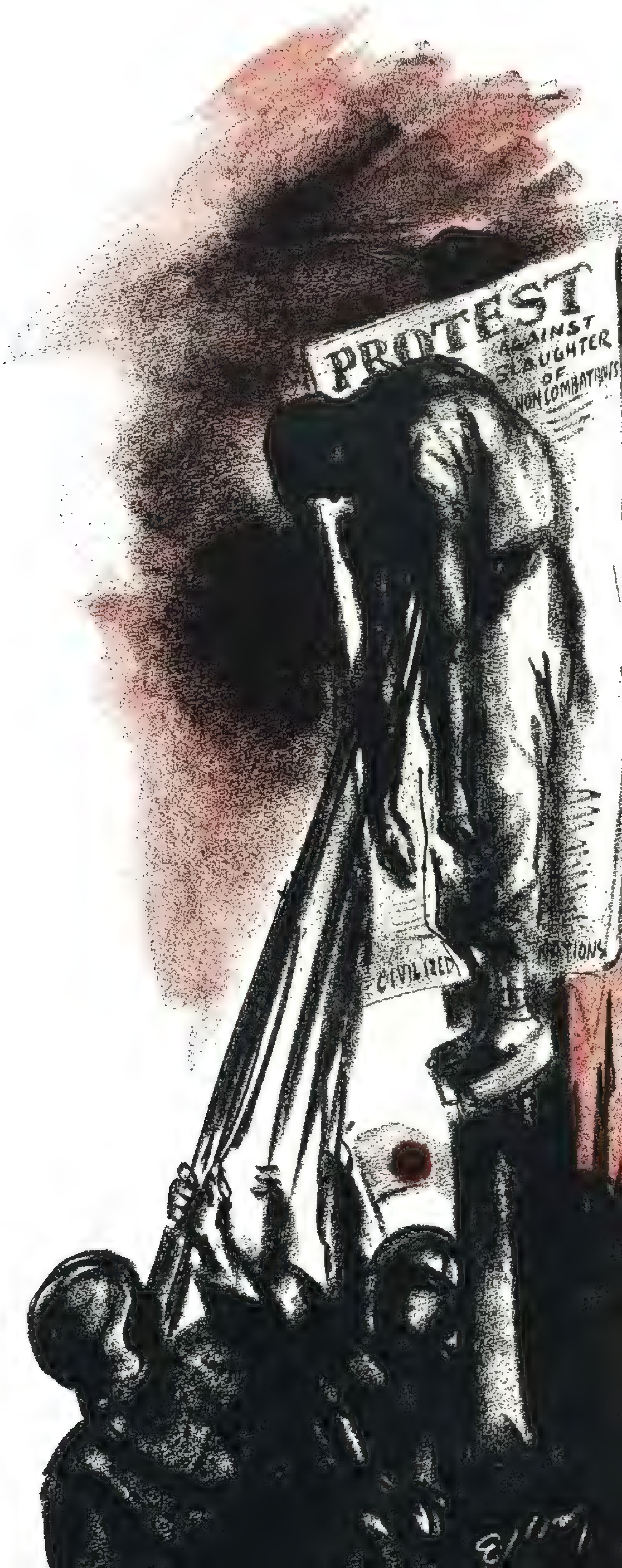
Avant l'Oeuvre
Fantaisies Parisiennes
Servies au Jardin Italien
(The above served as a buffet)
Le Caviar Frais d'Astrakan
Pain Grille Le Rossolnick
La Mousse Escortee de Sole
Du Cardinal des Mers à l'Americaine
Les Noisettes de Pre-Sale, Favorite
Les Petits Pois à la Francaise
Une des Creations à la Escoffier
Les Perdreaux à la Casserole
La Salade Coeurs d'Endives, Chatelaine
Les Belles Angevines aix Fruits d'Or
Les Mignardises Moka

* * *

Theodore Titze, connected with more grand hotels than anyone can remember, recalls two special banquets. The first took four days to prepare and four hours to serve. It was held at the Carlton Hotel, London, in 1900, for the then Prince of Wales, later Edward VII.

Huit res de Colchester
Consommé de Volaille à la Francaise
Coulis de Crevettes roses à la Careme
Croustade de Filets de Sole
à la Normande
Selle de Chevreuil à la Galloise,
Crème de Marrons
Côtellettes d'Agneau de lait avec
pointes d'Asperges
Suprême de Poularde au Paprika
Neige au Porto dore

Continued on page 110


PROTEST AGAINST SLAUGHTER OF NONCOMBATANTS
CIVILIZED NATIONS

IF BABY-KILLING strikes you as a fine idea, or if you believe that personal liberty is just a phrase, then KEN is not for you. But if you feel that civilization is long overdue for a come-back, you will think twice before you shrug aside the responsibility of allying yourself with the force for human decency that KEN, in the name of common sense, now is and will be.

Ken
919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

Put me down for the next 26 issues of KEN and bill me for $5.50* ☐ or enclosed is my check for $5.50* ☐

Name__________
Address__________
City__________State__________ JE

*Add $2.50 for foreign, 50c for Canadian postage

You may give this order to your news dealer or mail directly to KEN, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CRACK DOWN ON MORNING-AFTERS!
Here's the FASTER way to do it . . .
PARTY TILL ALL HOURS–NO MORNING-AFTER, THANKS TO BROMO-SELTZER
BASEBALL SCOUTING MEANS TRAVEL—HASTY MEALS–OFTEN HEADACHE AND UPSET STOMACH. I TAKE BROMO-SELTZER
BROMO-SELTZER
EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

HARVEY DANN, *Insurance Salesman* (above): "I took Bromo-Seltzer when I turned in—woke up clear-headed! Another Bromo-Seltzer on waking left the old 'bean' keener. I felt ready to tackle my prospects with a smile."

Helps prevent morning-after

PAUL KRICHELL, *Baseball Scout:* "I'm always on the go—scouting for big-league players and following the training camps. When irregular eating causes a heavy, headachy feeling, I take Bromo-Seltzer. It eases my headaches and settles my stomach pronto."

Eases headache, settles stomach

NEEDLESS to let morning-after keep you in the dumps. Bromo-Seltzer eases it FASTER, a group of doctors proved in tests, than any other remedy they tested. It does more for you . . . also settles upset stomach, calms quivering nerves and ALKALIZES!

Next time you wake feeling headachy and sick, take Bromo-Seltzer. At all drugstores and soda fountains. Keep it handy at home, too!

A smart tip: Bromo-Seltzer, taken at bedtime, helps PREVENT morning-after. Next morning, after waking, another Bromo-Seltzer helps offset the effects of late hours.

To the King's Taste

Continued from pages 99-107-108

Faisans et Cailles truffes
Parfait de Foie gras de Strasbourg
Salade
Fonds d'Artichauts à la Chantilly
Mousse Carlton
Paniers de Friandises
Corbeilles de Fruit

Café
Krug, Private Cuvee,
Cognac, Hennessy 1840.

* * *

Another banquet, prepared and supervised by Theodore, was the one given to Alphonse 13th, King of Spain, in Paris at the Palais de l'Elysee. 1905.

Sherry
Melon glace au Porto

Crème d'Ecrevisse Nantua
Consommé à l'Ancienne

Turbotin à la Royale

Mignonnettes d'Agneau à la Chatelaine
Supreme de Gelinottes à la Cumberland

Poularde de la Bresse à la gelée d'Estragon
Punch à la Romaine

Dindonneau truffe
Foie gras à la Souvaroff
Salade Gaulois

Asperges d'Argenteuil sauce Mousseline
Petits Pois à la Francaise

Timbale de Fruits à la Parisienne
Bisuit glace à la d'estrees
Palmiers

Café
Grand Chablis   Romanee-Conti
Cliquot Veuve
Martell, Cordon Bleu
(The wines and liquors being out of the King's own cellar, dates are not obtainable)

* * *

Louis Drot who has been chef at the Ritz since it opened, takes out of his scrap book the following menu as one of the best dinners he has served. The club for which it was given, in 1916, is now forgotten.

Buffet Russe
Caviar de Sterlet   Crêpes de Sarrasin
Celeri   Olives   Amandes   Noisettes
Hochepot au xeres
Terrapine à la Maryland
Croustade de ris de veau Lucullus
Veloute de Celeri
Baron d'Agneau de lait
Petits pois à la Menthe
Marquise à l'ananas
Asperges de serre, sauce Mousseline
Perdreau roti sur canapé
Pommes chips   Bread sauce
Poularde soufflée Vendome
Salade Messaline
Peche de Montreuil belle Dijonnaise
Friandises
Corbeille de fruits
Café
Royal Sherry, 1848
Chateau Mouton Rothschild, 1900
Veuve Cliquot, dry
Grande fine Champagne, 1802
Clysmic

* * *

New Year's Eve found this country just over a war. The dinner at the Ritz at the turn of the year gives an index of our sentimental attachments. Of course, we had no liquor then, but surely those bottles we saw contained Cliquot, Piper Heidsieck, Dry Monopole, Lanson or Mumm's.

L'aube du Marechal Foch
Tortue des indes à l'Anglaise
Fruits de l'Adriatic Diaz
Suprême de poularde de France
"Pere la Victoire"
Velouté petain
Asperges nouvelles de floride Haig
Delices de foie gras Alsace-Lorraine
Salade des plaines de Belgique
belle alliance
Fraises du Boise de Vaux Pershing
Sourire du President Wilson
Café

* * *

Newspaper men are not supposed to eat, except as they can. But when one does a good job, and leaves it, his confrères become sentimental and chip in for a meal. Stephen Lauzanne, one of the best New York correspondents for *Le Matin*, Paris, enjoyed the following, at the Ritz:

Oysters   Crème Marie Louise
Homard à la Francaise
Selle d'Agneau Bouquetiere
Jambon d'York en Gelée
Salade d'escarole
Poire Belle Dijonnaise
Friandises
Café
Chateau Suduirant
Chateau Margaux
Veuve Cliquot 1906
Piper Heidsieck 1911
Hennessy XO 40 Years Old

* * *

Kings again. But this time not one who ate stuffed peacocks and boars' heads. The sedate King Albert of Belgium was honored at the Ritz by Rodman Wanamaker:

Melon   Consommé Double Excelsior
Noix   Olives   Celery
Filets de Sea Bass Coquelin
Cotelette de Volaille Albert
Petits Pois Frais Bonne Femme
Jambon de Virginie
Salade Endive and Orange
Bombe Elisabeth   Friandises
Café
Grand Chablis Le Clos
Moulin-a-Vent 1915
Dry Monopole 1914
Otard Cognac

* * *

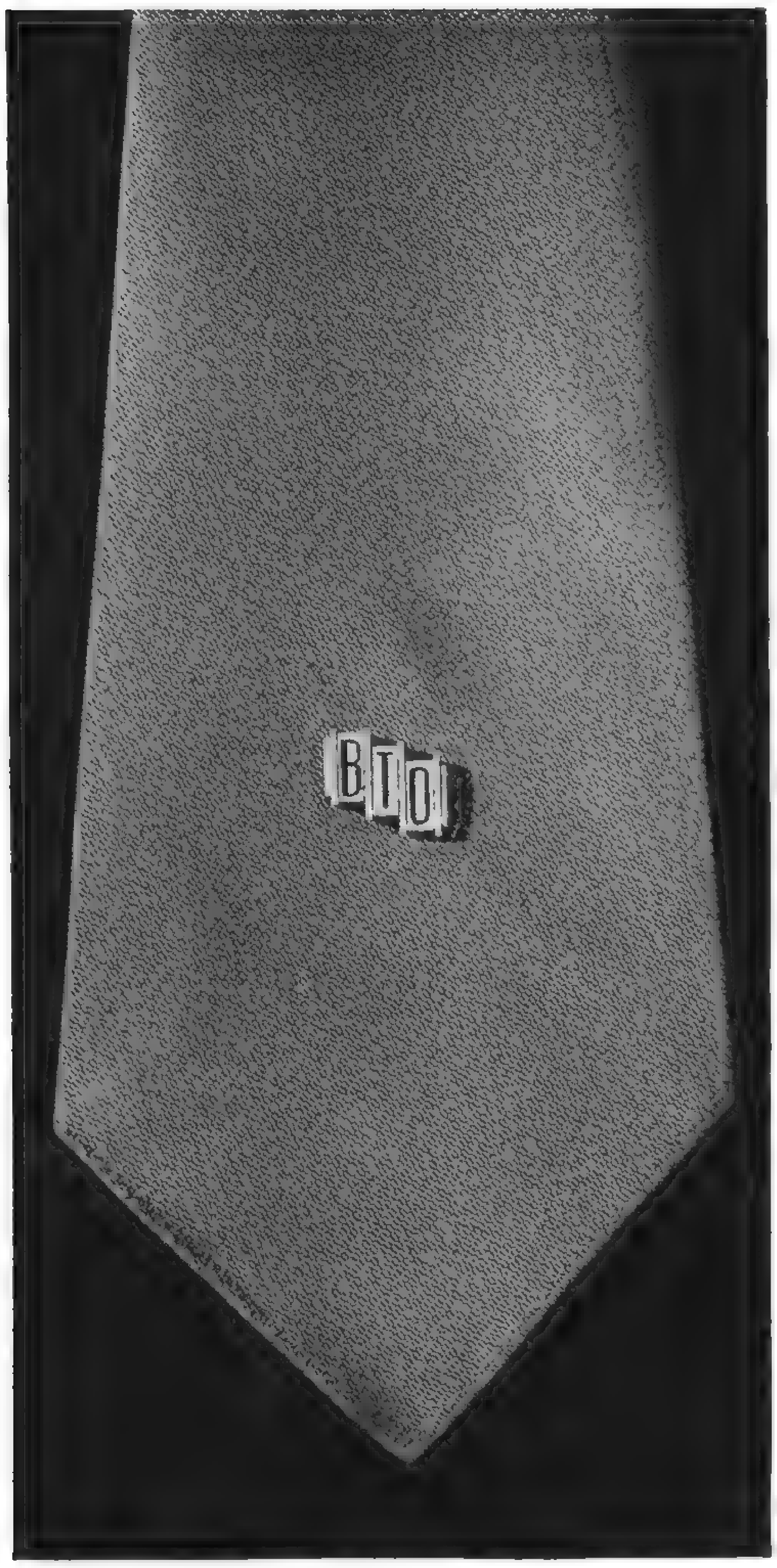
And Queens must eat, too. But this was a reception, off the buffet and may be considered only a snack. Again at the Ritz, 1926:

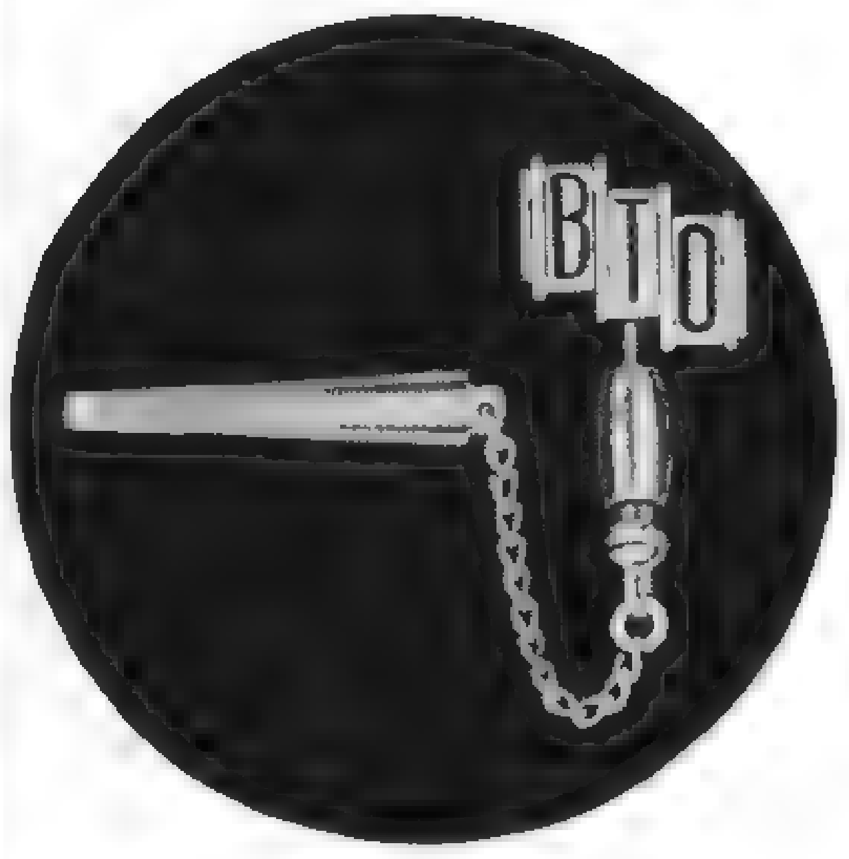
Consommé en Tasse
Canapés Russes
Salade de Volaille et de Homard
Sandwiches assortis
Viande Froide en Belle Vue
Caneton Montmorency-Volaille
Rose de Mai
Mousse de Jambon, etc.
Patisseries   Friandises   Bonbons
Glacés assorties
Macedoine de Fruits à l'Orange
Café
Lanson 1916   Martell, Cordon Bleu

* * *

When the *Normandie* sailed on her maiden voyage, she carried as one of her passengers Madame Albert Le Brun. The great ship, carrying on the French tradition, served this dinner in her honor:

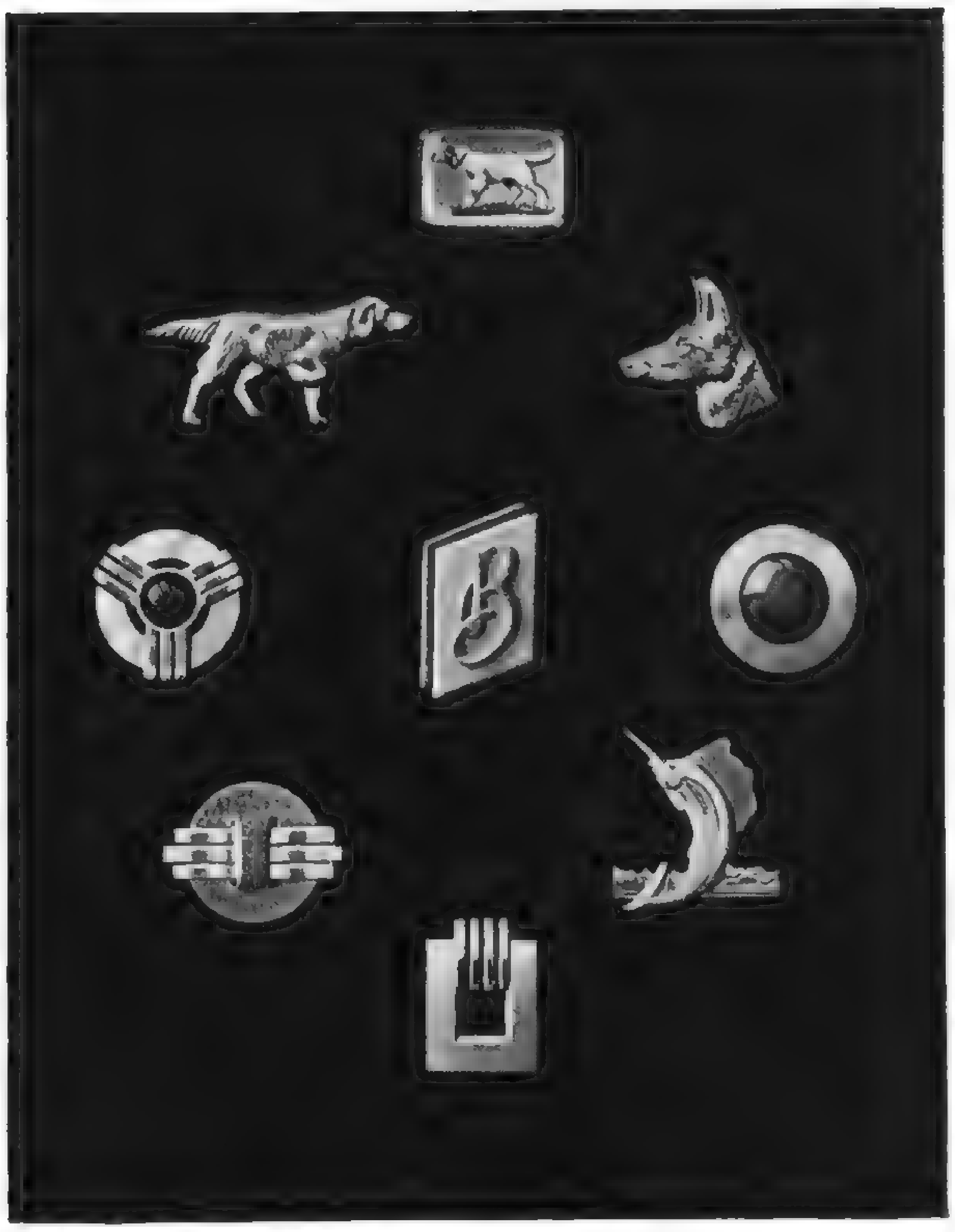
Le Caviar Frais de Sterlet
Reserve Riesling Domaine Dopff
Le Consommé Double en Tasse
Les Filets de Sole des Gourmets
Les Noisettes d'Agneau Riviera
Chateau Beychevelle 1926
Le Caneton Normandie
Clos de Vougeot 1923
La Salade de Laitues Parisienne
La Bombe Glacée Ariane
Veuve Cliquot 1923   Bollinger 1928
La Corbeille de Mignardises
Krug Brut 1921   Perrier Jouet 1926
Tous Les Fruits
Chateau Courvoisier, 50 Ans
Liqueurs Bols ###



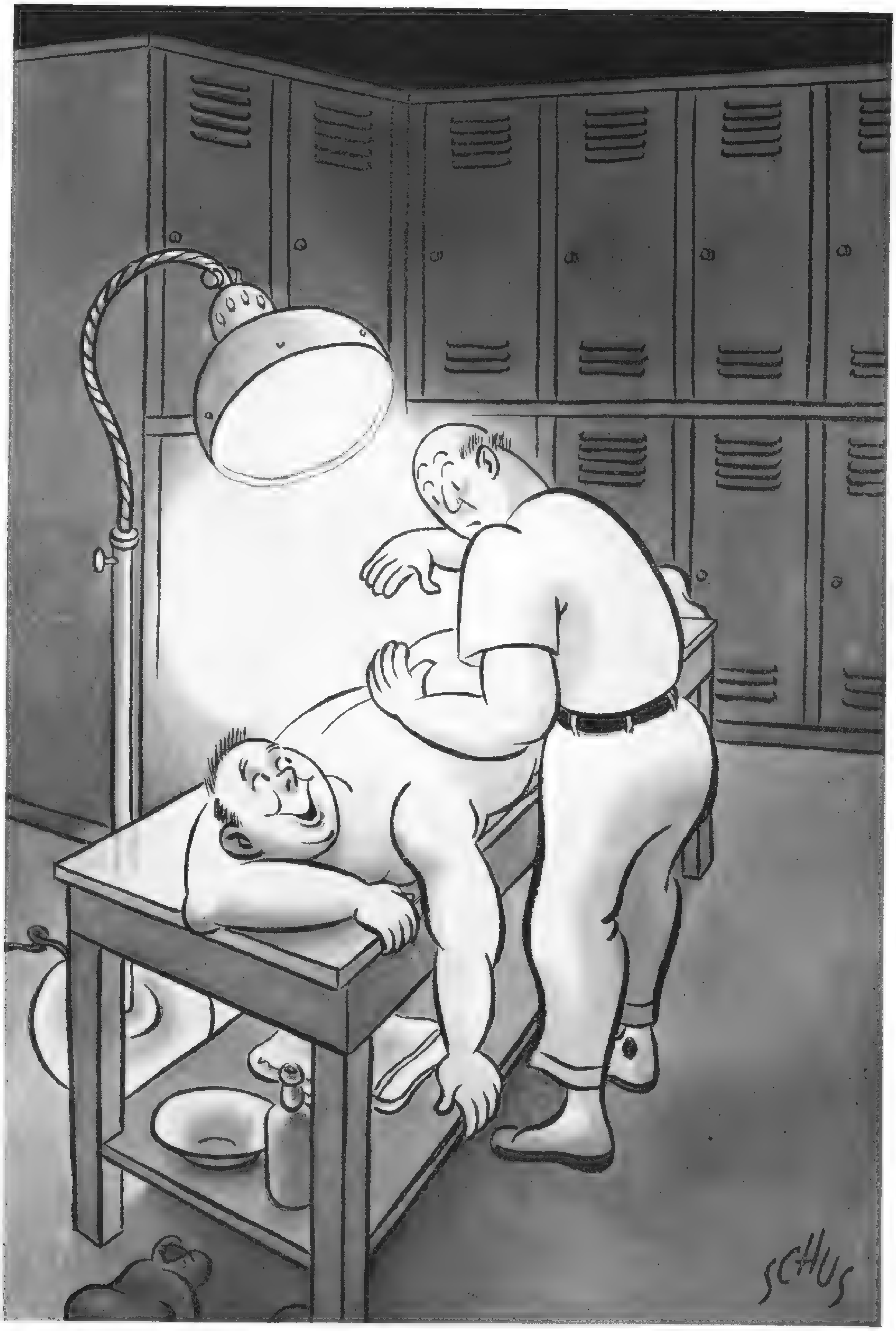


ASCOT TIE GUARD

- ONE GLANCE AT THE illustrations above, and you will realize that never before has there been anything remotely like this new Ascot Tie Guard by Hickok.
- The ingenious construction of the Ascot will keep your tie *always right*, no matter how brisk the breeze or how vigorous your movements. It completely prevents bunch and billow.
- The Ascot is far smarter-looking, too, for nothing shows but its handsome motif. The panel at the right illustrates a few of the many designs available.
- An inspired gift for Graduation and Father's Day, the Ascot Tie Guard is $1 and more at your men's store.
- Made exclusively by Hickok, Rochester, N. Y.



HICKOK



"Make like a galloping horse again"

1848
CAFÉ
Try a dash of Cointreau in your Manhattan
Jean A. Mercier .37.

GENUINE IMPORTED

COINTREAU

Liqueur

COINTREAU
SEAL

Cointreau . . . gem of cordials! Exquisite in taste, exotic in flavor, and rare in its delicate bouquet. As an after-dinner liqueur, or in deliciously different cocktails, Cointreau adds richness and sparkle to festive occasions. Cointreau also lends the master's touch to such culinary delights as Crêpes Suzettes and Soufflés. Would you like a free brochure of Cointreau recipes? Limited edition . . . please write soon.

80 PROOF

BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., INTERNATIONAL BUILDING, RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

Flite
LASTEX
FOUNDATIONS
styled by
HICKORY in THREE lengths

Leading Lines to Loveliness

Beautiful Lady, be good....and comfortable. Here's summer's smartest control . . . at its coolest! Zephyr-weight two-way stretch lastex encourages youthful lines without discouraging youthful freedom. Skillfully fashioned . . . in three lengths . . . to fit small, average, and tall figures • • *Foundations:* all-in-one with "that artful uplift" in lace. Three lengths. Sizes: 32 to 36, $5.00 • • *Girdles:* with new flat binding at bottom to eliminate rolling and lie flat on thigh. Three lengths. Waist-measures: small, medium, and large, $2.50 to $3.50 • • *Panties:* short and long leg-lengths for comfortable thigh-control. Waist-measures: small, medium, and large, $3.00 to $3.50 • • YOU'LL WANT ALL THREE BECAUSE YOU NEED THEM • • (If your favorite corsetiere cannot supply you, please write Miss Ruth Stone, 1147 West Congress Street, Chicago) • • A. STEIN & COMPANY • New York • Chicago • Toronto • Buenos Aires

BEAUTIFUL • YOUTHFUL • CONTOUR CONTROL

HICKORY—THE FOUNDATION OF LOVELINESS

A Couple of Pages of Dialogue

Continued from page 42

going on inside a character's head. Stars: It just won't play, I'm telling you. Edwin Booth himself couldn't read those lines. Phooey. One of the best lines show business ever produced: "Don't tell me how to play juveniles! I've been playing juveniles for thirty years."

Then the critics, who never fail to help make a box office flop of an artistic success by hollering the fact out as loud as they can shout; this may be a flop at the box office, but it's certainly going to be an artistic success. A guy sits here and writes his heart out, and what happens? Every seat in the theater is jammed: Giant Screeno Tonite $200 Jackpot. Phooey.

Well, how about this, then, when a comedy treatment comes along? Some wag hangs a sign on the wall of a convent: Boy Wanted. Not so bad, but the Hays office would knock that into a cocked hat. Offensive to religious orders. Didn't religious orders have a sense of humor? It was all in fun. They probably had, but people weren't supposed to know it. There you had the subtle distinction—a distinction for which the Hays office was constantly taking the rap.

What I really ought to do is to get out of Hollywood. I've got things to say, if I ever get the chance to say them. The Great American Novel never will be written so long as I'm stuck in this hell-hole. Build myself a comfortable little shack somewhere up in the hills and—Telephone.

Probably an insurance agent. "Hello. Yes, this is he." (Boy, am I grammatical!) "Hello. Yes. I said this is he." Then the line goes dead. Nuts. "Hello?" Better hold on. Maybe the producer. "Hello! Yes, I'm holding the line." Bei mir bist du—"Yeah, it's me, I told you." Waste of time handing these screwball operators any ritzy grammar. "Oh, hello. Hello. Who? Oh—Ed Hollis. Say, that's a funny one. I was just trying to get you. I called the studio. You've been there all morning? Well, you're either unapproachable, or nobody knows you work there. Me? I'm fine. How's yourself, Ed? That's good. Huh? Oh, nothing much lately. Same old grind. They keep me pretty busy over here. What's new? Nothing much with me either. No, I've been catching up on my sleep. No. Nope. Nn, nn. Seen Jack? Oh, he has? Well, why don't you run up some night? Yeah. Sure. I'd like to, Ed. Been keeping my nose pretty much to the grindstone. No. Okay, Ed. Sure, I'll give you a ring. Okay, Ed. So long. Okay. Okay, Ed. So long."

Eleven-thirty. Guess I'll call up Phil.

"Extension two-nine-three, please. That's right. Hello. Phil? Yeah. Me. Let's go outside for lunch today. I'm fed up on that studio restaurant. Yeah, it stinks. How about the Wilshire Brown Derby? Well, suppose we do kill a couple of hours. So what? I'm sick of working my can off every day around here. Meet you at the gate at 12. Okay, Phil. Okay. So long."

Maybe I could get in a couple of pages of dialogue before lunch time. Let's see.

All the events depicted herein are entirely fictitious; the characters of real persons are never knowingly used, and how! An "original" is a story you can't remember where the hell you read. After an idea had been used by three or more studios it became the property of the public domain. How about writing the biography of a story idea? One of the big magazine serial boys comes across it in Montaigne, who got it, probably, from Boccaccio. It is put in up-to-date togs and garnished with parsley and served up to the ladies' home companions. The book hits the best-seller lists, and Kaufman dramatizes it for Broadway. Metro buys it. Columbia sneaks it into a picture they're shooting, R.K.O. gives it a new twist, and Warners disguises it in a costume picture. Metro decides to make a musical out of it and calls in Ben Hecht. Universal works it into their latest sea story.

Finally Monogram makes the awful half of a double-feature bill out of it. Oh, well. It's all in fun. Maybe it wasn't an artistic success, but it was certainly B.O. Then the producer calls you up and says we want something new and dynamic, like that picture *The Blue Angel*, with Emil Jannings and Marlene Dietrich, pronounced Marlayna Daytrish.

Damn, but the time passes slowly. Might as well go down and play the slot machines and see if I can hit the jackpot while I'm waiting for Phil. No use letting them work your can off. I'll whack out a couple of pages of dialogue this afternoon. This may be a flop at the box office, but it's certainly going to be an artistic success. People just don't know what a script writer is up against. I'll get sore some day and pull stakes the hell out of here and write the Great American Novel—in a pig's eye! Mustn't forget to bum that twenty from Jerry.

Better stick a couple of pages of typescript on top of the desk; make 'em think you've been sweating over the job. Trouble is, once you're pegged at three-fifty, just try and get a raise. Oh, well. It's buttons, but it's better than going hungry.

Holy cripes! I've forgotten to read the *Hollywood Reporter!* Dammit, you just don't get a minute to yourself around this joint.

Some day I'll just get up and walk out on this racket. The trouble with pictures is, they stink.

Oh, well. ♯

FROM A KODACHROME ORIGINAL

Beyond price . . .

Great moments in life that will never come again . . . thousands are keeping them with a movie camera

MAGAZINE CINÉ-KODAK loads in three seconds. You don't touch the film. It comes in a magazine. Just slip the magazine into place, close the camera cover and shoot. Effortless loading is only one of six new features in this remarkable pocket-size movie camera. With fast f.1.9 lens, $125; including combination carrying case, $137.50.

CINÉ-KODAK "K" is the most widely used 16 mm. home movie camera—it's so simple, yet so fine. You get clear, brilliant movies at the touch of a lever. Performs beautifully for the beginner, and, as your skill increases, responds to every exacting demand. Loads with full 100 feet of 16 mm. film. With f.1.9 lens, $88.50; including case, $100.

. . . AND FOR PROJECTION For clearer, more brilliant projection, use Kodascope, the Eastman-made projector which teams up beautifully with Ciné-Kodak and shows your pictures at their best. Ciné-Kodaks, Kodascopes, and Ciné-Kodak Film are all Eastman-made, designed to work together, and backed by world-wide Eastman service.

SOME days shine out all through the years—days of special meaning, special importance in our lives.

Something happens that lifts us above the level of ordinary living. A girl and boy get married . . . a youngster graduates from school . . . a family gathers around a new baby—

Think how wonderful—long afterwards—to bring back the scene, just as it was: the laughter on the faces, the way people looked, moved . . .

Thousands are finding today that their movie records have an ever-increasing value as time goes on.

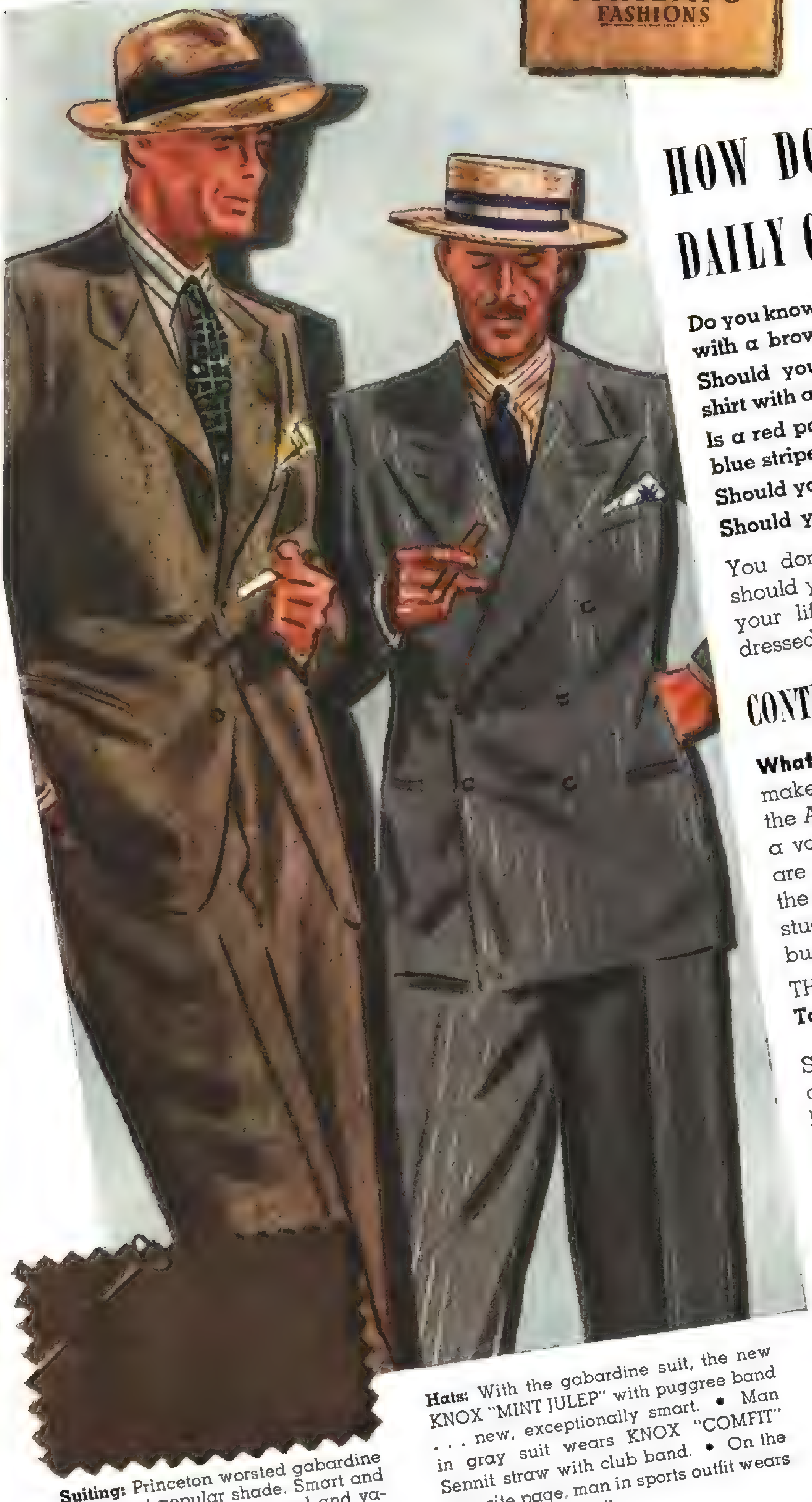
Precious moments that would have slipped away out of memory—you can bring them back now, at will, on the home movie screen. With Eastman's finer home movie cameras—Magazine Ciné-Kodak and Ciné-Kodak "K"—even the novice can get wonderful movies, clear, brilliant, pulsing with life and motion. These are the two most popular of all 16 mm. home movie cameras.

FULL-COLOR KODACHROME—And simply by changing your film—loading your Ciné-Kodak with Kodachrome instead of black-and-white—your movies will be flooded with the glory of gorgeous full color. You can hardly imagine, until you see them, how marvelously lifelike and beautiful color makes them.

Drop in at your dealer's—let him show you these 16 mm. Ciné-Kodaks. And some sample reels, both in black-and-white and full color . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Ciné-Kodak **EASTMAN'S FINER HOME MOVIE CAMERAS**

CONTEMPO
FASHIONS



HOW DO YOU RATE in your DAILY CLOTHES EXAMINATION?

Do you know what color tie to wear with a brown suit and gray shirt?
Should you ever wear a striped shirt with a checked suit?
Is a red polka dot tie good with a blue striped shirt?
Should your tie match your socks?
Should your hat match your suit?

You don't know all the answers? Why should you! Not unless you've devoted all your life to keeping men looking well dressed, as the stores listed below have.

CONTEMPO KEEPS YOU POSTED

What Is Contempo? An association of makers of fine men's wear, set up to keep the American male looking as if there were a valet in every home. Its fashion scouts are on the trail of the best dressed men of the world, in England and America. They study men's clothes as you would the business index.

THE RESULT—A fool-proof guide of **What To Wear With What.**

See CONTEMPO RELATED FASHIONS at one of these stores. Try them. And watch how your reputation for being always correctly dressed will grow.

★ If a store in your city is not listed, send your inquiry, or order to Contempo Guild, 515 Madison Avenue, New York.

Makers of CONTEMPO Fashions

Clothing Fabrics......**Princeton Worsted Mills**
Neckwear ....**Bachrach Co.**
Shirts......................**M. H. Raab-Meyerhoff Co.**
Pajamas, Belts, Braces..........**Knothe Bros. Co.**
Robes...................**Van Baalen Heilbrun & Co.**
Jewelry ....**Swank Products**
Sportswear ....**McGregor**
Hats..............................**Knox Hat Co.**
Socks..............................**S. L. Gilbert Co.**

Suiting: Princeton worsted gabardine in its most popular shade. Smart and practical for business, travel and vacation wear.

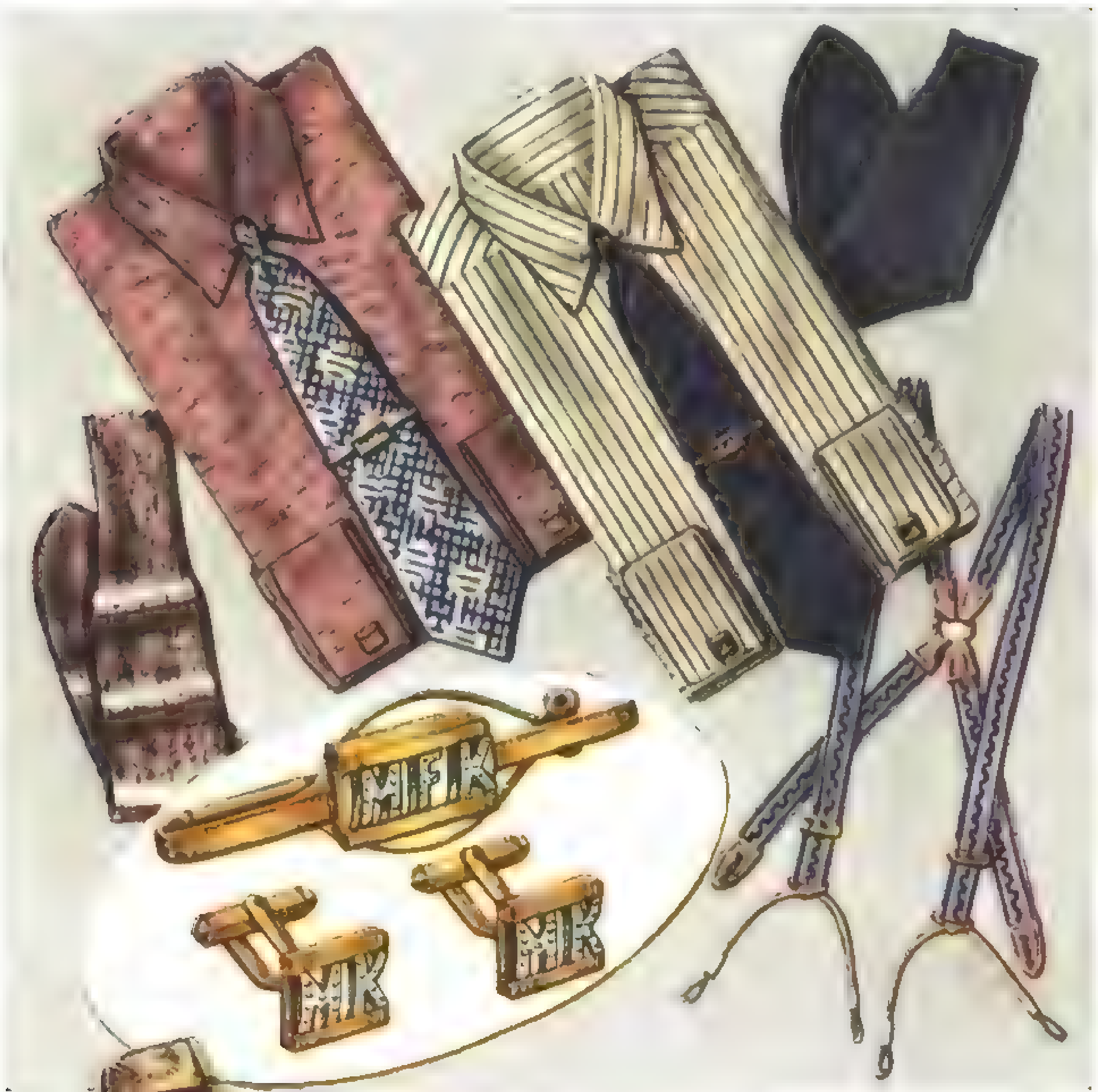
Hats: With the gabardine suit, the new KNOX "MINT JULEP" with puggree band . . . new, exceptionally smart. • Man in gray suit wears KNOX "COMFIT" Sennit straw with club band. • On the opposite page, man in sports outfit wears KNOX "BAHAMA."

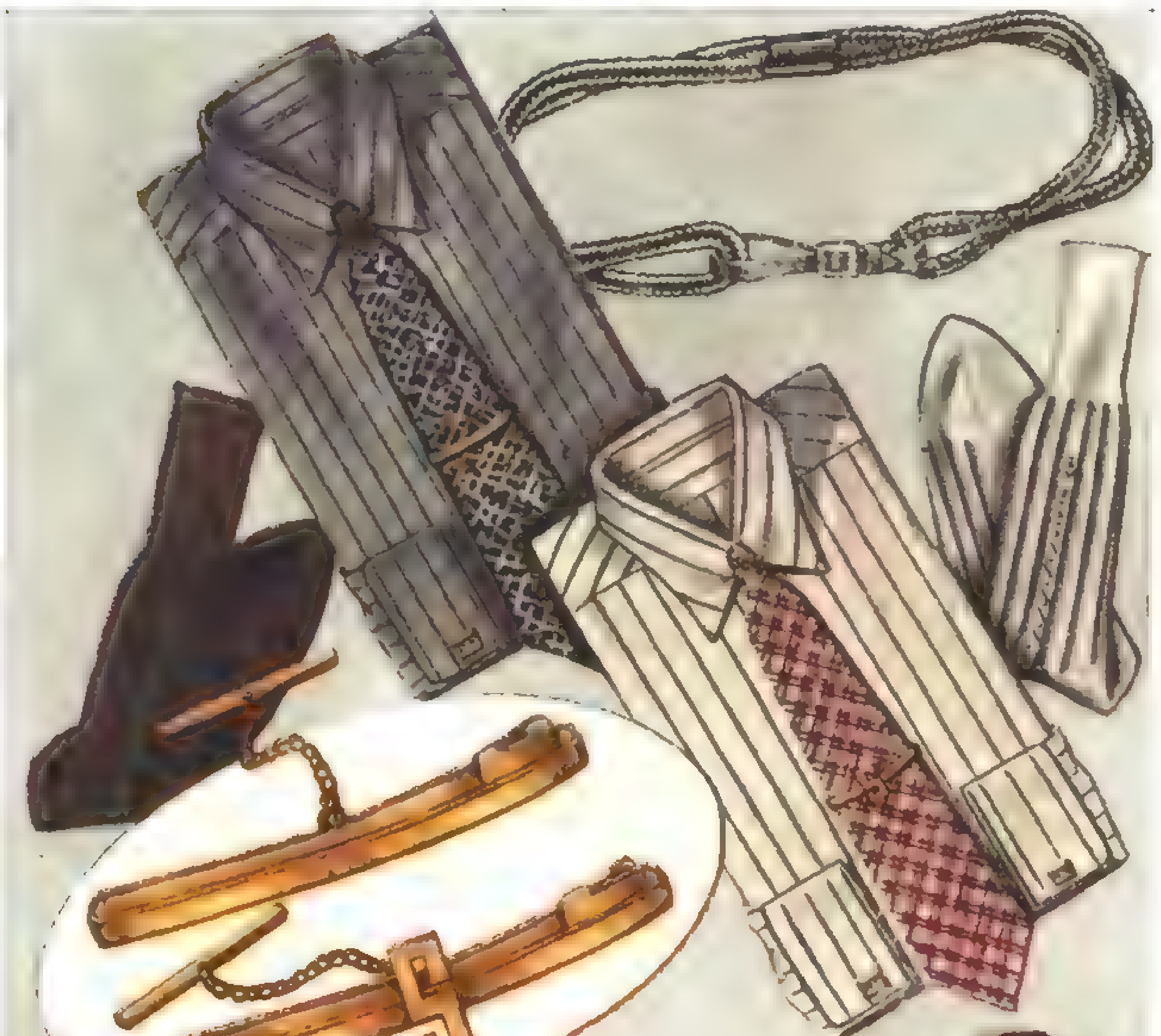
Albany, N. Y.....**McManus & Riley, Inc.**
Albuquerque, N. Mex.........**Stromberg's**
Altoona, Pa.......**The Wm. F. Gable Co.**
Anderson, Ind. ....**Bing's**
Ann Arbor, Mich.......**Wild & Company**
Appleton, Wisc..................**Ferron's, Inc.**
Auburn, N. Y.........**Dowd-Leo Company**
Aurora, Ill...........**Anderson & Duy, Inc.**
Austin, Tex.....**E. M. Scarbrough & Sons**
Baltimore, Md..............................**Leed's**
Boston, Mass...........**Leopold Morse Co.**
Bridgeport, Ct.......**The D. M. Read Co.**
Cedar Rapids, Iowa..........**Armstrong's**
Champaign, Ill.
Schumacher & Kaufman, Inc.
Charleston, W. Va.......**Frankenberger's**
Chicago, Ill............**Benson & Rixon Co.**
Clarksburg, W. Va...**Will H. Melet Co.**
Cleveland, Ohio........ .**W. B. Davis Co.**
Danville, Ill. ....**Deutsch Bros.**
Davenport, Ia...........**Simon & Landauer**
Dayton, Ohio......**The Metropolitan Co.**
Des Moines, Ia..........................**Jerrems**
Detroit, Mich. ....**Whaling's**
Elmira, New York.................**Burt's, Inc.**
El Paso, Texas...........**The White House**
Erie, Pa.....................**Isaac Baker & Son**
Fall River, Mass.......**Talbot & Son, Inc.**
Fitchburg, Mass.............**F. H. Lane Co.**
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Patterson-Fletcher Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.....**A. May & Sons**
Hackensack, N. J..........................**Lowits**
Hammond, Ind............**Jack Fox & Sons**
Hagerstown, Md.
The Hopkins-Gruber Company
Haverhill, Mass. ....**Macartney's**
Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.........**B. Gertz, Inc.**
Johnstown, Pa............**Penn Traffic Co.**
Joliet, Ill...................................**Al Baskin**
Kalamazoo, Mich............**Lew Hubbard**
Kankakee, Ill. ....**Vanderwater's**
Kenosha, Wisc.................**Isermann Bros.**
Kokomo, Ind.......**Max Gross Clo. Store**

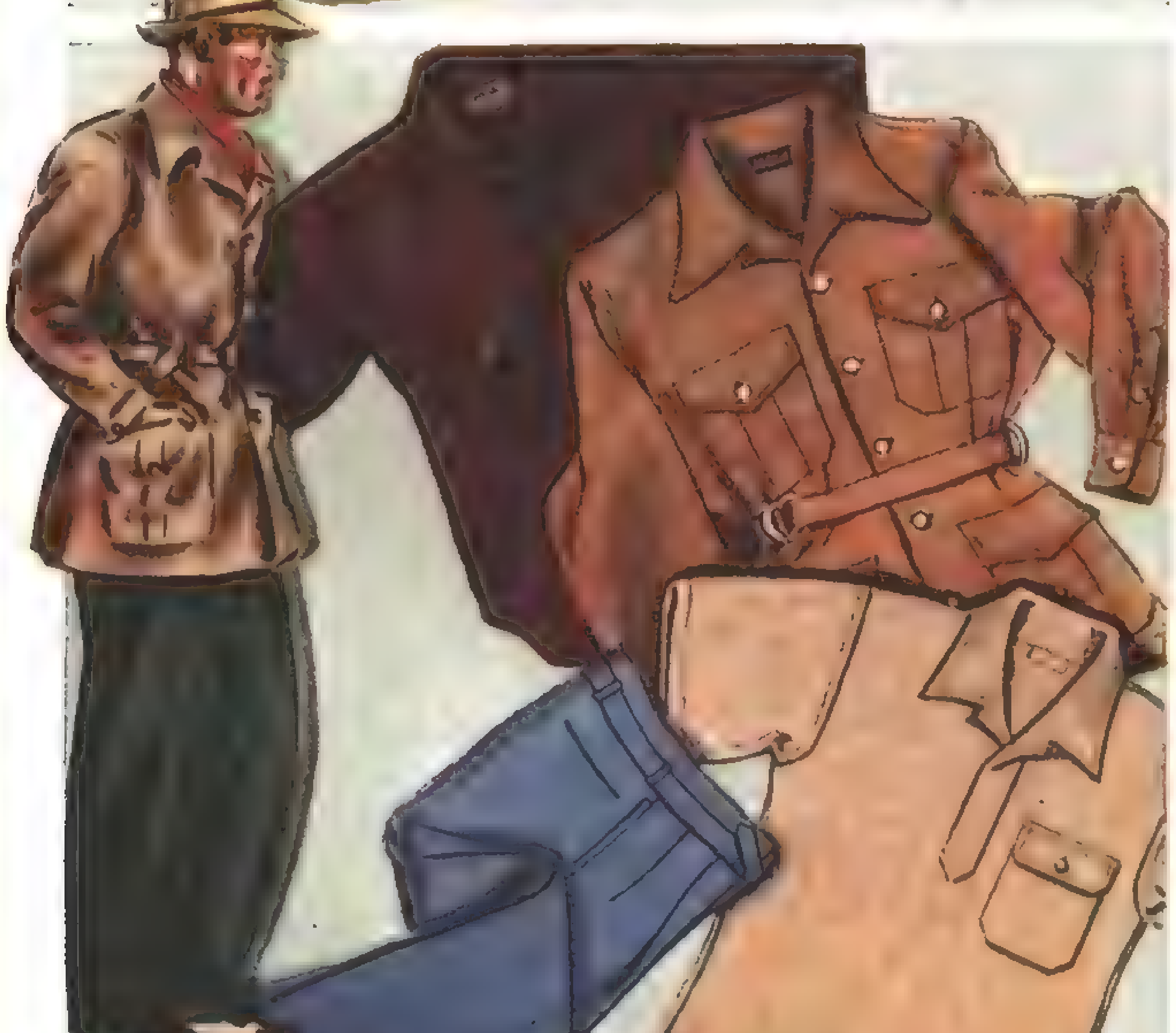
Cool Companions for suits on preceding page: Raised-rib striped lisle socks, 55¢; Linen weave chalktone shirt, $2.00; Satin jacquard crepe tie, $1.00; ensemble as shown, or blue, tan, green; Linen weave shirt, colored stripes, bamboo ground, $2.00; Foulard tie, $1.00; Lastex top socks, 55¢; ensemble, blue, tan, green; Siltex mesh suspenders, feather-weight trim, $1.00; Swank marcasite personalized jewelry: cravat holder, $2.00; links, $2.50.

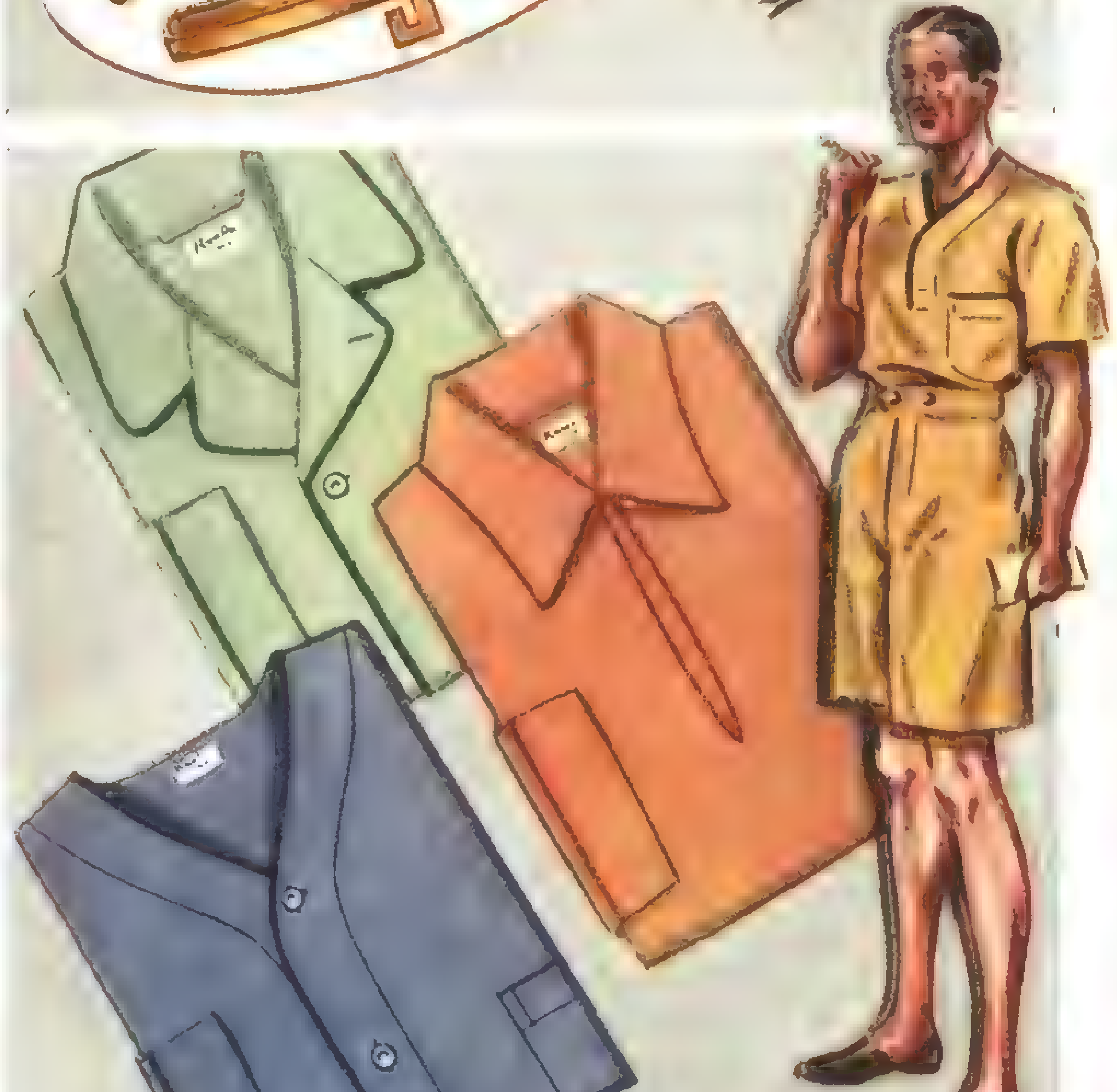
CONTEMPO
FASHIONS

Summer Sets for any suit: French-type mixture socks, embroidered clocks, 55¢; Sand-tone striped broadcloth shirt, $2.50; Satin jacquard crepe tie, $1.50; ensemble, green, blue, wine; Lariat string belt, unusual construction, $1.00; Ivory broadcloth shirt, spaced stripes, $2.50; Foulard tie, $1.50; 6 x 3 rib hand-clocked socks, $1.00; ensemble, blue, grey, wine; Swank "Tyswing" cravat holders, plain or with modern initial, $1.00, secures your tie neatly, but casually.





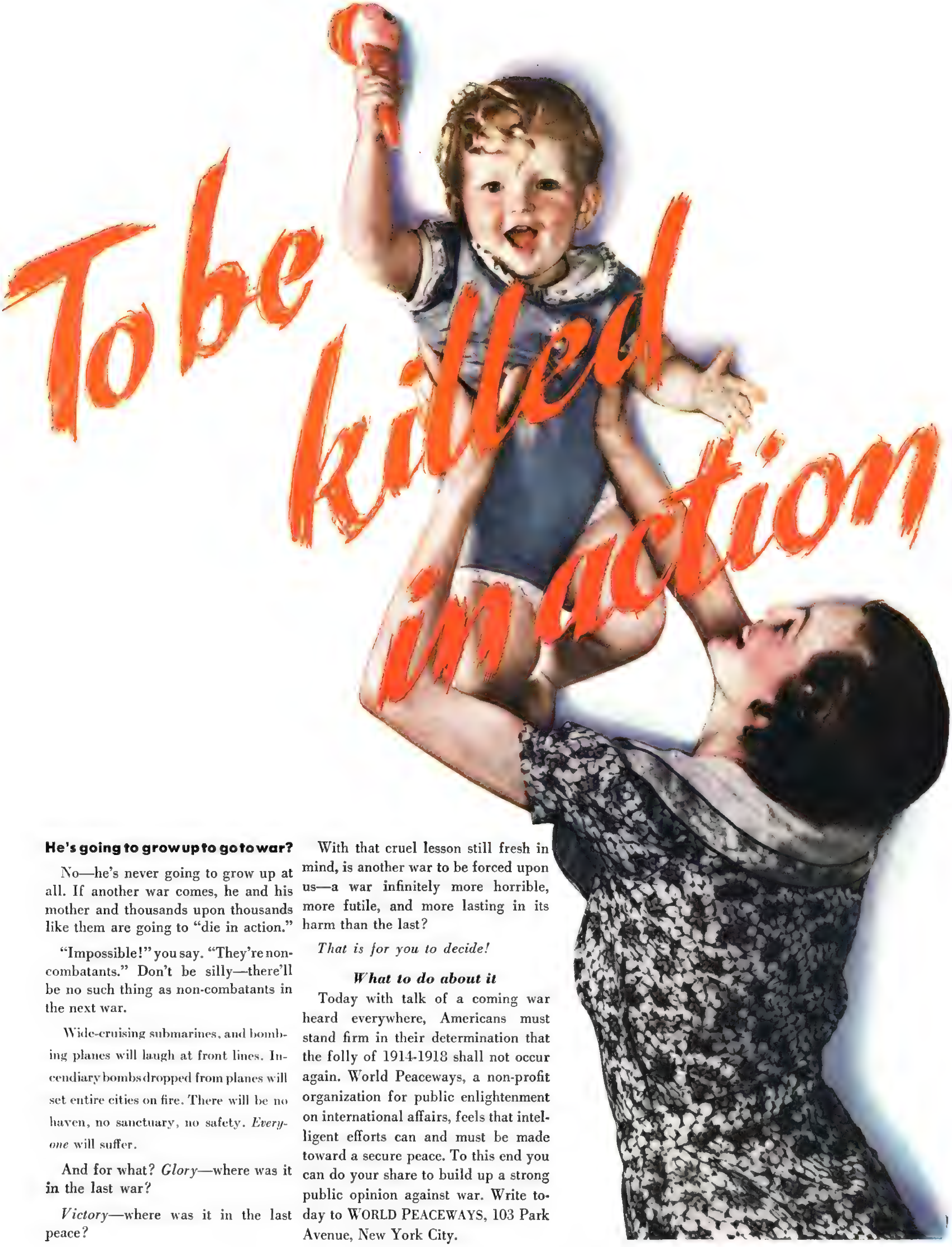




Match or Mix your own sports ensemble: on figure, McShetland lounge jacket, $5.00; McShetland slacks, $7.00; McShetland sports shirt (next to figure), $3.00; All McShetland items come in natural, dark green, maroon, blue, brown and rust; Sea Island Bush jacket, $3.50; Sea Island sport shirt, $2.00; Sea Island slacks, $3.00. All Sea Island items come in mocha, natural, blue and green.

Cool Bedfellows: India Zephyr pajamas cool as an ocean breeze, handkerchief weight. On figure: athletic model, short sleeved, V-neck top to be worn tucked in or over the knee length shorts, $3.00; other pajamas, regulation types: English convertible collar style, convertible collar slip-over style, popular surplice style, each $3.50. All four models in each of the colors shown, or in white.

Lawrence, Mass.................**Macartney's**
Lebanon, Pa............................**The Hub**
Little Rock, Ark.....**The M. M. Cohn Co.**
Los Angeles, Cal...........**Mullen & Bluett**
Louisville, Ky.............**Rodes-Rapier Co.**
Lowell, Mass......................**Macartney's**
Marshalltown, Ia.......**Abel & Abel, Inc.**
Mason City, Iowa........**Abel & Son, Inc.**
Milwaukee, Wisc................**Gimbel Bros.**
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.....**The Langdon Shop**
Nashville, Tenn.....**Joseph Frank & Son**
New Haven, Ct.........**J. Johnson & Sons**
New Orleans, La. ....**Porter's, Inc.**
New York City........................**Stern Bros.**
Norfolk, Va.............................**The Hub**
Olean, N. Y.......**Gavin-McCarthy Co.**
Omaha, Neb...**Nebraska Clothing Co.**
Paterson, N. J.....**Chas. W. Elbow, Inc.**
Pittsfield, Mass.....................**Rosenfeld's**
Portland, Ore.....**Lipman, Wolfe & Co.**
Quincy, Mass......................**Remick Co.**
Reading, Pa.......................**Croll & Keck**
Rockford, Ill., **W. B. Doran Men's Store**
Rock Island, Ill.........**Simon & Landauer**
Salt Lake City, Utah........**Arthur Frank**
San Jose, Calif.........**Leon Jacobs, Inc.**
Santa Barbara, Calif.
The Great Wardrobe
Schenectady, N. Y...............**Nusbaum's**
Springfield, Ill.................**Myers Brothers**
Springfield, Mass.....**Albert Steiger Co.**
Springfield, Ohio........**Vogue Shop, Inc.**
Stamford, Ct.......**Frank Martin & Sons**
St. Louis, Mo..............................**Boyd's**
Staten Island, N. Y...........**Garber Bros.**
Stockton, Calif.......**Bravo & McKeegan**
Sunbury, Pa.......**Markley-Altvater, Inc.**
Syracuse, N. Y.............**Dey Bros. & Co.**
Toledo, Ohio..........**The B. R. Baker Co.**
Wheeling, W. Va...........**Rivlin-Rinehart**
White Plains, N. Y.....................**Stone's**
Williamsport, Pa.........**Troisi Tailor, Inc.**
Wilmington, Del...**Cummins & Maloney**


To be killed in action

He's going to grow up to go to war?

No—he's never going to grow up at all. If another war comes, he and his mother and thousands upon thousands like them are going to "die in action."

"Impossible!" you say. "They're non-combatants." Don't be silly—there'll be no such thing as non-combatants in the next war.

Wide-cruising submarines, and bombing planes will laugh at front lines. Incendiary bombs dropped from planes will set entire cities on fire. There will be no haven, no sanctuary, no safety. *Everyone* will suffer.

And for what? *Glory*—where was it in the last war?

Victory—where was it in the last peace?

With that cruel lesson still fresh in mind, is another war to be forced upon us—a war infinitely more horrible, more futile, and more lasting in its harm than the last?

That is for you to decide!

What to do about it

Today with talk of a coming war heard everywhere, Americans must stand firm in their determination that the folly of 1914-1918 shall not occur again. World Peaceways, a non-profit organization for public enlightenment on international affairs, feels that intelligent efforts can and must be made toward a secure peace. To this end you can do your share to build up a strong public opinion against war. Write today to WORLD PEACEWAYS, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

Seventy-Five Mile Gun

Continued from page 45

matical calculations had indicated. The French had reason to think they were "getting warm." Two heavy railway guns were ordered to Soissons and eastward to Vailly from which they began firing about noon Sunday at the point where the big gun *ought* to be. Although they made no direct hit, one French shell hit a tree near the Number One Gun killing an officer and injuring six of the gun crew. And when the German gunners, curious to learn what their shots had done in Paris, eagerly scanned the Paris newspapers that came to them a day or two later through Switzerland, they found that *Le Matin*, in its edition of Sunday, the day after the first bombardment, showed the position of the guns with startling accuracy. A week later, Germans at the front lines, by sound detectors, were able to tell when French shells were on their way overhead and to telephone to the gun crews. In this way the gun crews had three seconds' warning to scamper to cover.

It was many weeks before Paris was freed from the bombardment. Altogether 367 shells were fired into the city and vicinity and the number of people murdered by the big guns was 256, including 88 killed while they were kneeling in prayer in the church of St. Gervais on Good Friday. Many in the church were mangled beyond recognition, among them a bride of two days who could be identified only by the engraving on her wedding ring. During the funerals of all these victims the following Tuesday afternoon the Germans fired no shots at all, evidently wishing to show that they had a sense for the little amenities. This cessation of the bombardment was all the more alarming because it indicated that the Germans knew exactly what was going on.

But a strange thing happened in Paris in the midst of all this tragedy. An element of comedy had unexpectedly entered. The bombardment intended to weaken French morale served to give the Parisians their first relaxation, their first hearty laughs in months. This came from a decision of the military authorities to have the Paris sergeants of police sound the alarm, in whatever section of town was threatened, by blowing small whistles and beating drums. Now, to beat a drum properly is less easy than it looks—as the police patrolmen soon discovered. Their efforts to handle the drums correctly looked childish, almost clownish, and they knew it! The thing was all the more ludicrous because the policemen tried to hide their embarrassment and at the same time to maintain their dignity. This was too much for French sense of humor. Pedestrians began chaffing the police, asking them what they were advertising; and young people sometimes lined up on either side to harass the policeman by beating imaginary drums with him. With so much banter and good-natured taunts everyone in Paris except the police seemed to be having fun. After a day or two the authorities took pity on the police and called off the drum-beating. By then the populace had begun to accept the bombardments as part of life and to go about their daily affairs much as usual.

But the exact nature of these powerful guns was, of course, still a mystery. Not until long after the armistice, and then only with the greatest difficulty, was it possible to learn the whole story.

If a French spy could have wandered into that heavily wooded area near Crepy, he would have been amazed to see a giant of a gun long enough to reach to the top of a ten-story building, mounted on a huge steel framework 25 feet high. This vast diabolical device and two others, built in the forest with the utmost secrecy, represented the culmination of two years' work. Early in 1916, Dr. von Eberhardt, one of the country's leading physicists, had conferred with Director Rausenberger at the Krupp works and convinced him that it would be possible to build a gun capable, with existing powders, of sending an eight-inch projectile sixty miles. The seven guns finally constructed had a range of *eighty* miles! Though weighing hundreds of tons, each gun was made with the precision of a watch.

Almost as much care as went into the designing of the guns was devoted to hiding them. To begin with, for effective concealment, they were placed in the St. Gobain Wood, oldest and densest forest available, even though it was only five or six miles, dangerously close, to the enemy lines. There were three separate positions, each one reached by a branch from the railroad. Then a fake railway spur was built, to mislead aerial observers. This ran off into a clearing and the ties were laid as conspicuously as possible. It was this new piece of railway which showed on the French photographic maps; and it may have been the one bit of misdirection responsible for the failure of French gunners to score direct hits. The railway spurs actually used were painstakingly hidden from aerial observers. Only those trees directly in the path were cut and then the tops of the taller trees were drawn together with wire. Small trees and saplings, renewed every day or two, were stuck between the ties; and the rails were covered with grass and brush. Between forest trees, over each gun emplacement, were stretched great sections of wire netting covered with green cloth. It was thus impossible for an aviator to see the guns. Other plans were carried out to fool the ear as well as the eye.

In firing a cannon of such behemoth proportions, ordinary artillery calculations were not

Continued on page 120

A LONG ROAD HAS NO SQUIRMING!

IF you wear Jockey TRADE MARK REG. underwear by Coopers

Illustrating Jockey in the midway length Modern two-piece underwear

• You can drive comfortably for hours in Jockey—the new underwear that ends the discomforts which cause *squirming.* Its ingenious Y-Front construction prevents binding and bunching in the crotch. It is *the* modern masculinized underwear that gives mild, restful support—fits everywhere—and stays put! Convenient no-gap opening. No buttons anywhere. Try Jockey by Coopers *today.* It will give you a new standard of comfort. Various styles and lengths, in all cotton and in silk and rayon mixtures. Shirts to match. 50c up, per garment. Jockey Jr. available in sizes down to 6 years. WARNING—Accept nothing but Jockey, originated and manufactured by Coopers. Jockey's comfort is due to its patented features. Write for name of dealer who's sure to have genuine Jockey.

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NO GAP OPENING
WEARING KEEPS IT CLOSED
SUPPORT FROM THE BELT
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Jockey, like your hosiery, is knitted and doesn't have to be ironed. Saves time in laundering. Has no buttons to come off. Uppers and lowers may be replaced separately, saving money. And *his* clothes will hang much more neatly over the smooth foundation Jockey gives!

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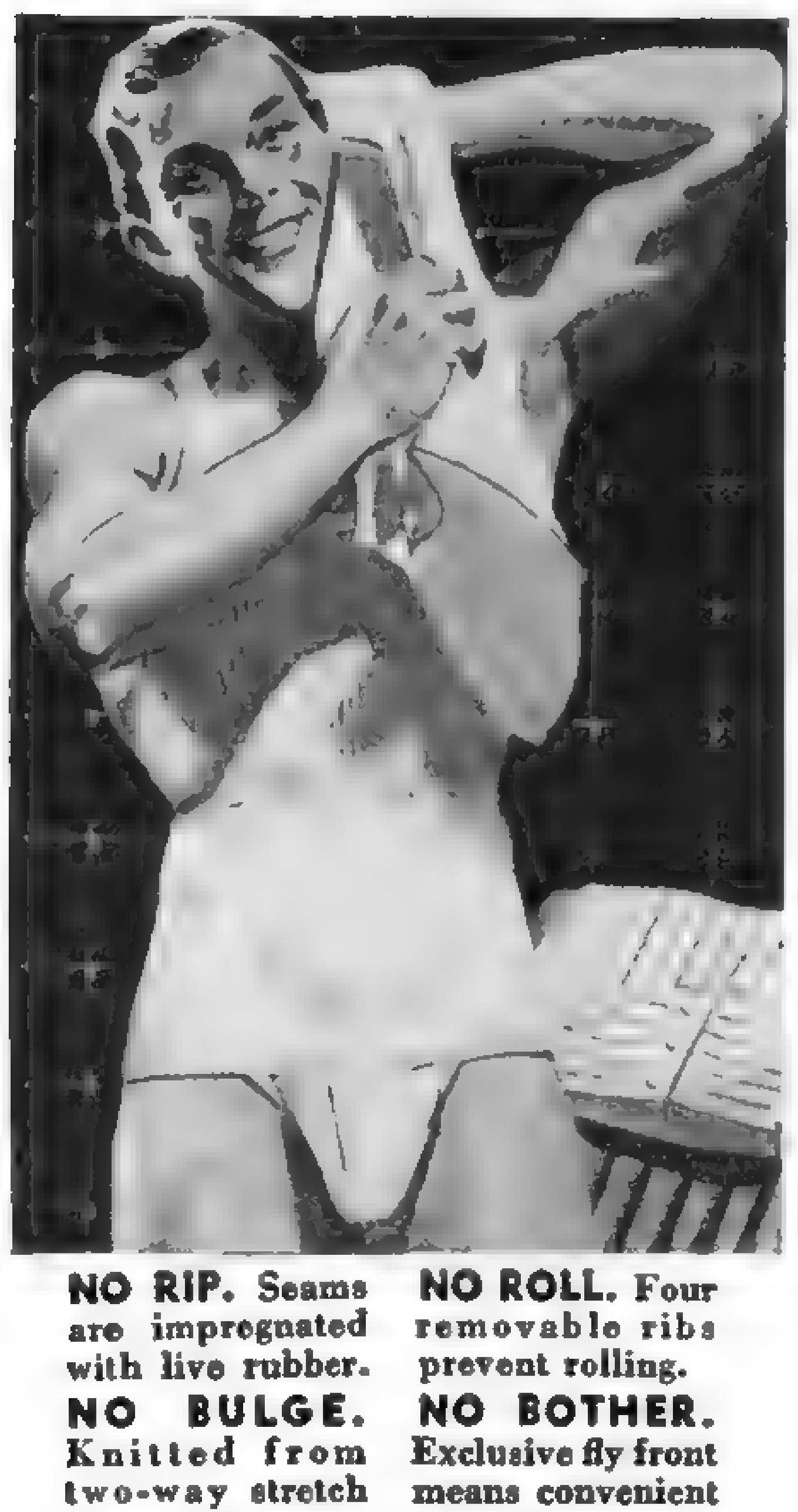
Keep that trim athletic look with the BRACER
I USED TO BE PROUD OF THE WAY YOU LOOKED, JOHN, UNTIL YOU GOT THAT STOMACH--WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?

New-type Supporter Belt
supports sagging stomach muscles



NO RIP. Seams are impregnated with live rubber.
NO ROLL. Four removable ribs prevent rolling.
NO BULGE. Knitted from two-way stretch "Lastex" yarn.
NO BOTHER. Exclusive fly front means convenient all day wear.

WHEN your waistline begins to bulge—sagging stomach muscles spoil that well groomed, athletic look, don't worry. Try The Bracer. You'll look years younger, instantly—regain that trim, neat appearance—feel better, too! The Bracer not only improves appearance, but gives a better, healthier posture. For this amazing new-type supporter belt is scientifically designed to give complete support with the greatest protection and comfort.

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Please send me ______ Bracers
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THE Bracer

If your dealer cannot supply you with The Bracer, simply fill out and mail the coupon with a check or money order. Price $2.00 (Canada $2.75).

Seventy-Five Mile Gun

Continued from pages 45-119

nearly enough. Even astronomers were called upon to contribute their technical knowledge. Since the shell would be in the air three minutes, there must be allowances and corrections for the rotation of the earth. By the time the projectile had gone southward seventy-four miles, Paris, the target, would have moved on eastward. Hence the gun had to be aimed at a point slightly east of the heart of the city. Moreover, the curvature of the earth had to be considered in computing the exact distance of the target. Then there had to be precise allowances for the density and temperature of the air, for the direction and velocity of the wind, and even for the temperature of the powder.

Instead of raising or lowering the muzzle of the gun to change its range, the gun was always pointed at fifty degrees and the distance the projectile would travel was determined by the amount of powder. Two silk bags and a metal cartridge of powder totaling more than four hundred pounds were always used, but the amount in one of the bags was varied according to the condition of the gun—the more wear the more powder. Because of the rapid deterioration from heat and erosion, each gun had to be sent back to the Krupp works for reboring after fifty or sixty shots. Ingenious instruments were provided to show exactly how much of the force of the explosion escaped around the shell as wear and tear continued. So accurate was the pressure gauge that it was possible for the gun crew to know if the shell was falling even half a mile beyond or short of the target.

Each shell, eight inches in diameter, was forty inches long and weighed two hundred ten pounds, but after the gun showed so much wear that it had to be rebored then the shells were larger, a trifle more than nine inches in diameter, and weighed two hundred forty-nine pounds. With the powder charge properly adjusted, the shell left the gun under nearly a million pounds pressure, at a speed of a little more than a mile a second. As it mounted into the rarefied atmosphere where the air resistance was less, it lost speed because of the pull of gravity until at about twenty-four miles above the earth—where the temperature was probably seventy degrees below zero—it was traveling at less than half a mile a second. Then in its downward course it picked up speed once again until it struck the heavier atmosphere nearer the earth when it actually slowed down. In its entire trajectory the shell traveled more than ninety miles.

When the Number One Gun was firing its first shots into Paris, the designers and also the Kaiser were present as spectators. If the Kaiser had come a day or two later to see the opening shots of the Number Three Gun, he might not now be in exile at Doorn, and the course of history might have been modified, for the gun blew up and killed fifteen men.

The Germans had expected these guns to play an important part in winning the war, as indeed they might have. As the big spring offensive gained momentum the guns were moved forward and were still within range of Paris, even after they had deteriorated too much to shoot so far as at first. But the Germans had not counted on American troops becoming an important factor so soon. By mid-summer the Allied advance, with American aid, had become so formidable that the Germans were too much in retreat to be any longer a menace and no shells from the big guns landed in Paris after about August 10. However, the Germans had estimated wrong on French psychology. The bombardment of Paris may have struck momentary terror into French hearts, but it also aroused greater determination to fight on—just as has been true of the people in Madrid enduring the almost daily killing of women and children by the bombardments of the rebel Franco.

Apart from the 256 lives lost and 620 persons wounded, the material damage inflicted by the big guns was less than the cost of building and operating them. Each finished gun tube weighed 308,000 pounds and the probable wartime cost was hardly less than $5 a pound, which meant $1,540,000 apiece or $10,780,000 for the seven. In addition, the three original railway gun carriages, and later a fourth one, must have cost a minimum of half a million dollars apiece. The 367 shells must have cost $300 apiece or around $1,000,000. Thus a conservative estimate of total costs, not counting transportation or proving ground service, would be $13,780,000. The expense of delivering shells at Paris was $2200 a pound or about $37,000 for each projectile. But the total property damage in Paris was estimated at not more than $10,000,000. From all this it must be evident that war is sometimes expensive for the achievements attained, and may even be operated at a loss.

What became of the big guns? The Germans managed to get them back to the homeland during the big retreat. No Allied officer or soldier ever laid eyes on one of those guns. However, the Allies did capture one railway gun carriage in Belgium and it is still to be seen there near Brussels. Before the Versailles Treaty was signed the guns were all taken to the Krupp works, cut into sections, and melted. They are probably moving about Germany now in the form of locomotives.

The Versailles Treaty provided that the Germans should open all their war archives to the Allied intelligence services. But they reneged on revealing their secrets regarding the long-range guns. A

Continued at top of page 122

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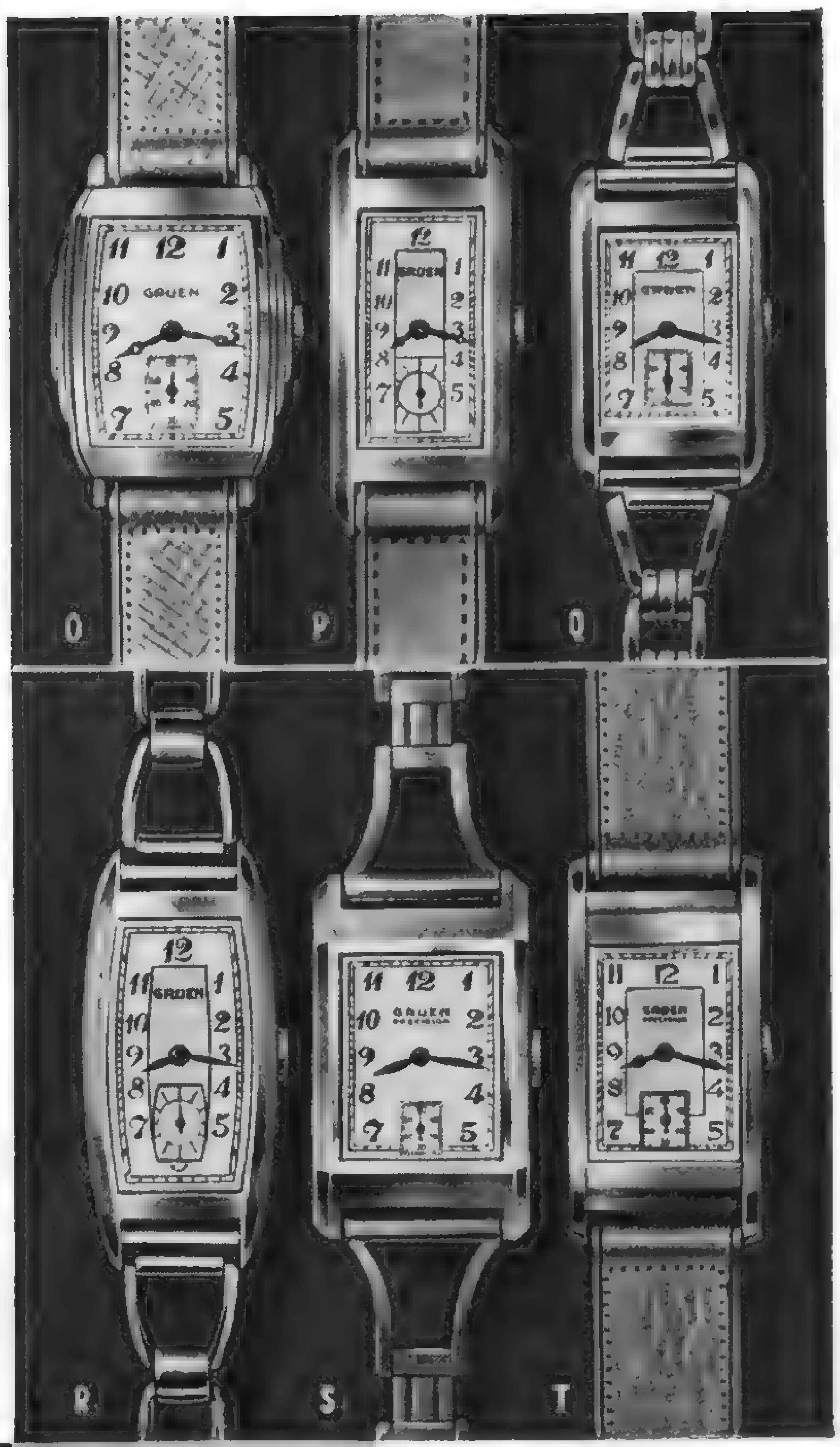

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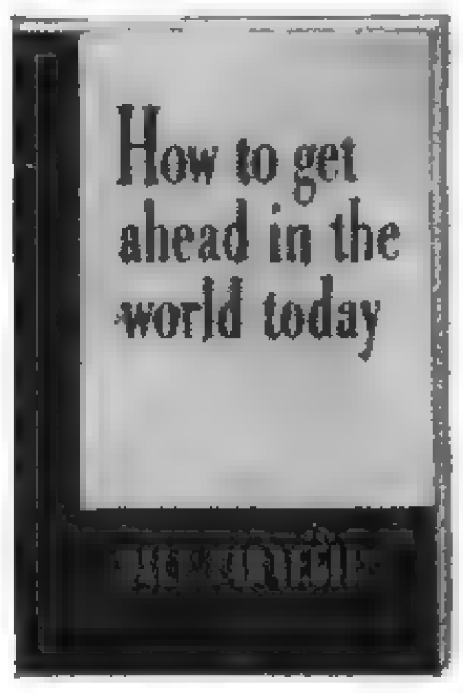

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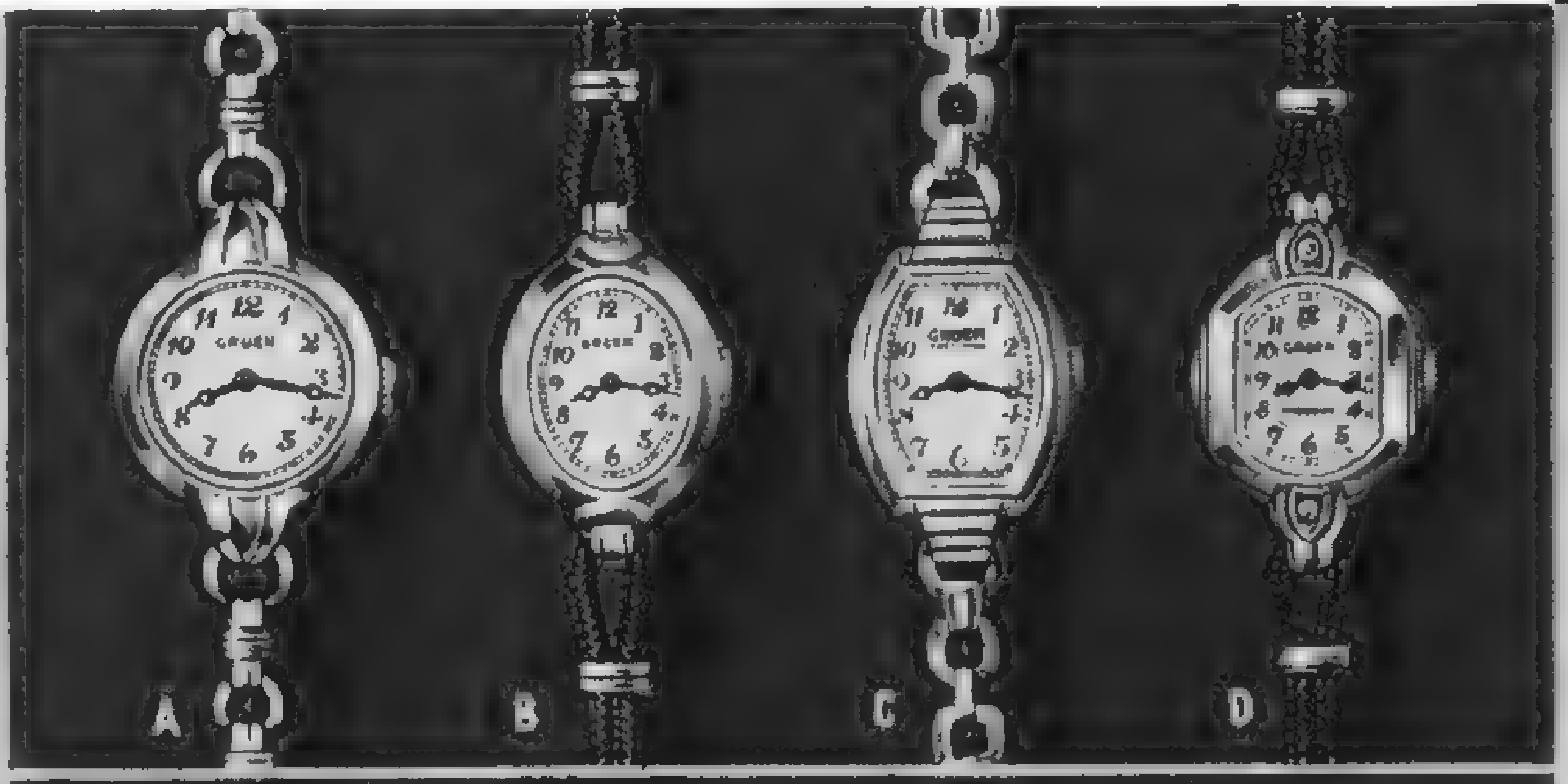

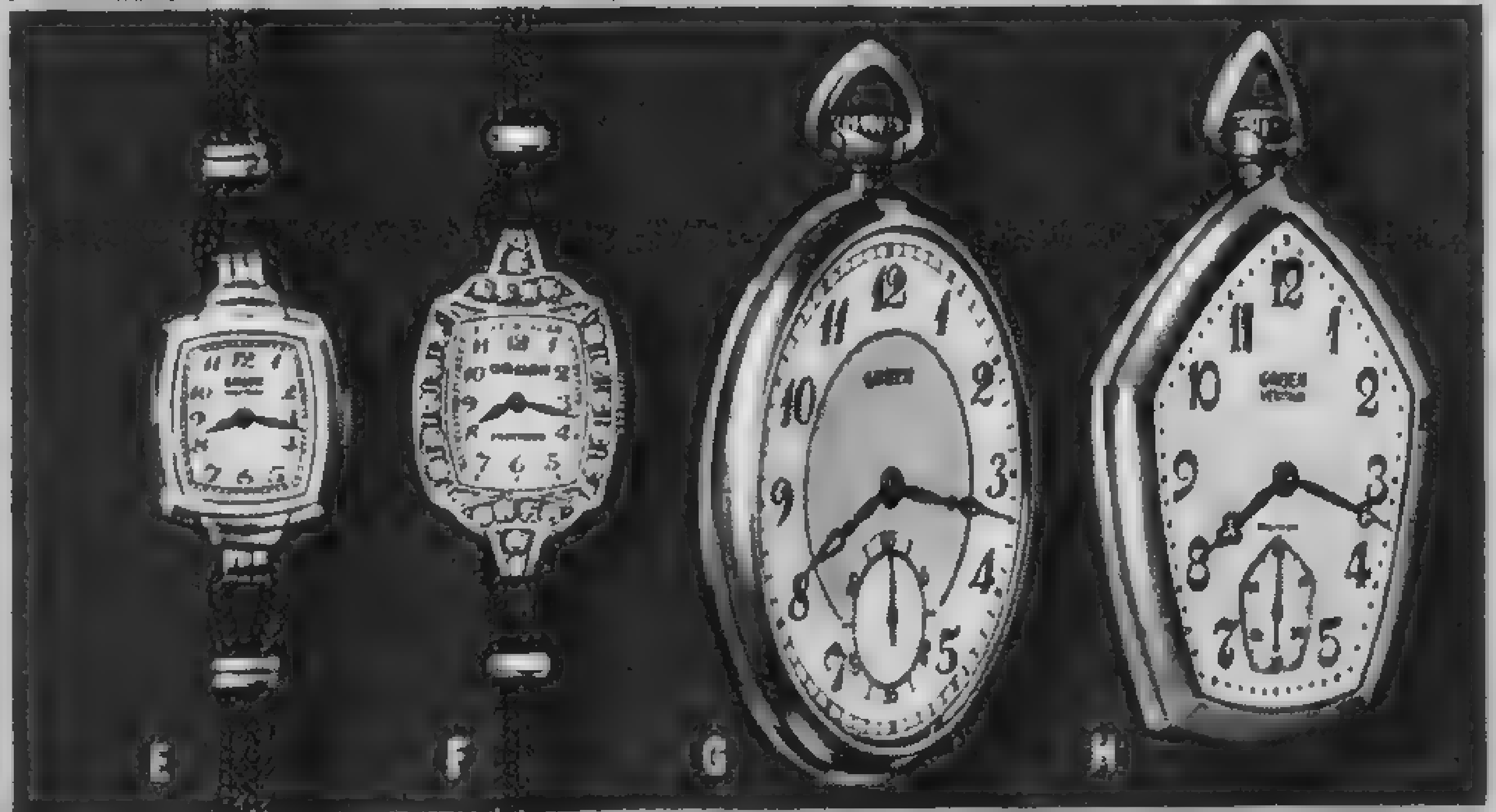

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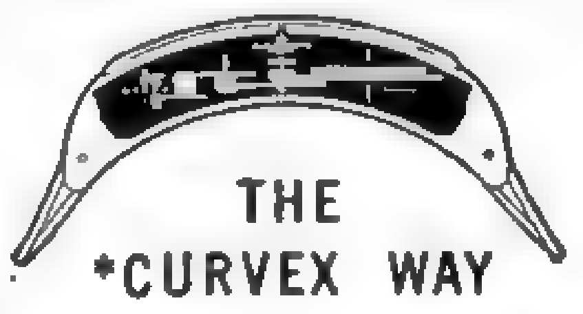

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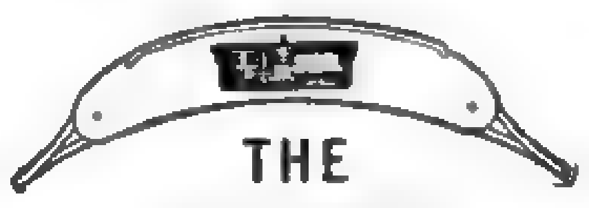
Patented, *full-size* movement curves with the case, making possible pocket-watch accuracy, ruggedness and long life.



THE
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An ordinary flat movement *reduced* in size and ruggedness to fit inside a curved case.

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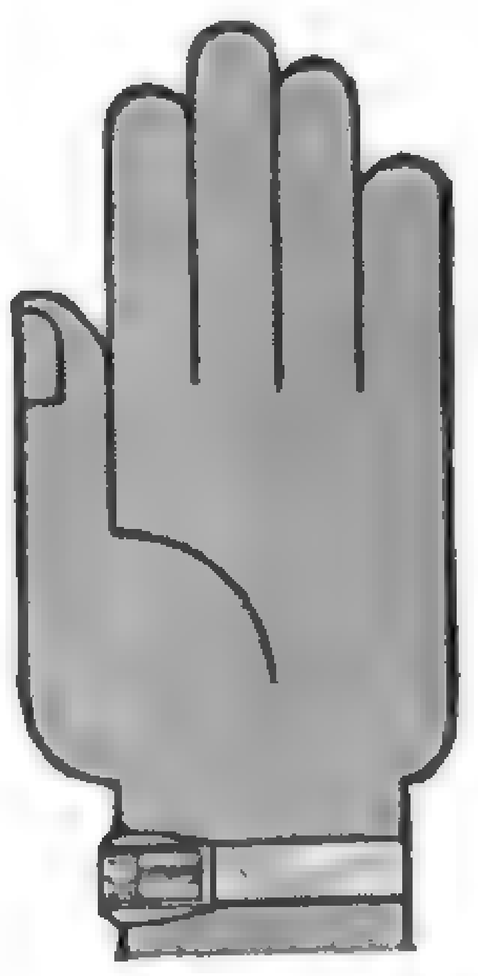

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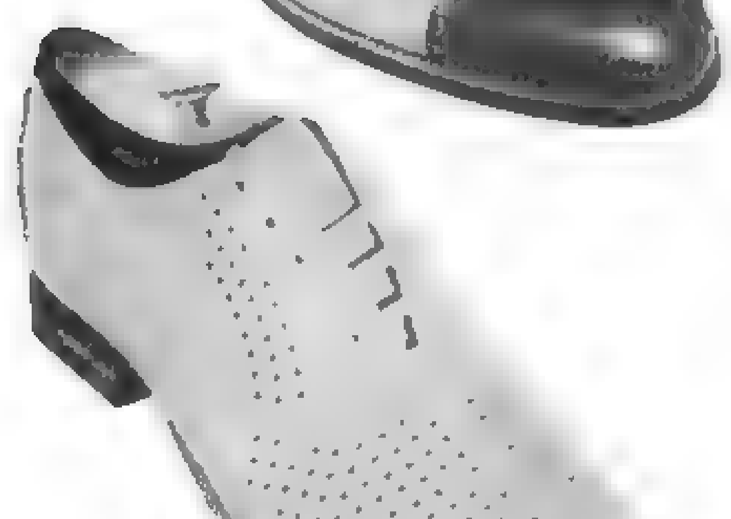
keeps you fit and "ready to go"

Good taste and comfort go together, in these handsome, authentic fashions by the House of Crosby Square. Even in business and socially, in the informality of the dog days, they win respect for your sound judgment and common sense in selecting your clothes. They are cobbled in pliable, easy-to-clean, perforated leathers that harmonize perfectly with Summer fabrics. Your feet are bathed in cooling air at every step, to keep them from becoming hot and tired. You feel fit and keep that heads-up look of freshness throughout the day. Crosby Squares retain their sleek, distinctive lines even after strenuous knocking-about. There's a complete selection of Crosby Squares in a wide variety of lasts, leathers, and patterns . . . at moderate cost. Buy a pair for every occasion — sports, walking, town, and dress. See them now at your Crosby Square dealer.



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Above: No. 346—THE WINDSOR, in white Shubuck. Perforated.

Left: No. 351—THE WINDSOR, in tan ski grain and white Shubuck. Perforated.

Left: No. 347 — THE SNAP, in white Shubuck. Perforated.

Crosby Square Authentic Fashions $500 to $750

Seventy-Five Mile Gun

Continued from pages 45-119-120

special law was hastily passed making it an act of treason, punishable by death, to disclose any scientific data about those guns. Every item of information about them was placed in a steel chest at the Krupp works and closely guarded. Not until 1925, by the devious methods of espionage and the expenditure of vast sums, did the contents of that trunk fall into non-German hands. The data, when finally obtained, were fairly complete, however, including calculations, diaries of members of the gun crews and officers, plans and specifications, drawings and photographs.

Just one important secret still remains. The powder used could stand higher pressures and therefore developed greater explosive power than any other powder known to be in use today. The chemical formula was *not* where searchers found the other material referred to in *The Paris Gun.* That's a secret many military men in several countries would like to know.

The Twenty-First Lion

Continued from page 57

onto his shoulder and tried to dig into his eyes. But this man was quick; he drew his big knife out from under his belt and slashed at the animal, and he cut off one of the front paws and two toes of the other front paw. The cat shrieked like a dying soul, and ran limping away into the darkness; and the man went home and hid under the bed. Next day an old woman whom the people had long suspected of being a witch was found dead in her house; a trail of blood led in from the road, and (if the Señora will pardon!) the old woman lay naked on her bed, with one hand cut off and two fingers missing from the other hand:—and there was a pot of bat's grease standing right on the floor beside her! Then of course everybody knew she was a witch. My grandfather told me her name, but I do not remember now what it was."

Mrs. Morton wondered by what odd process this legend, which she knew to have been current throughout Europe during the Middle Ages, had got to Chapala. She made no comment, and waited for what might come.

Pedro went on.—"There are not many witches nowadays, but there are plenty of ghosts. There is one old Aztec ghost, back in the mountains to the north, who is a very bad ghost. He is the guardian of a secret gold mine that is hidden there; it has been lost ever since the coming of the white men. Once in a while, some hunter in the mountains finds the mine—and there it is, with great boulders of pure gold gleaming out of the sides of its walls, and the dust underfoot is shining yellow flour. And then the hunter starts to come back to the village and tell people of his luck and be the richest man in the world. And then—the ghost does something terrible to him.

"One man was pushed over a precipice, and when people found him he was too near death to be able to explain clearly where the mine was: he could just say it was beside a black wall of rock—and then he died. Another man who found the mine was hit on the head by a falling stone, so that all his memory went away from him before he got to the village, and he could not recall the way back to the mine. Another one, just before he got to the village—just when he was bursting with joy at the thought of his future riches—he was clawed in the face by a mountain cat which the ghost had sent after him: and he became blind, and could never see to find his way back to the gold mine. I myself, Señora, would not go to hunt for that mine—not if you promised me all the gold in the world and sent ten government soldiers with me to protect me. For if I found it, the ghost would find some way of destroying me. He is a very terrible ghost—one of the worst I know."

"I should think so!" Mrs. Morton said. "But what use can the ghost make of all that gold? Why does he want it?"

"Nobody knows, Señora."

"Tell me, Pedro—are all ghosts bad?"

"No, Señora, there are good ghosts, too. My grandfather knew a man—I think his name was Pedro, just like mine—whose father, a very good man, was killed suddenly in a fight in a cantina. This Pedro knew that his father had a bag of silver pesos, for he could remember that sometimes when he was half asleep on Saturday nights he had seen his father leave the hut with a spade in one hand and some pesos in the other—and then he had heard sounds of digging. And the next day, Sunday, this Pedro's father would always smile and say: 'Pedro, someday when you are older, you are going to school, way off in Guadalajara, and learn to be a teacher!' But after the father's death, Pedro did not know just where the pesos were buried. One night his father's ghost came back and stood before Pedro. He was pale and thin, and he gave out a smell of dampness and the deep earth. He made the sign of the Cross—only good ghosts can do that—and he did not speak, but motioned to Pedro to rise from his bed and take up a spade and follow. The ghost floated like a mist across the bean field that was behind the house and stopped underneath a big pepper tree. Here it pointed to the earth, made the sign of the Cross, and vanished. Pedro, right there in the moonlight, began to dig. After a while, his spade struck something hard.

Continued on page 124

ALWAYS LATE?
It speeds dressing. Instead of fumbling with *five* fastenings, you simply *slide* your trousers closed or open with one easy motion of the TALON fastener.

NEVER "ON THE SPOT"
Why wonder whether your pants are properly closed . . . when you can have the TALON fastener and be sure? It's smooth, neat, invisible.

"Five fasteners? Not on My Pants!"

Millions now have the **TALON** Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. *slide fastener on all their suits*

Quizzes are all the rage these days. Here's one that *every man* should answer:

Which is faster—five clumsy fastenings on trousers, or a single, smooth-sliding Talon fastener?

Which is neater—a closure that often gaps, often opens by accident, or a secure, seam-like Talon slide fastener?

Which is less bother—fastenings that can break off, or a *durable* Talon fastener?

Try the Talon slide fastener just once and you'll want it on *all* your trousers! You can now get it on suits and slacks of all prices.

TALON Slide Fastener
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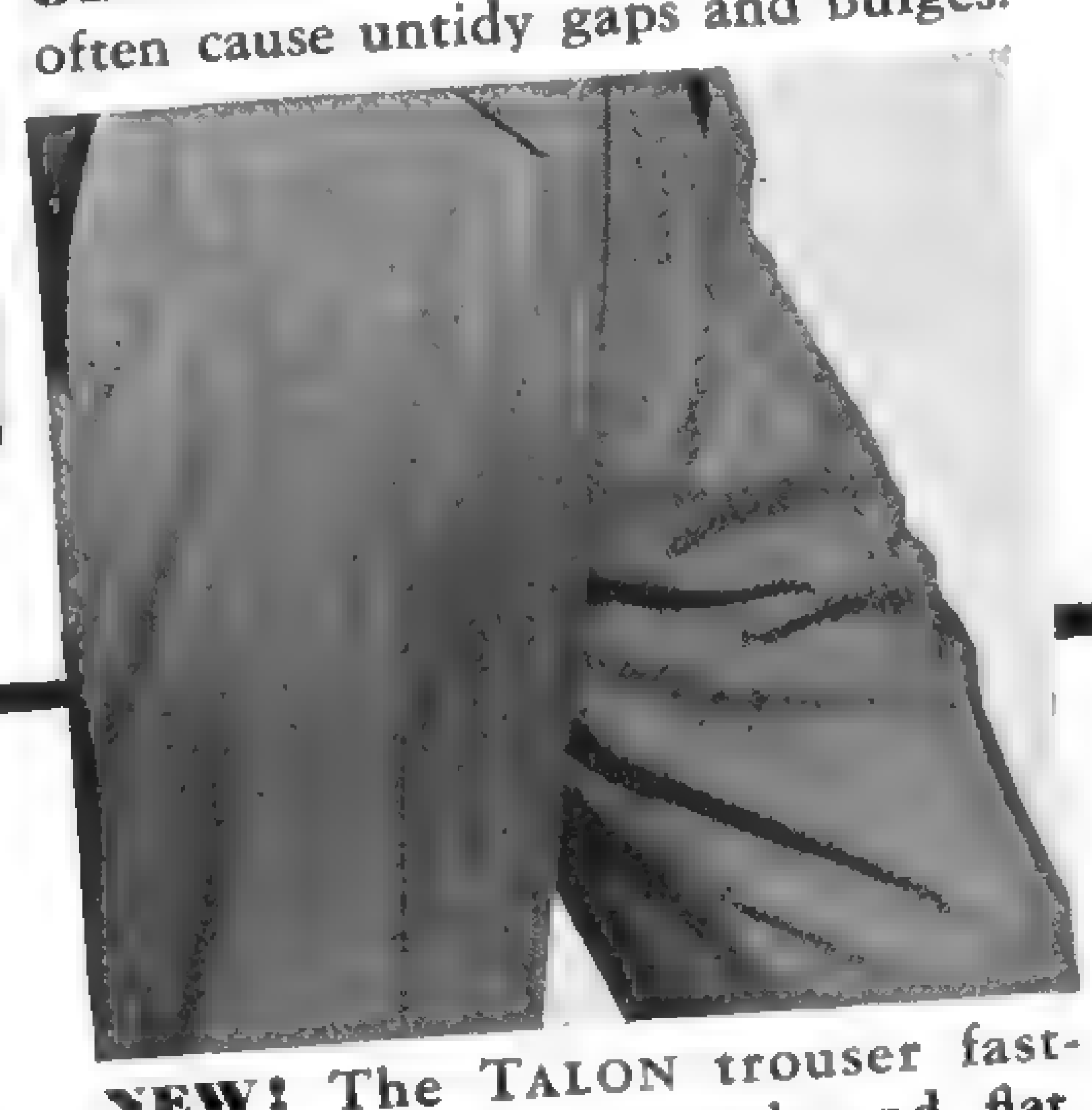
OLD-FASHIONED pants closures often cause untidy gaps and bulges.



NEW! The TALON trouser fastener makes flies smooth and flat.

WEAR TO SPARE
The TALON fastener isn't damaged by cleaning or pressing . . . it doesn't loosen or break off . . . won't catch underwear. It works perfectly no matter how often you wear the suit.

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Stout men, lean men, tall men, short men—all favor the convenience of the TALON fastener. The lock at the top is their assurance that their trousers are always right!

TRY THE **TALON** *FASTENER ON YOUR NEXT SUIT—AND YOU'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THE OLD WAY*
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Can't somebody sew on Buttons so they'll stay!"

"Well, John, if you weren't so old-fashioned, we wouldn't always be having this argument!"

Mrs. Watson knows a needle won't put an end to button troubles. But she knows an easy way to stop these early-morning flare-ups . . .

Just go shopping for shorts with *Grippers* instead of buttons. Grippers were designed specially for men's shorts — they never break or tear off.

Sales Clerk: "All my customers are changing to shorts equipped with *Grippers*. Grippers are so much more convenient. And they've been approved as laundryproof by The American Institute of Laundering."

What a relief! Now Watson never has any button bother with his shorts. *Grippers* stay on for life. And Mrs. Watson is saved the nuisance of sewing on buttons and mending torn button holes.

This happened today in thousands of homes

Insist on SHORTS with Grippers instead of buttons

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein

Grippers are much more convenient— and they're really LAUNDRYPROOF

These Leading Brands of Shorts have Grippers instead of buttons

- **NOBELT SUPER SHORTS** by Wilson Brothers
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- **ALLEN-A SHORTS** by The Allen-A Company
- **B. V. D. SHORTS** by The B. V. D. Corporation
- **SEALPAX SHORTS** by The Sealpax Company
- **SHORT-EEZ SHORTS** by Superior, Inc.
- **GOODSNAP SHORTS** by Goodenow Textiles Co.
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Many Dept. Stores also carry their own brand of shorts equipped with Grippers. These quality shorts are made by

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● Canadian-made shorts with Grippers include Arrow, B. V. D., Forsyth, St. James, Lewis, Croydon. Mexican-made shorts with Grippers include High-Life, Society.

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"**My boss** is two-phoned as well as two-fisted—and maybe he and I don't get a lot of work out! Easily, too! Because you see, his Ediphone saves him just about as much time as his telephone. He says he'd just as soon give up one as the other—and how could he give up either? He picks up the Ediphone receiver just as naturally as he does the telephone, and Voice-Writes all his ideas—all his instructions to me—all his letters—all his requests for information—*all* his mental work, if you please...And is this little girl glad!

"Before he got the Ediphone I was a regular cross-country walker. Now I devote the same time to getting things done. I'm about twice as valuable to him—and my job is much, much easier. It doesn't make any difference to *me* when he dictates. The Ediphone is always there—ready and waiting—and he can get things off his mind the instant they get on it. He can dictate through the whole noon-hour if he wants to and get away early in the afternoon for a business call or a golf game. I get my lunch and he gets his work done *quicker* than if I kept running in and out of his office.

"Personally, I don't understand why *all* business men don't use the Ediphone—there isn't one of them would do without a telephone. But then I suppose it takes time for some people to catch up—or maybe they just haven't got around to trying it out. Believe me, though, if I were a man, I would!"

* * * *

An Ediphone increases the personal business capacity of thousands of men, 20% to 50%. For every activity where "your voice points the way," use an Ediphone. Investigate! For details telephone the Ediphone, your city, or write Dept. E6, Thomas A. Edison, Inc., W. Orange, N. J.

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PREFERENCE FOR EDIPHONE PERSISTS

The Twenty-First Lion

Continued from pages 57-122-124

name. Go on. I am sure your grandfather would have been glad to tell me this story."

Pedro recovered his self-assurance. "Señora, I do not know if this tale is true. But this is what my grandfather told me—

* * *

There was a great hunter whose name was Mita. He had other names also, but they were secret. Mita was not his true name. That is why he called himself Mita. It is dangerous to tell your true name.

Mita would go out into the hills, if people in his town were hungry, and with his arrows he would shoot one hundred deer, and three hundred rabbits, and six hundred pigeons. He would carry them all home on his back; and then all the town would cry out with joy, and everybody could eat again. He was a great hunter.

Everybody loved and praised Mita, for he gave food to all the town. And Mita was proud that he was the greatest hunter.

Sometimes he killed a mountain lion. But that was just because he was a proud hunter. For you cannot eat a mountain lion; his meat is not good. But Mita was proud every time he killed a mountain lion, for it showed what a brave man he was.

One day, alone in the hills, Mita grew very proud. He had grown angry that afternoon; for he had not killed a mountain lion that whole week, and he was tired of killing merely deer and rabbits and pigeons for the town. And he held up his hands toward the gods of Tlalocan, and cried out: "Give me the right, O Lords of Tlalocan, to kill twenty mountain lions!"

He waited then in silence; but the Lords of Tlalocan did not reply.

And then Mita grew angry, and he pointed to the earth, and cried out: "You, O Mictlan-tecutli, Lord of the Dead, I call upon you to give me the right to kill twenty mountain lions!"

And he waited. But Mictlan-tecutli, Lord of the Dead, did not reply.

And then Mita pointed at the mountains, and he shouted in fury: "Since the Lords of Tlalocan and the Lord Mictlan-tecutli will not answer me—I call upon you, O dreadful Xotocutli, to promise me twenty mountain lions."

The mountains around him suddenly cracked. Big rocks fell. The ground shook under his feet. And a voice that made the earth heave up and down said: "I grant your wish! But beware! He who deals with Xotocutli deals ill. Twenty lions are yours. But the twenty-first lion is sacred to me! Touch him not!"

There was a terrible laugh, and the voice ceased. Mita was frightened. He staggered back to the town. And people mocked him because he had not brought even one rabbit or one pigeon this time.

The next day, he went out to the hills. He had a new string on his bow, and plenty of arrows with sharp obsidian points. He was determined to do well—and he did well. He killed twenty deer, twenty rabbits, twenty pigeons.

And—no such thing had ever been heard of before—he killed twenty mountain lions.

Never did a hunter return to town in so great a triumph. The people of the town threw flowers before him as he walked. The girls smiled at him. The young men shook him by the hand. The old women murmured—"Would that he were my son!" The old men nodded their heads at him and smiled.

The chief of police kissed him on both cheeks! Ah, he was a great hunter!

—But listen, Señora!—

Next day this Mita went out again, proud and happy. All the town watched him go. Halfway up the hillside, he shot a pigeon on the wing. The town made noises "Wonderful Mita!" Then he shot a rabbit that was running with the speed of the wind. The town cried—"Beautiful Mita!" Then he shot a deer that was so far away that you could hardly see it. And the town called after him—"Ah, who is like our Mita!"

And then there came out of the woods a great mountain lion. He stood still, and looked at Mita with eyes of fire.

Mita knew well that this was the twenty-first lion. He paused. And all the town cried out to him—"Shoot, Mita! Shoot, great hunter!"

So Mita aimed carefully. He bent the bow with all his power—and loosed the arrow straight to the heart of the beast, and it fell dead.

Then a laugh such as no man had ever heard before shook the hills and the clouds; and a voice like the grinding together of rocks in an earthquake said: "Twenty were yours—but the twenty-first was mine! He deals ill who deals with Xotocutli!"

And with that, the earth opened, and there was a puff of smoke, and the tall strong figure of Mita vanished in the smoke—and nobody ever saw him again.

* * *

"That, Señora, is what my grandfather told me. I do not know if it is true."

She had no idea what symbolism this story conveyed to Pedro. Probably it was symbolic of many things, as it had come down the ages: but she knew what it conveyed to her. To her it meant the god's warning to her own world, already red with the blood of millions of slaughtered men—a warning that there was, deep in the bowels of the earth or high in the spaces of the sky or obscure in the hearts of men themselves, an inexorable Power, a logic of inherent cause-and-effect, that would someday avenge itself. And that would be the day of the twenty-first lion. ##

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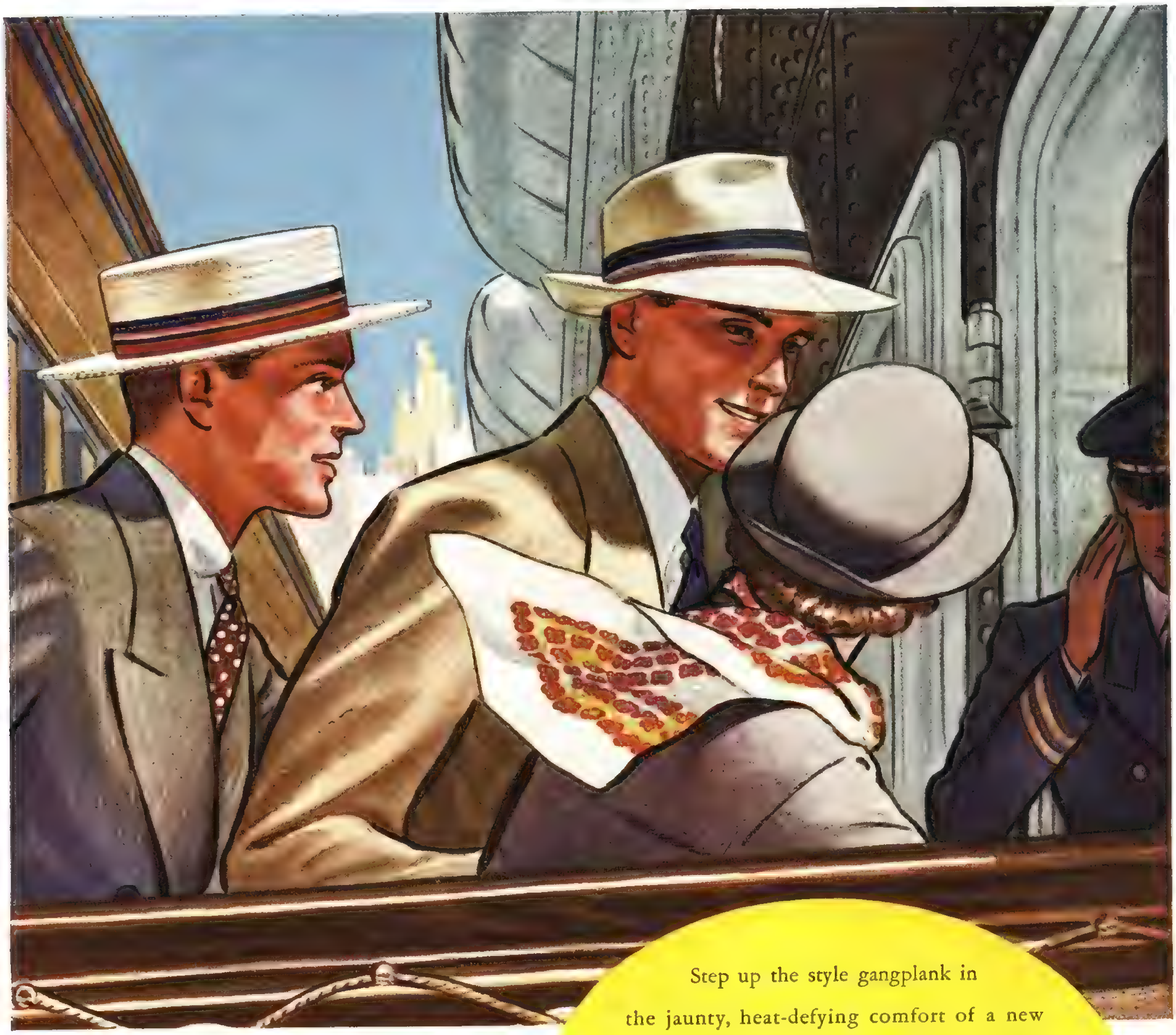
With the Style-Dash of Wider Brims, More Rakish Shapes, High-Colored Bands



Step up the style gangplank in the jaunty, heat-defying comfort of a new Stetson Straw! Note those wide, shady brims . . . those gaily-striped bands . . . the open-weave crown of the sennit and the triangle-creasing of the Panama. Here is high style in straw as only Stetson can interpret it!

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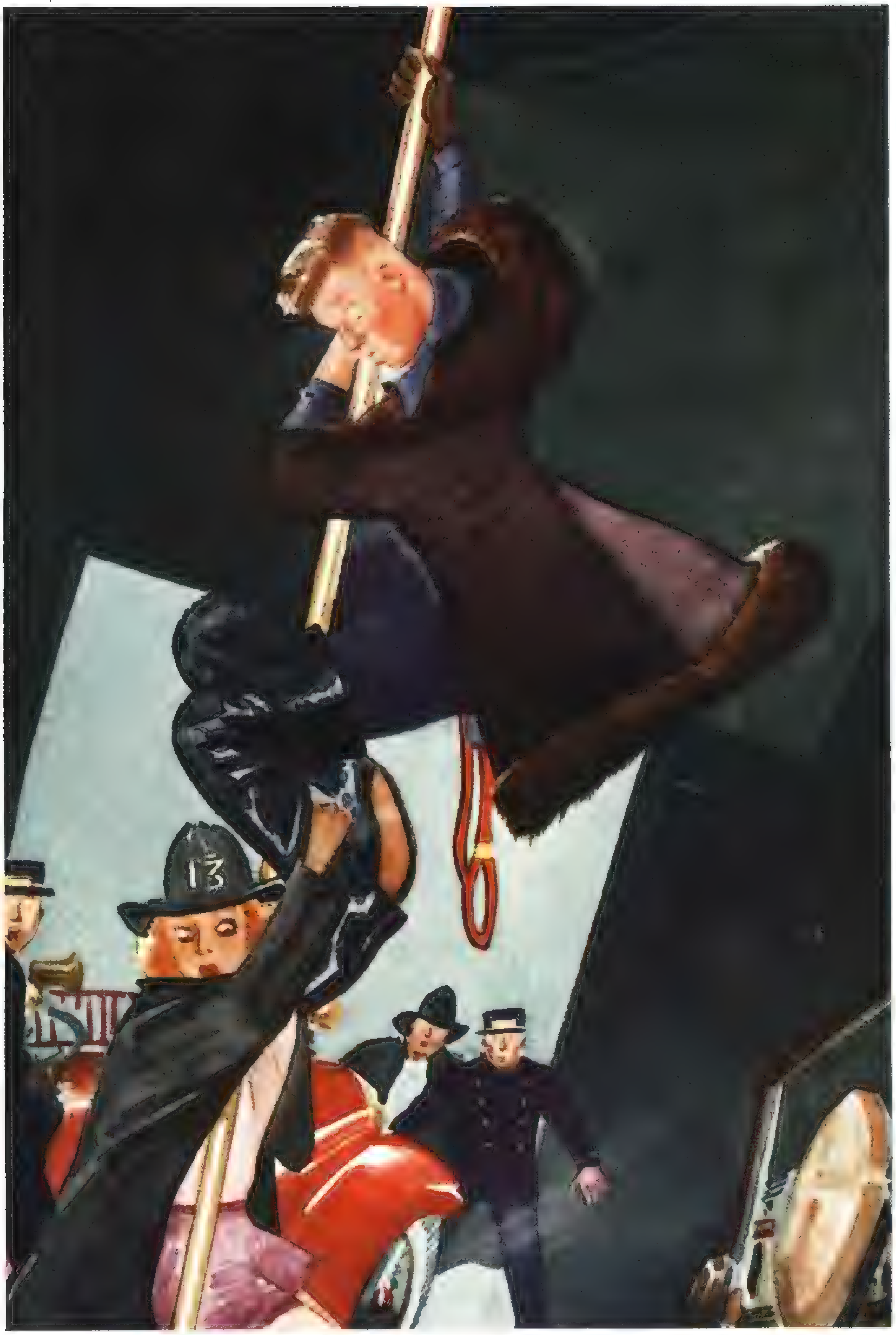
13

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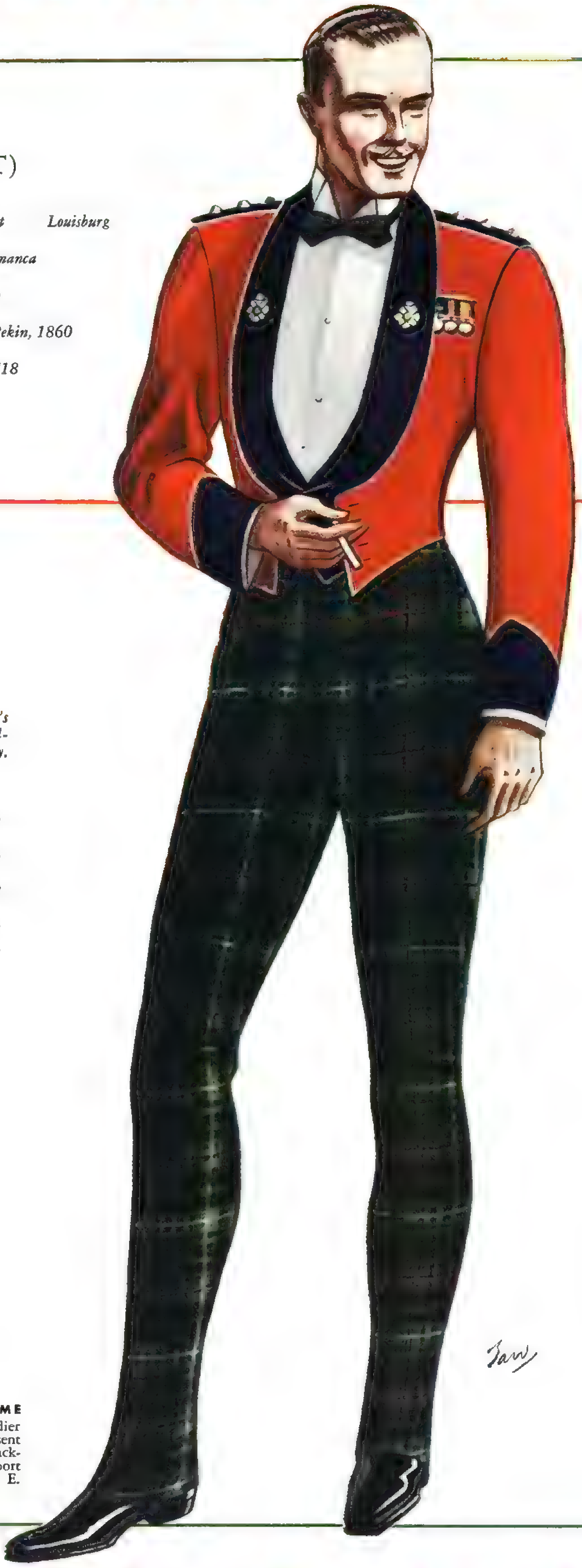
Vittoria · St. Sebastian · Nive · Peninsula · Niagara · Waterloo
Nagpore · Maheidpoor · Ava · Alma · Inkerman · Sevastopol · Taku Forts · Pekin, 1860
South Africa, 1899-1902 · Le Cateau · Marne, 1914, '18 · Ypres, 1915, '17, '18
Loos · Somme, 1916, '18 · Arras, 1917, '18 · Lys · Struma
Gallipoli, 1915-16 · Palestine, 1917-18



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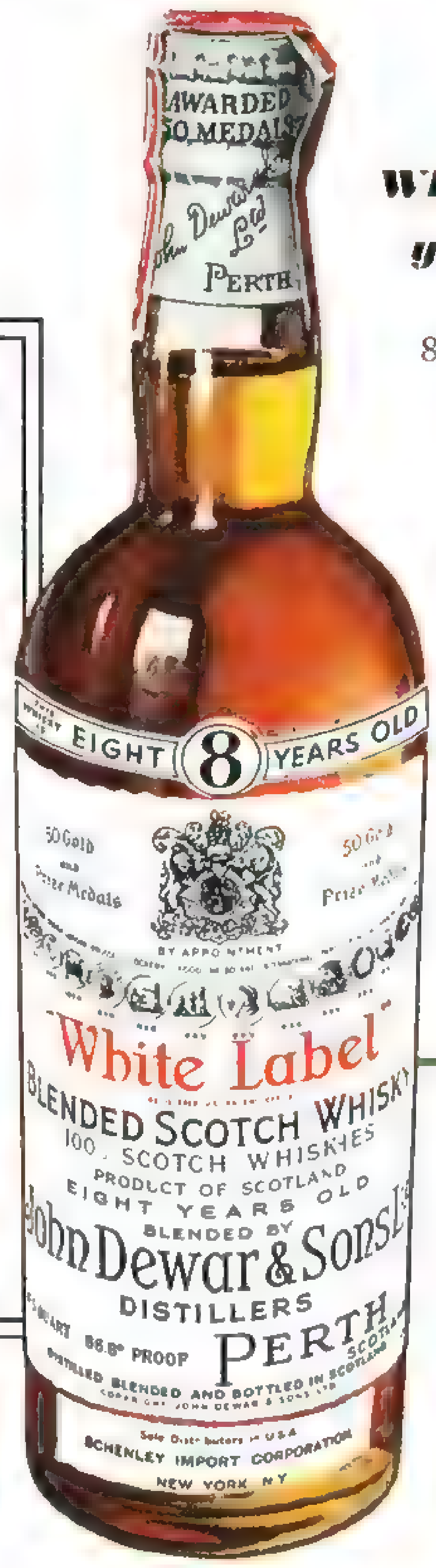
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John Dewar & Sons Ltd
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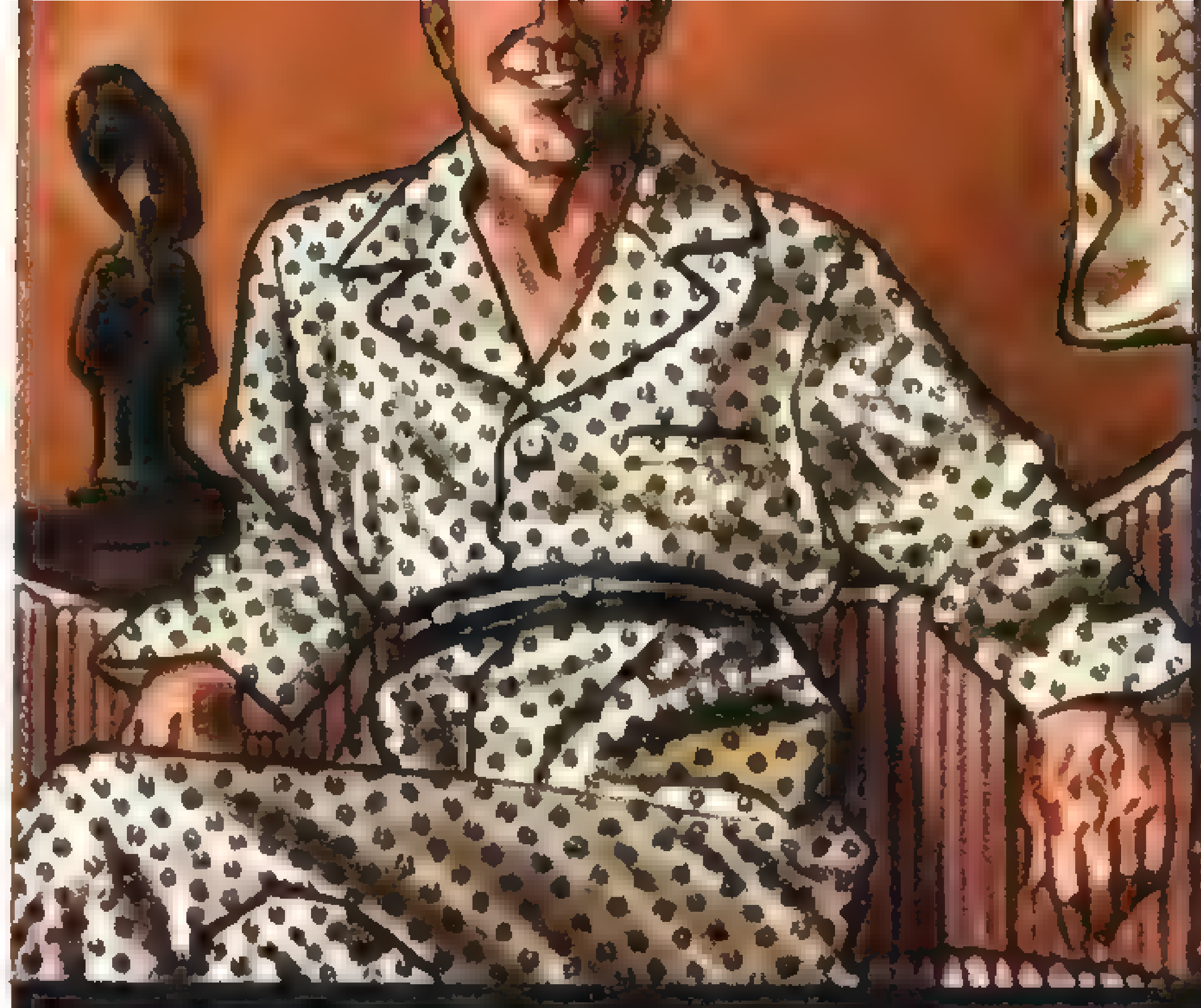
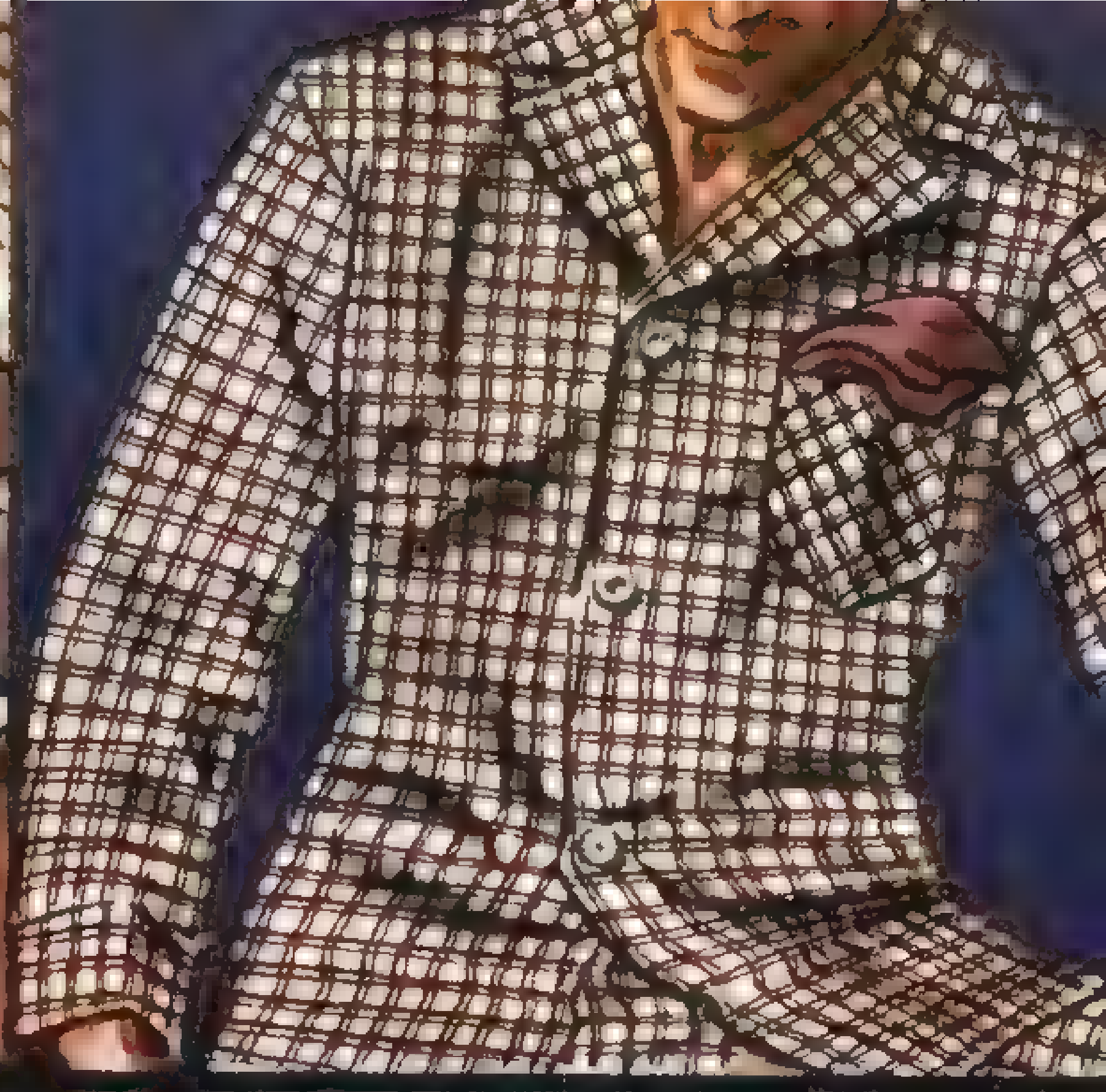
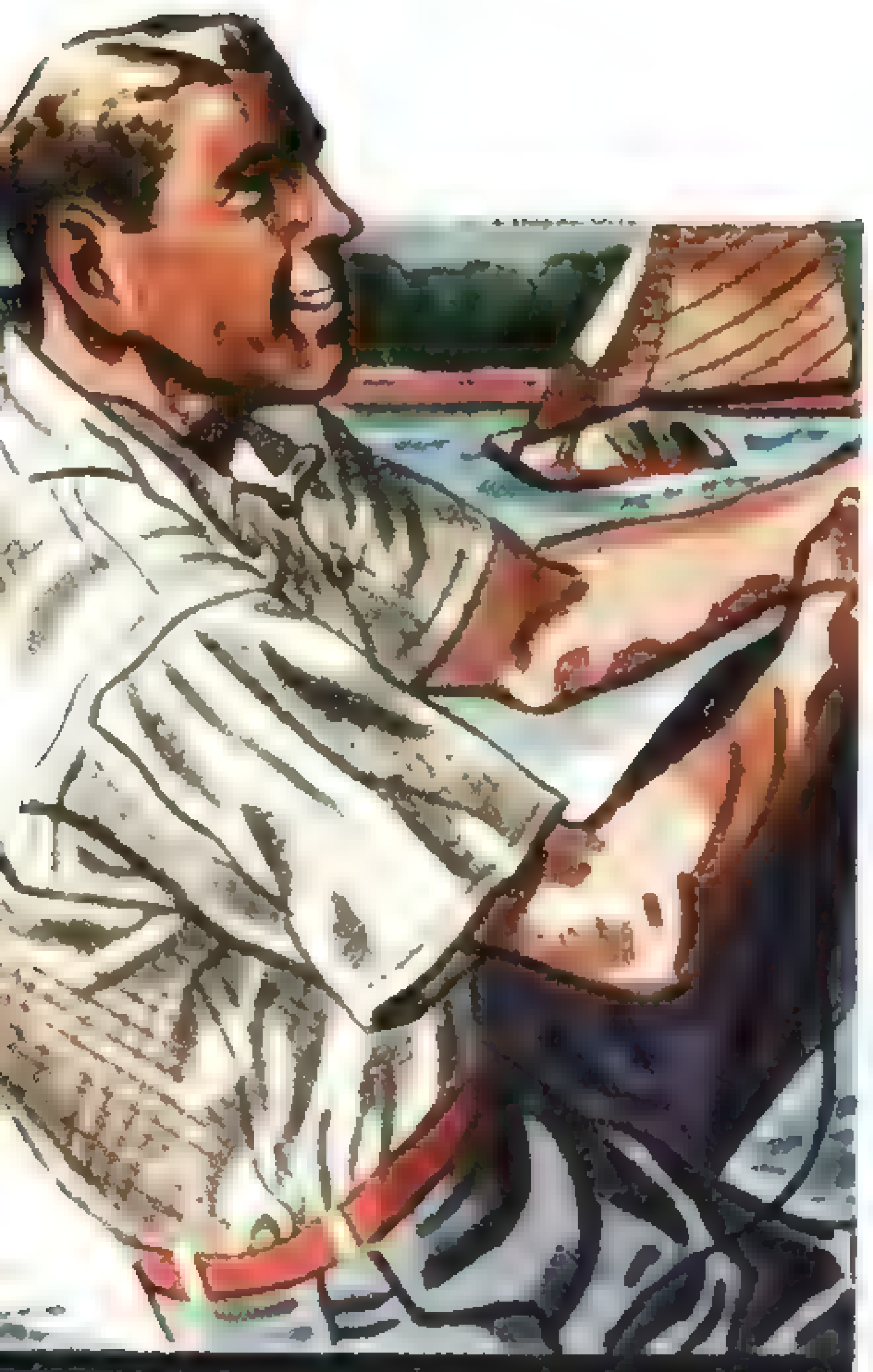


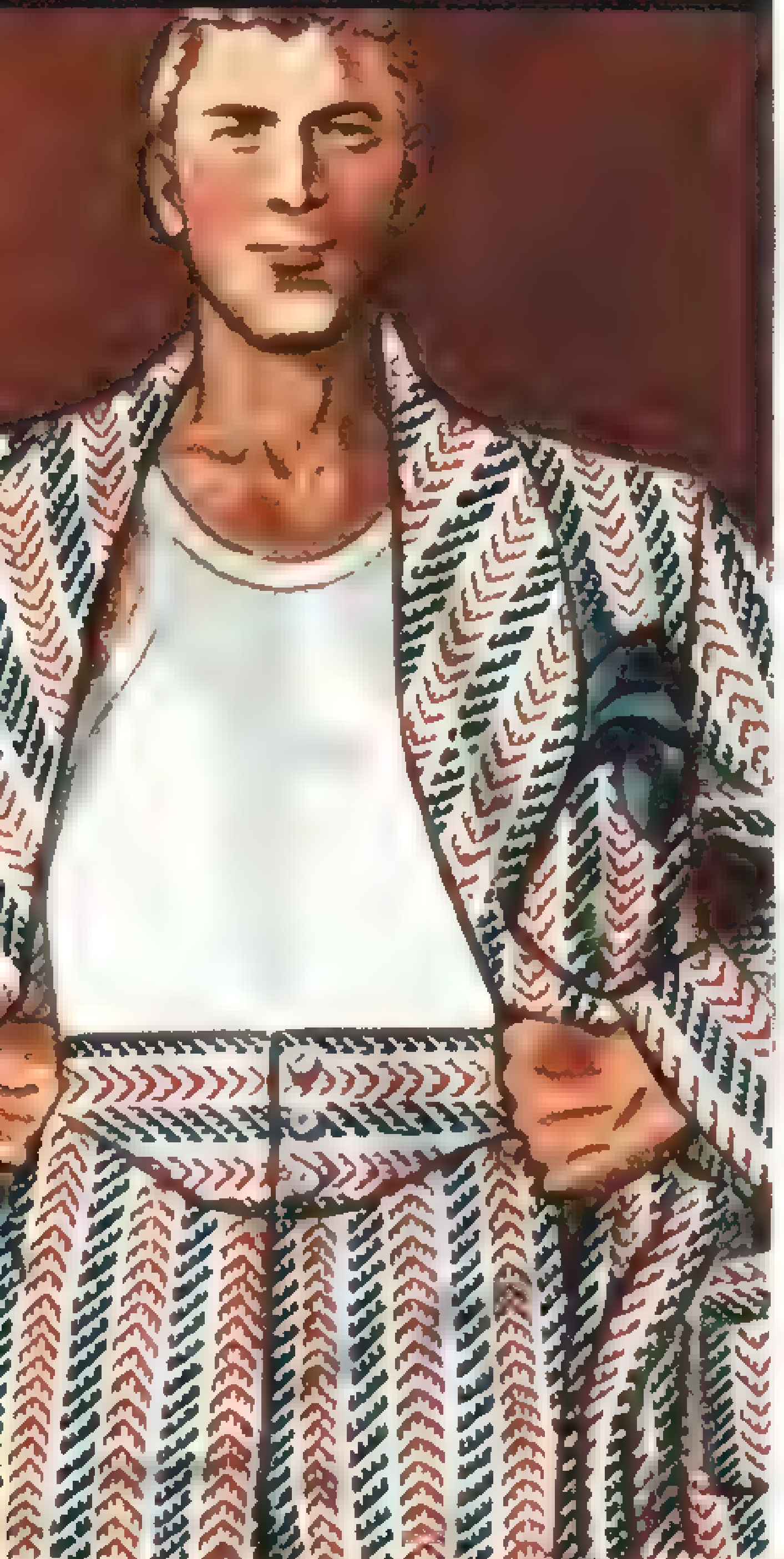
Luxury at a price—and a moderate price, indeed—that's what B.V.D. pajamas give you. This exclusive Bamboo Tone design is a good example. $2 up. Matching robe $2.50. Shorts 50¢ up.



Checks are smart!—and smarter than ever in these heat-conquering Q-cumber Cloth pajamas—$2 up. Matching robe $2.50. Shorts—to complete the ensemble—50¢ up.



B.V.D. *Ruggers—with its patented *Spring-Action Back—is a shirt that gives and takes with every movement of your body! In cool Jumbo Crash $1 up.



Laugh off heat-waves in B.V.D.'s Q-cumber Cloth Shorts and Robe—seen for the first time in herringbone patterns. Shorts 50¢ up; 2 oz. pullover shirt 50¢ up; Robe $2.50, Pajamas $2 up.

For Heat-Tortured Males

GENTLEMEN, *B. V. D. gives you the cool side of Summer—the smart way to days and nights of comfort and ease—with the new hot-weather B. V. D.'s! Here are the coolest pajamas, underwear and robes that ever cloaked your manly frame—they're tailored of B. V. D.'s heat-challenging fabrics . . . "Q Cumber Cloth," "*Feather Mesh," "Sheer Comfort" and "*Feather Pongee"—all exclusive with B. V. D.!

And here's another famous B. V. D. contribution to Summer comfort—the "*Ruggers" Shirt . . . featuring the new "Spring Action Back." Ruggers is the 1938 shirt for *all* your Summer activities. Enjoy its ease and freedom, its good-looks for beachwear or boardwalking, for business or leisure, for active or spectator sports.

Right now—before the mercury skyrockets—see the brilliant presentation of B. V. D.'s at your nearby store. You'll find them the smart, cool and thrifty answer to your Summer wardrobe problems!

THE B. V. D. CORPORATION
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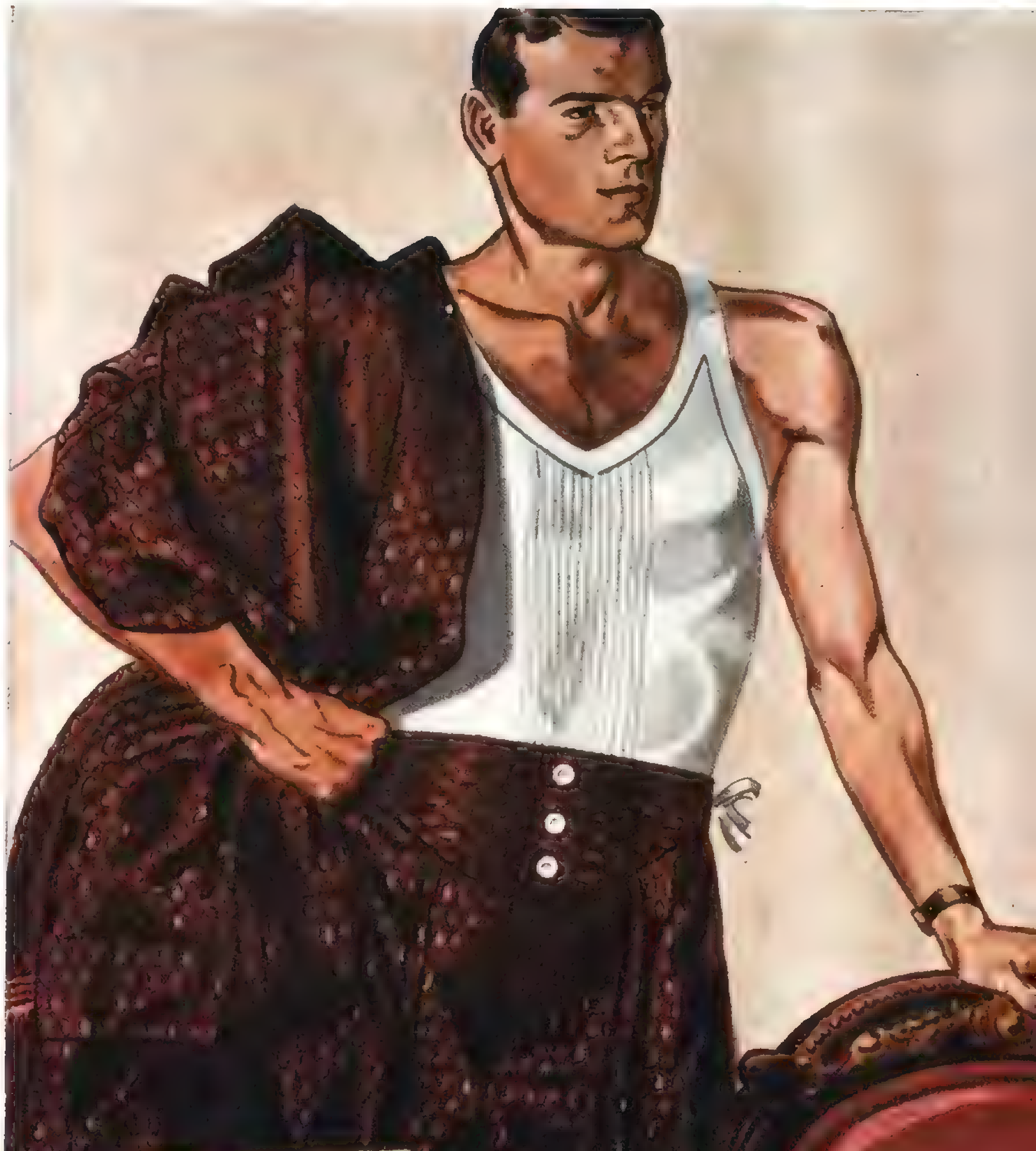
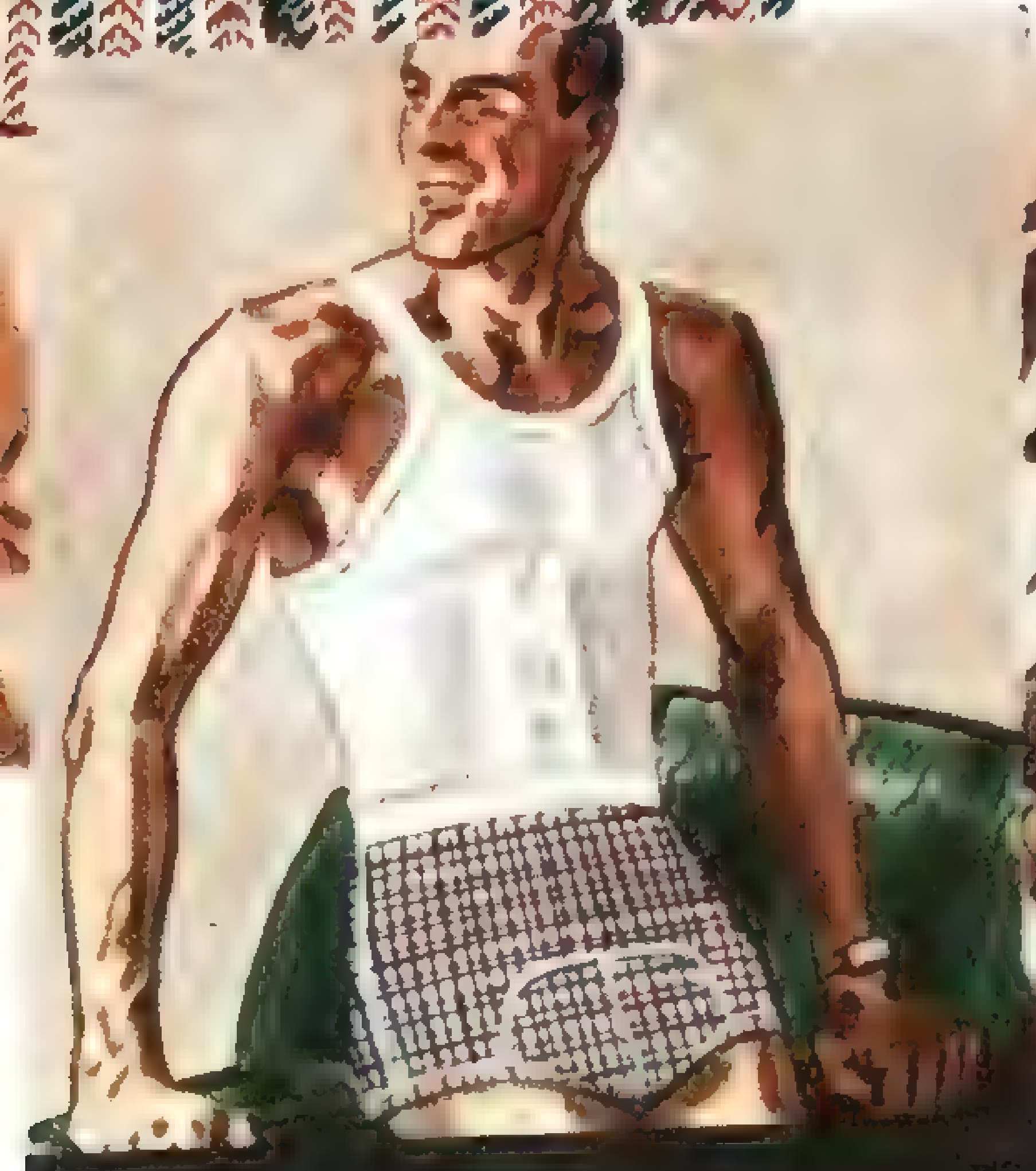
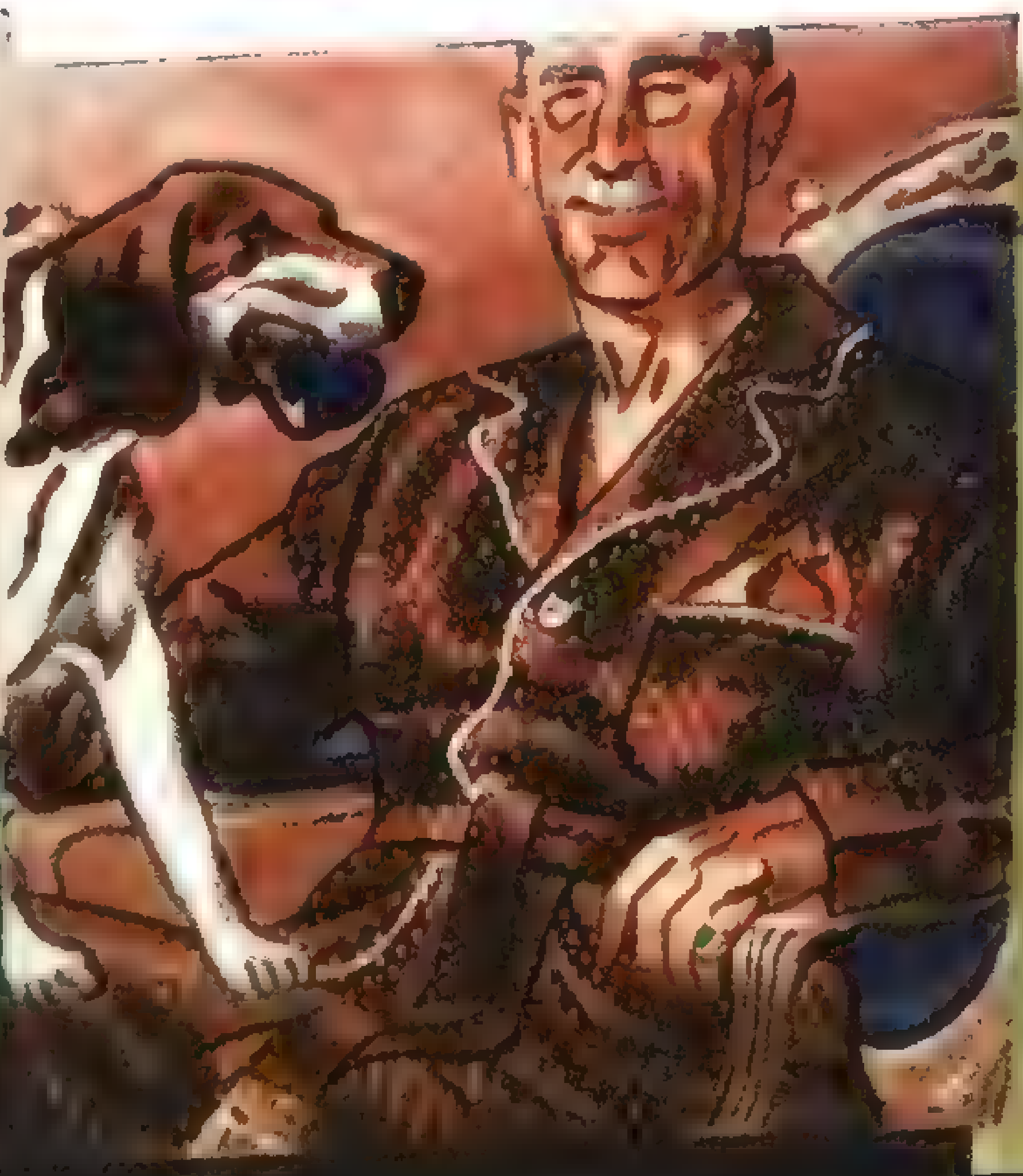


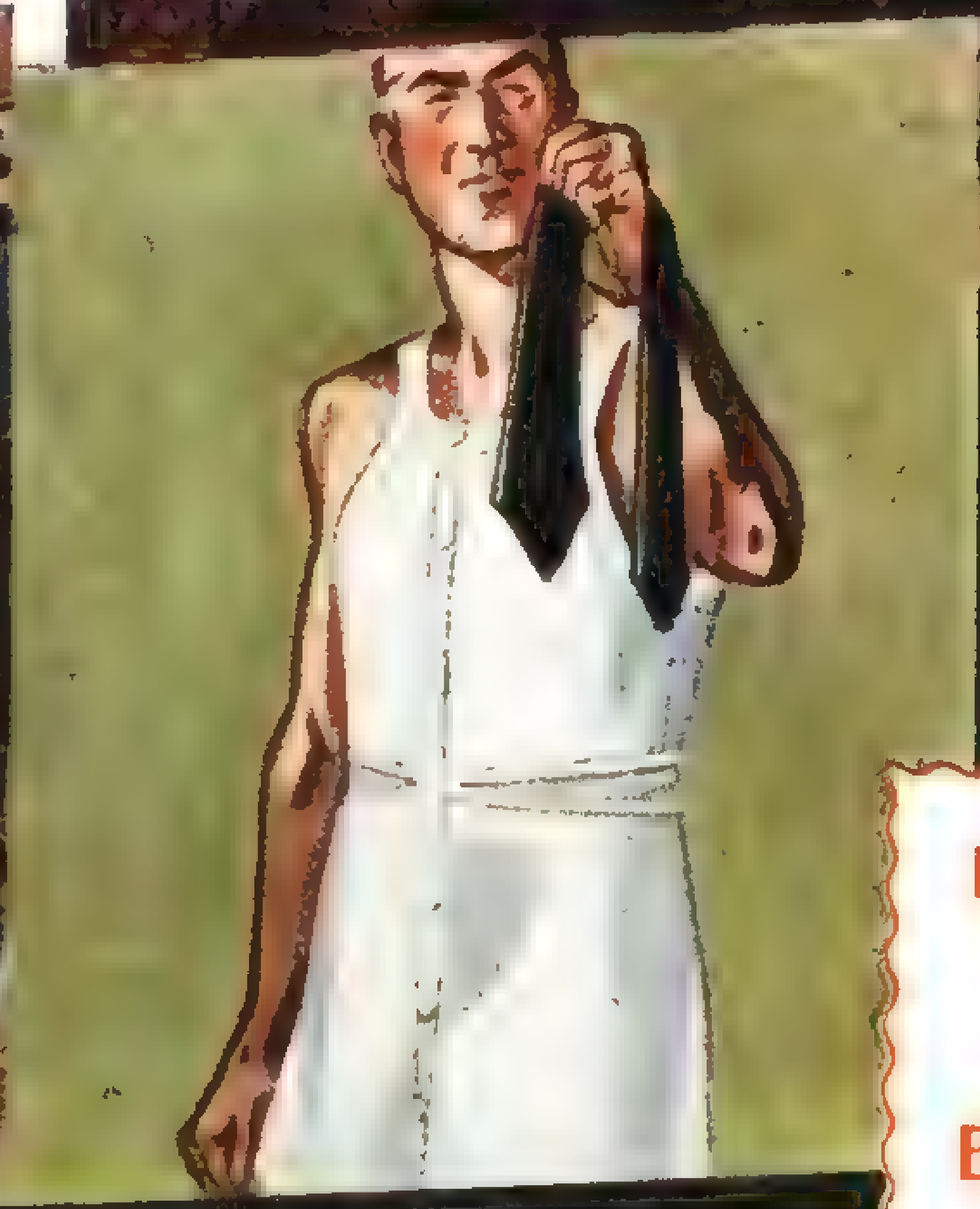
Here's an easy choice for your Summer wardrobe—B.V.D.'s Ensemble of shorts, robe and pajamas (not shown)—in the masculine new Cravat Prints. Expensive? Not a bit. The shorts, with patented "All-Ways Stretch" seat, 50¢ up—robe to match $2.50—pajamas $2.



Streamlined for comfort are B. V. D.'s knitted Briefs in smart checks. Featuring the exclusive Up-and-Down Stretch that assures perfect fit and support. 50¢ up.



Introducing B.V.D.'s "Diamond Dot" pajamas tailored in light but long-wearing *Feather Pongee. $2 up. Shorts to match—with patented "All-Ways Stretch" Seat 50¢ up.



This famous B. V. D. underwear has won the vote of millions of men for its coolness and comfort. See it in pre-shrunk nainsook $1.25. Sports model suit 89¢.

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Vanishing Second

Continued from page 69

had been tested by a watch-maker not more than thirty days previous and finally that you were timed by three watches, two of which agreed—or if all three differed—that you were credited with the average.

Field events are not quite so complicated when it comes to the records. The implement used must comply with the specifications of the rule book, your distance must be measured by at least three judges with a steel tape, and the field must be more or less on level ground. In the pole vault and high jump, the height is measured from the ground to the center of the cross-bar, which usually has a "sag" of a half-inch or so.

With these formalities disposed of, the mark is certified by the National A.A.U. and forwarded to the International Amateur Athletic Federation, a group made up of representatives of amateur sport bodies from all nations of the world. Usually the I.A.A.F. accepts the record if certified by the governing group in the country from which it comes, but unfortunately it meets only every two years. Until it stamps a mark as official, it is not an accepted world's record, with the result that in these days of highly-geared record-smashing, a world's record listed in the book may have been beaten half a dozen times before a new mark is accepted.

The last meeting was held in Cairo several months ago, and since then new standards have been made in the mile, 600-meters, 2-mile steeplechase, 60-yard hurdles and various miscellaneous indoor events, with probably a few others likely to be added before this issue appears on the stands. None of them will be "official" until the next International Amateur Athletic Federation meeting at Tokyo in 1940.

Among the running events, the sprint naturally is the chief

a static stage in sprints or any other events.

"Too many good men in every event nowadays to know where they'll stop," he says.

Although currently a 100-yard sprinter has to do it in better than ten seconds to score in a meet of any importance, it was not until 1890 that any athlete was able to beat "even time," as the ten-second mark is called. John Owen, Jr., of the Detroit Athletic Club was the lad who created this milestone of track progress, performing the feat in that year's National A.A.U. championship meet, 12 years after a mark of ten seconds had first been reached.

It was about this time that the crouching start, now a standard part of track competition, came into use. Previously, runners used a standing start with variations—some putting the right foot and right arm forward, others the right arm and left foot, etc.

Charles H. Sherrill, then competing for Yale, decided to start from the crouching position one day because he wasn't very steady in the standing position. Some argument ensued as to whether he was within the rules. He created a sensation, although it didn't help him particularly and before he retired from competition he again went back to a standing start. But Sherrill, who later became a brigadier-general and a member of the International Olympic Committee before his death, had shown the way and by the late nineties, the crouch had been universally adopted.

Not until five years had elapsed after Owen's feat—1895—did another sprinter come along who could break even time. He was Bernie Wefers, who in that year became the first of the "world's fastest humans" by not only running the century in 9 4/5, but also by covering 220 yards for a world's record of 21 2/5—so fast that it

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So new they're a year ahead!
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Colors bright . . . colors moderate . . . colors subdued . . . but colors and patterns that will delight you in these new summer ideas. $1.00

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Graduate To A Nor-East

Matchless color in a cravat that's front page news from Yale to California; from Tulane to Minnesota! Bright—new—non-crushable...Wembley's Nor-East Ties have that sparkle you've been looking for in neckwear. Blended English tones, Scotch plaids, and solid shades that make you sit up and take notice—and *be* noticed when you wear them!

At the Best Stores from Coast to Coast

The Vanishing Second

Continued from pages 69-131

what was then considered an "unbeatable" mark.

It was unbeatable, too, for ten years. But in 1923 Paavo Nurmi turned up with his phenomenal 4:10.4, at Stockholm, Sweden, and again the experts predicted that no one in this generation would ever run a mile faster than that. And again the experts were wrong. After an 8-year interval (hardly a generation) France came to bat with one of its rare record-holders in the person of Jules Ladourmegue. Running in Paris (probably with French timing) he was officially credited with a mark of 4:09.2. Again the experts, etc. But they reckoned not with the ability of a New Zealander, Jack Lovelock, and an American, Glenn Cunningham. In quick order—1933 and 1934—they sliced off a few more seconds to trim the record down to 4:07.6 and 4:06.7, respectively. Then along came Sydney Woodersen, anaemic-looking British bank clerk, who chiseled another tenth second off the record, only to have Cunningham come back with an amazing 4:04.4 last winter on Dartmouth's lightning fast indoor track.

Will the latter mark ever be beaten? Archie San Romani, young Kansas star, and Don Lash, Indiana University's brilliant distance runner, made a mile in 4:06.9 in the 1937 Princeton Invitational meet, which shows that Cunningham's figure may not be so impregnable. Charley Fenske of the University of Wisconsin is another up-and-coming youngster whose recent performances also stamp him as a potential menace to the most spectacular of present-day records.

Before leaving the subject of running, it might not be amiss to mention another "unbeatable" record which has faded from the picture. For many years a 2-mile run under 9 minutes was considered as ephemeral as the 7-foot high jump or the 30-foot broad jump. The "impossible" was first achieved by Nurmi who ran it in 8:59.6 in 1934, and while the world was still marveling, along came Don Lash with an even more sensational 8:58.4.

Before his name could get into the record-books, however, Gunnar Hockert of Finland beat his time with 8:57.4 and last September an Hungarian ace, Miklos Szabos, erased Hockert with an almost unbelievable 8:56, which was the official world's record at this writing.

Hurdling, like straight-away running, has also speeded up phenomenally, but here there is a logical reason other than the greater number of contestants or better tracks. Technique has been vastly improved. Photographs of hurdle races in the early days of the century will show every runner going over the barrier in a different manner. Some are high jumping, some diving, some sailing across and others trying to step over—usually with disastrous results. Now, if you watch a good group of hurdlers, you will see little difference among them. Each will take the jump in stride, barely clearing the top and coming down without loss of speed or breaking of rhythm. Coaching has done that, and as a result, since 1915, a full second has been knocked off the 120-yard high hurdle mark and an equal amount off the 220-yard low hurdle mark. One second in a race of 120 yards is equivalent to around 20 feet, in the event you think a second is insignificant.

As in the hurdles, the field events also have shown vast improvement, chiefly due to improved technique. Motion pictures, photographs, better equipment and generally better coaching have combined to push the "ceiling" in the pole vault and high jump up to undreamed-of figures, and to bring about records in the broad jump and weight events once deemed impossible.

The pole vault, of course, has been much in the limelight lately because of the Southern California "heavenly twins"—Bill Sefton and Earl Meadows—who have gone upward so steadily that one or the other may have crossed the 15-foot mark ere this appears in print.

Pole-vaulters, by the way, take more punishment than any other track athlete. That drop from the 13- or 14-foot height is entirely by dead weight, and old man Gravity gets in some pretty hard knocks. Sawdust or sand does hardly more than keep bones from getting broken, and the height to which pole-vaulters will ultimately go depends mainly on how much protection they get. There is talk of rigging up a net, similar to that used by aerial artists in circuses, to catch the pole-vaulters as they come over.

It wasn't so many years ago—1911 to be exact—that a furore was created in track circles by a 13-foot pole vault. And it was comparatively yesterday that deafening applause greeted Sabin Carr of Yale when he first achieved fourteen feet. Yet on July 3 of last year in the National A.A.U. championships, four pole-vaulters tied at 14 feet, 7⅛ inches—Sefton, Meadows, Cornelius Warmedam of Fresno State College and George Varoff of Oregon, who a year previous had set a world's record of 14 feet, 6 inches.

The high jump likewise keeps going up and up, with 6 feet, 10¾ inches already attained and 7 feet in the offing. Not only has the technique here been improved, but jumpers also have been helped by the change in requirements which permits a modified form of diving. Previously a man's feet were required to precede his head over the bar. Now he can go over head-first, which adds a few inches to the marks of reckless jumpers.

The shot-put record for nearly 20 years remained at 51 feet—a mark which created a sensation when made by huge Ralph Rose. But along came huger 300-pound Jack Torrance—a physical freak

Continued at top of page 134

WHETHER YOU HAVE IT AFTER

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SHOOTING TIGERS IN INDIA

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Why is "Canadian Club" such an international favorite? Why do connoisseurs order it *by name* the whole world over? And why is it probably the most called-for whisky at the bars of America?

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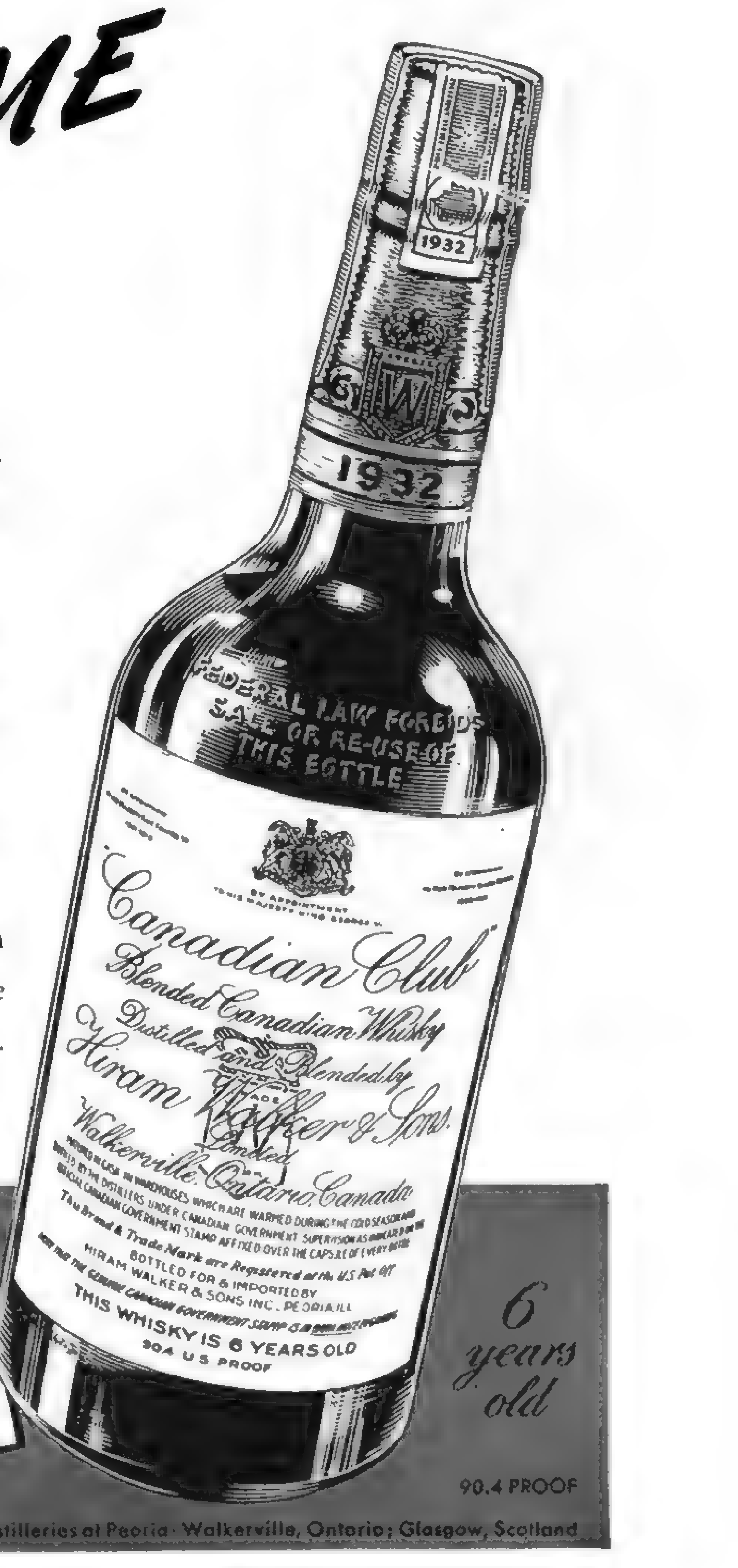
Join the connoisseurs who always order "Canadian Club" *by name* at bar or liquor store. Be drink-wise and stick to this superb whisky all evening long . . . from cocktails to your after-dinner "tall one"!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Another "Limited Edition"
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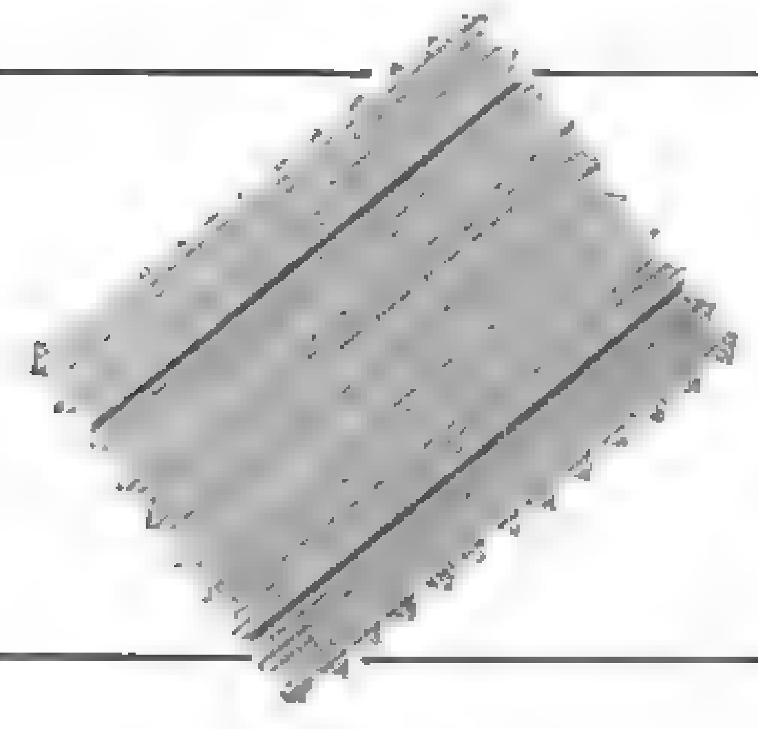
FOR men who prefer styles not seen in every show window—the newest "Limited Edition" shirt is Sandstone Broadcloth. A soft haze, woven through brilliant and original stripings, produces an unusual effect of crisp coolness with spirit and good taste. Topped with lightweight, starchless OBAN Collar, Sandstone Broadcloth holds its 7 a.m. freshness 'way into the night. Shown only by stores featuring Wilson Brothers' Shirts—$2.00. Wedglocke Necktie closely related in tones and patterns. $1.00.



Suggestions for Father's Day—A group of new Sandstone Broadcloth Shirts with harmonizing Wedglocke Neckties. Sketch, left, shows another of several exclusive Sandstone pattern ideas.

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Also makers of Faultless Nobelt Pajamas, Nobelt Super Shorts, Skipper Sportwear, Buffer Hose, Wedglocke and Congo Cloth Neckwear

The Vanishing Second

Continued from pages 69-131-132

and a great athlete—to toss the 16-pound iron ball to the unheard of distance of 57 feet, 1 inch. Since then almost any good college shot putter can beat 51 feet, which leads one to wonder where they were during those two decades when Rose's record was tops.

By this time the dizzy reader is probably wondering where it's all going to end. Frankly, we don't know, but one prominent coach has tried to figure it out.

He is Brutus Hamilton of the University of California, former A.A.U. decathlon champion and a member of the 1920 Olympic team. As a great athlete and a great coach, his views carry some weight, particularly since he worked his calculations on strict mathematical formulae. His basis was the new Finnish decathlon scoring table, in which the physicists of that nation considered energy, expectancy, fatigue and the laws governing physiological compensation.

Originally he devised this chart of "ultimate" human performances for the amusement (and inspiration) of the boys on his track squad. Later it was published in *The Amateur Athlete*, official organ of the A.A.U.

Here it is, with current world's records (official and unofficial) listed alongside for comparison:

Event	*Present Record*	*Ultimate Perfect Record*
100 yards	:09.4	:09.13
100 meters	:10.3	:10.06
220 yard dash	:20.3	:20.18
200 meters	:20.3	:20.05
440 yard dash	:46.4	:46.02
400 meters	:46.1	:46.02
880 yards	1:47.9	1:47.35
800 meters	1:49.6	1:46.07
400 m. hurdles	:50.6	:50.04
110 m. high hurdles	:13.7	:13.82
1 mile	4:04.4	4:01.66
2 mile	8:56.	8:44.02
Shot Put	57′1″	57′ 5/32″
Javelin	253′4.5″	256′10 32″
High Jump	6′10.75″	6′11.22″
Discus	174′2.5″	182′ 1.44″
Hammer	189′6.5″	200′ 8.28″
Pole Vault	14′11″	15′ 1.08″
Broad Jump	26′8.25″	27′ 4.74″

The figures were compiled in 1935. Two "perfect" marks—in the shot put and 110-meter high hurdles already have been excelled. As for the rest—well, may we say that it's just a matter of time? #

Believing's Seeing

Continued from page 65

Genevieve. Darn thing looks as if it were rooted right in the floor said Margie. Some new trick of that tame decorator of Alma's I suppose. This damn girdle's killing me. Give me a hand will you? And she began to undress.

Holy Judas! said Mr. Dill to himself. He could see in the glass that his leaves were trembling a little. He could see Margie and Genevieve in the glass too. It was queer to have them so totally ignorant that he was standing so close to them. Horrifying too. He had had no idea that girls were so sort of earthy about things. He was learning a lot.

Pretty soon Margie said I see *la* Dill is here with her current cupbearer. Who is he? O that's Laurence Whiffly said Genevieve. He majors in young matrons with children. Rather clever in his way. He knows all about child psychology and such and he tells the girl that children of divorced parents are psychically always a little queer.

Very high suicide rate among 'em. It's his way of playing safe. Very clever said Margie supporting herself with one hand against Mr. Dill's trunk as she straightened a stocking. Forcing the girl to be noble and stay with husband. But after all Ricarda Dill is lousy rich. I should think—O Laurence gets the money without marrying said Genevieve. They're always free to put money into his publishing business you see. Do they ever get it back? said Margie. Nothing so sordid as profit said Genevieve. They get the satisfaction of having helped to bring something really fine into the world. That again appeals to the maternal instinct. Gosh he is clever said Margie. I want to meet him. He won't look at you my dear said Genevieve until you have a brace of little blossoms to show. Well said Margie I'd better go out and look around then hadn't I?

Well Mr. Dill was pretty shaken by this experience for several reasons but he went down and had a couple of drinks and then he felt better. So then he found Margie Dormer and danced with her for a while and then they went down and played roulette and then came back and organized a game of hopscotch and at last Mr. Dill ended by throwing himself so completely into the spirit of the occasion that he had to be helped out to his car and Mrs. Dill drove him home.

Well nothing much happened for the next week or so except that when he didn't have anything else to do Mr. Dill turned into a tree. Sometimes it would be in his own garden in the evening when the stars were out and a little wind just pleasantly whispered through his leaves.

And sometimes it would be in a park or next the sidewalk on one of the streets in White Plains where he could overhear the talk of the passers-by. And once or twice he was part of the shrubbery up close to the windows of people he knew. This did not seem to him quite fair but it was terribly interesting. He learned a lot. Sometimes birds went to sleep in his branches and he gave them the shock of their lives when he changed into a man. And once when he was in a park a city truck drove up and two men started to cut him down. One of them a man

Continued on page 136

REPRODUCED: A STUDY BY ERWIN BLUMENFELD FOR THE MAY ISSUE OF CORONET

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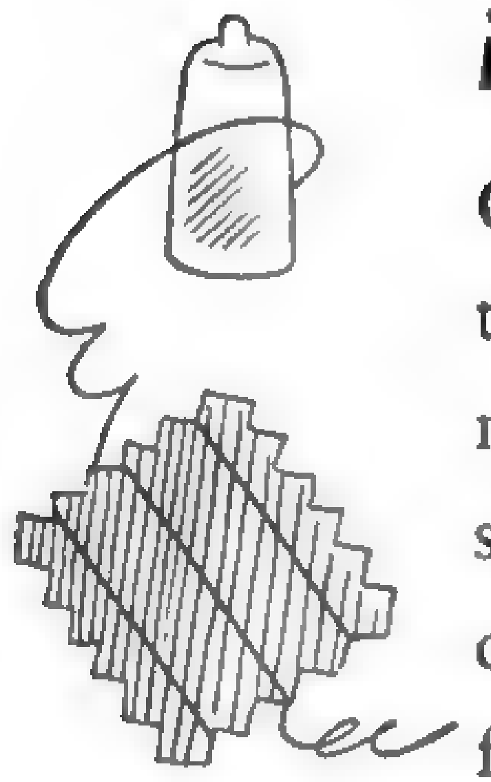

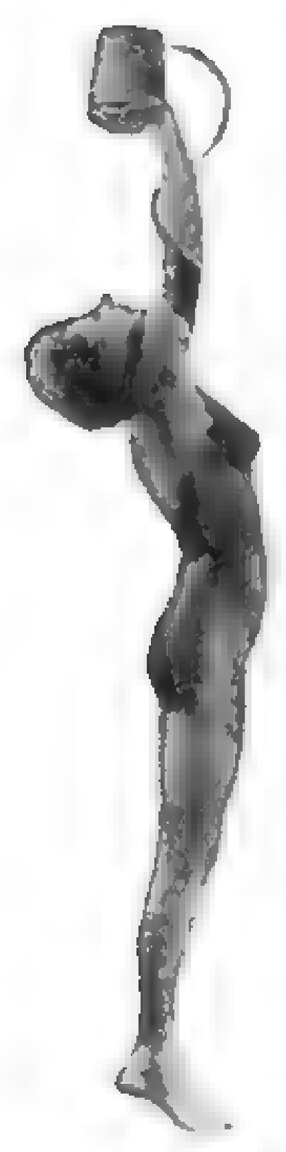

Believing's Seeing

Continued from pages 65-134-136

tered was gold to me. A little hackneyed of course but you'll admit that with so many of your platitudes to choose from it is odd that I should have hit upon the right one.

Both Mrs. Dill and Mr. Whiffly were startled. O not so odd Mr. Whiffly began. But Mrs. Dill said You were listening. Where? said Mr. Dill. Mrs. Dill looked at Mr. Whiffly. There wasn't anyone within yards of us she said. Probably a dictaphone under the bench said Mr. Whiffly I'm not surprised.

You mean you're determined not to be surprised said Mr. Dill. But I'm determined to surprise you old boy. May I suggest that you go look for the dictaphone? And he snatched up Mr. Whiffly's Panama hat and ran out through the French window.

Well Mr. Whiffly and Mrs. Dill looked at each other and Mr. Whiffly said Really Ricky the poor chap's gone completely off the cogs. I wonder what we should do? I'm going to do as he said said Mrs. Dill—look for the dictaphone. And she went out into the garden. Mr. Whiffly followed slowly.

Well they examined the bench by the flame of Mr. Whiffly's lighter for it was growing dark now but there was no sign of anything.

Then Mrs. Dill caught sight of something white at the foot of the tree. Look! she cried sharply. O look Laurence! And Mr. Whiffly turned and looked and said something remarkably profane even for a publisher. For the tree was growing right up through his Panama hat. And there was no break in the brim which circled the trunk.

Well they turned and ran for the house. At the top of the terrace Mr. Whiffly screamed as a hand fell on his shoulder. But it was only Mr. Dill and he was holding out the crownless hat. I'm afraid it's rather a wreck he said but anyhow you've seen a little magic. A trick! said Mr. Whiffly furiously. A cheap conjuror's trick. Really Dill—Why Whiffly said Mr. Dill you're vibrating like a—a plucked chord. But even now you don't give out a true note. You're always telling Ricky to face the facts and you can't face them yourself. They must have told you fairytales in your childhood. You haven't any sense of reality.

But Mr. Whiffly wasn't listening. He had broken away and was running gibbering down the drive to his car.

Well Mrs. Dill had run into the house and up to her room but when Mr. Dill went in she sat up and faced him. There wasn't any dictaphone she said. Of course there wasn't said Mr. Dill. But never mind about that now my dear. We've got to have this thing out. Either you're going to get your Whiffly and all he stands for or you're going to keep me. And all I stand for. Not that this magic business is supposed to convince you or anybody. It hasn't convinced Whiffly—you know what he'll be saying about it tomorrow. There can be magic in everything—that's where you and I have always differed. But the point is that you have to believe in it and then it's there. It can't be proved. But if you believe anything hard enough it comes true.

I don't believe that said Mrs. Dill. You've believed for years said Mr. Dill that I didn't love you enough to care what you did. And now you believe that I'm having an affair with Margie Dormer. They'll both come true if you don't stop. I guess you've got it the wrong way round said Mrs. Dill. I believe it because it's true.

It's not said Mr. Dill. But let me finish. I've believed that you didn't care either. Then tonight you said to Whiffly that you did—that you wanted me and not him. I said no such thing said Mrs. Dill. You said 'and now it's too late' said Mr. Dill.

Risley! said Mrs. Dill how do you *know* these things? I'm not going to tell you he said either about that or about Margie's mole except that it's not any way you could imagine. But I have to *know* said Mrs. Dill. Why? said Mr. Dill. And when she didn't say anything he said You have to *believe*. Look Ricky. Take the stories I tell the children. You think it's bad for them to believe 'em. Well they do believe 'em. But all the time they *know* they aren't so. Isn't that better for them than to be like our poor Whiffly who doesn't believe in my hat trick although he knows it happened?

O Risley exclaimed Mrs. Dill suddenly throwing her arms around him I didn't know you could talk so cleverly! Good said Mr. Dill. Our marriage was founded on knowledge and that was what was the matter with it. To hell with knowing each other. We want to believe in each other. O dear said Mrs. Dill why do you have to be so intellectual right now?—O listen! the children.

There was a galloping in the hall and Jean and Caroline rushed in. What are you crying about mama? Jean asked but Caroline said Hey papa how about our story? Come here children said Mrs. Dill sitting up and composing herself with a sniff. Sit down. That's it. Once upon a time there was a princess who lived in a white tower on a cliff—O let papa tell it mama said Jean.

And she was held captive went on Mrs. Dill firmly by an ogre who had three rows of teeth and used to gallop around the tower on all fours all night howling hideously. Ah! said Jean smiling happily. Well, said Mrs. Dill one day. . . . #

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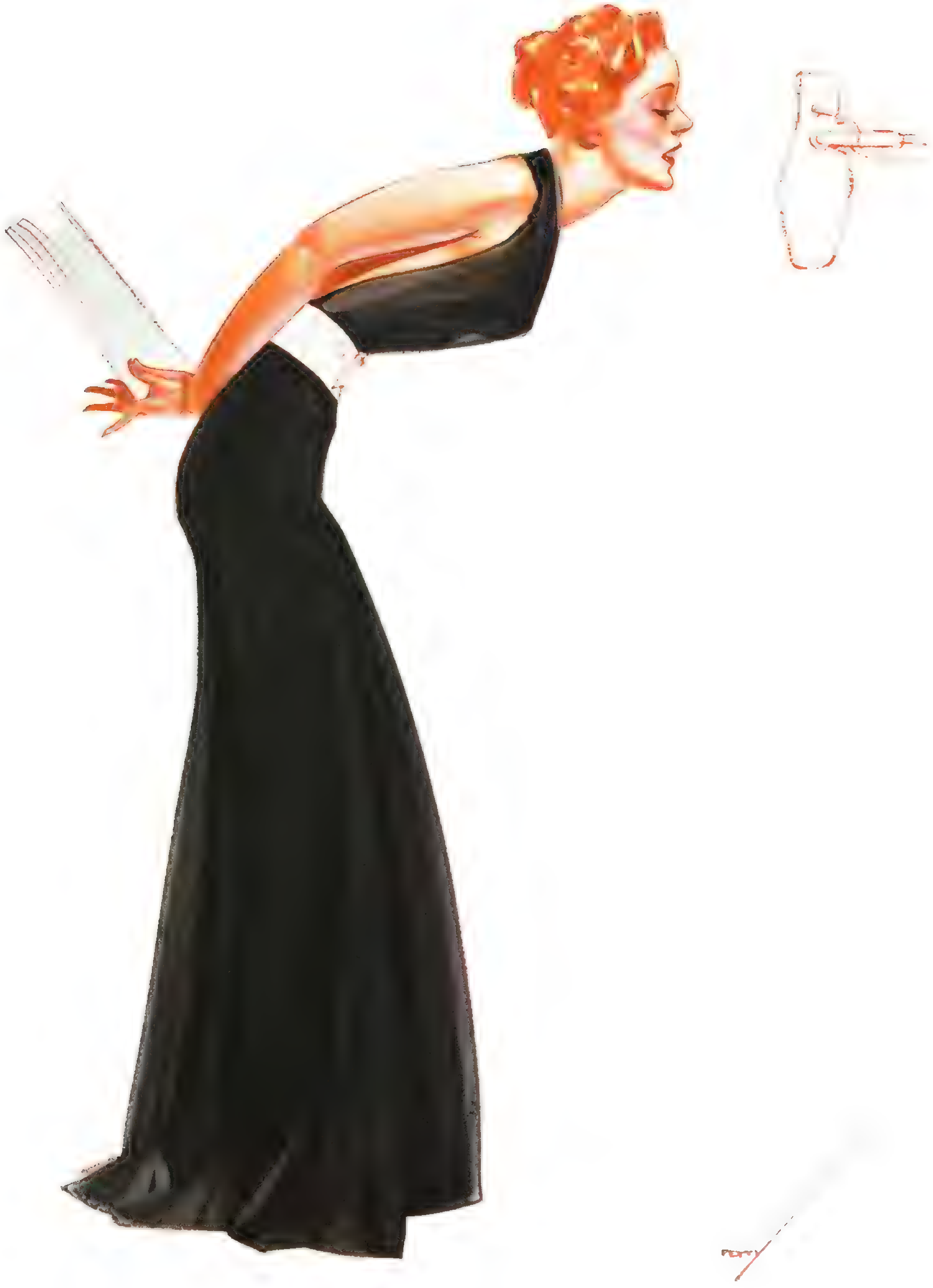

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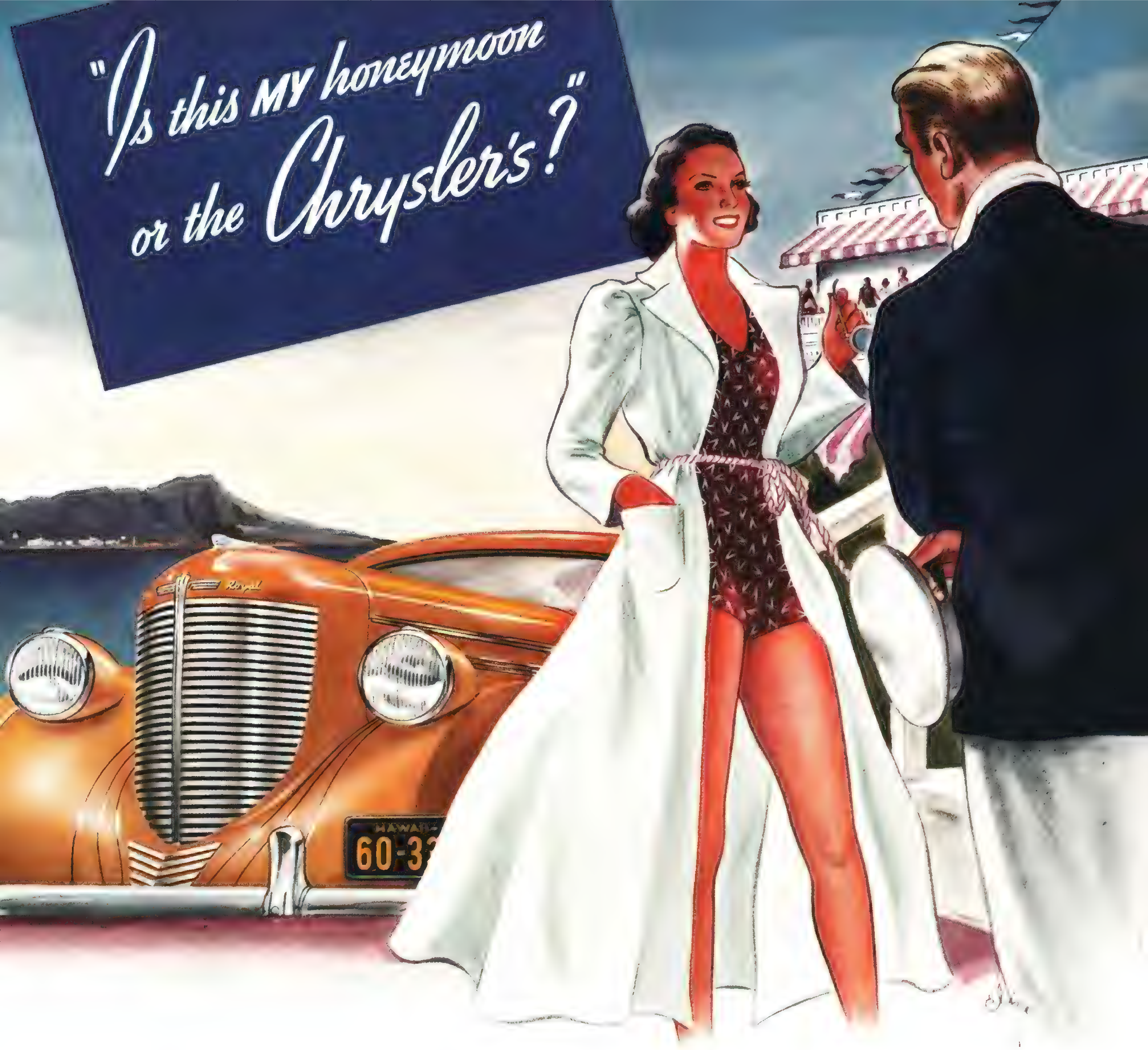

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The Manager Nobody Knows

Continued from page 51

comes to taking care of William. Last Summer he frightened young Horace Stoneham into giving him the most lucrative managerial contract in either league—a five-year paper calling for $40,000 per annum—and he got it like breaking sticks. Here is how the trick was done:

The Giants were in the thick of a pennant battle with the Cubs. A rumor circulated from some mysterious source that Alva Bradley, multi-millionaire owner of the Cleveland Indians, had been seen in a huddle with Terry. The newspaper boys leaped aboard this one and concluded that Terry was considering a switch to the American League. Terry wasn't on speaking terms with the reporters at that time. He seldom is. Terry's contract, which had another year to run, called for $25,000. He wanted a salary boost, but didn't know how to go about getting it. The rumored Bradley bid was his dish.

Young Stoneham, who is completely dependent upon Terry and who knows no more about baseball than Bill has seen fit to tell him, was scared out of his $45 oxfords when he read in the sports pages that Bradley was making overtures to his master-mind. He sent for Terry and wrote out his new ticket. Later it was learned that the supposedly important conversation between Bill and Bradley ran something like this:

Bradley: "Bill, if you ever find yourself out of a job in New York, give me a call. I'll always be able to spot you in our organization."

Terry: "Thanks, Mr. Bradley, that's mighty nice of you!"

Bill, it seemed had handled the routing of several spring exhibition tours for the Giants and Indians. These had always been profitable and Bradley admired Terry for his administrative ability. The harmless hello he gave Terry cost Stoneham $15,000 a year—or $75,000, which is one of the most expensive pats on the back in baseball history.

Terry is one of the wealthiest men in baseball. He is worth at least $500,000, and there are some who insist he could liquidate for nearly twice that sum. But he didn't make all his money playing the game or managing. He is as shrewd a business man as he is a manager. He has probably made almost as much money off the diamond as he has on it. He is an extensive realty owner in Memphis, he gets a fat yearly income from an oil company and his watch-word, on or off the field, has always been "if it doesn't pay me, I won't bother."

Terry's luck matches his ability. The day he jacked Stoneham up for his pay hike, for example, the Giants beat the Cubs and went into first place by two decimal points.

Bill has been in and out of baseball like a drunk through a revolving door. He was the boy wonder of his native Atlanta when in his teens. Like Ruth, who became an outfielder, Terry was a left-handed pitcher, and a good one, from all accounts. He got his first whiff of oil as a semi-pro slinger for the Polarine outfit. He was on the payroll as a pump inspector, as were the other members of the team, but it was tacitly understood that none of them was expected to strain himself by work, except in week-end ball games.

The other baseball bums were quite content with their lot, but Terry was more ambitious. He violated all the union rules by actually insisting on working. This marked him lousy with the other tramp athletes. "But I didn't particularly like baseball then," said Terry, "and I didn't think I'd ever get anywhere at it. I quit playing ball and earned my pay check the hard way." In a ramshackle old flivver, he toured Tobacco Road for his concern. But under the seat he always kept his shoes, glove and bat—just in case. While peddling his wares on the turpentine trails, he picked up many a sawbuck as a vagabond pitcher.

He must have been good, for somebody told John McGraw about him. The latter sent out a safari. These Frank Bucks caught up with Terry, hogtied him, shod him, and delivered him to McGraw at the Peabody Hotel in Memphis. There was a little anecdote about their first meeting.

A big, gangling country boy, with a smirk on his sunburned face, Terry shuffled into McGraw's suite in the Hotel Peabody. This hick youngster was meeting one of the Titans of baseball for the first time, but Bill wasn't awed by the majesty of McGraw. There was a beautiful blonde in the room as Terry burst in without knocking. He looked at her with a hill-billy leer, grinned at McGraw and snickered, "Mebbe I'd better come back when you're not so busy!"

Now, John McGraw had one virtue of which he was fanatically proud. He was an extremely moral man. Mrs. McGraw, who is still alive, was his first and last sweetheart. McGraw despised all forms of domestic duplicity. "Chippy chasers!" he disdainfully described those frivolous fellows who sought a little feminine companionship beyond their home hearth. He would play the ponies like Bet-a-Million Gates, he would hoist an elbow with the best of Broadway's wine-bibbers and he staged some savage fist fights in the Lambs Club and other places, but he never strayed from the fold, otherwise. And it so happened that the young lady about whom Bill Terry was so solicitous was the hotel stenographer, whom McGraw had summoned to handle his mail.

"Sit down, before I knock you down!" McGraw roared at the rookie. He waded through his dictation and then took Terry to the ball park. He ordered him to pitch batting practice. Bill threw one ball, and McGraw halted him.

Continued on page 144

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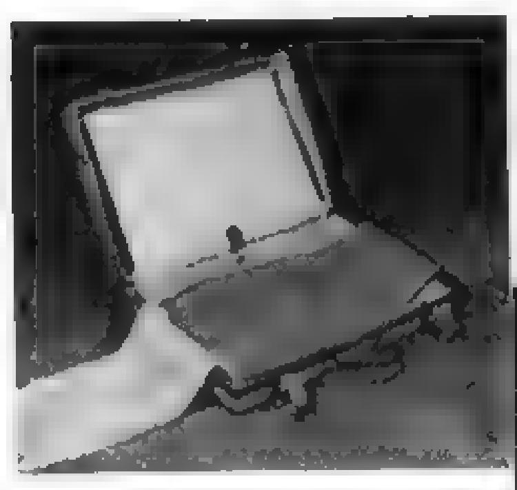
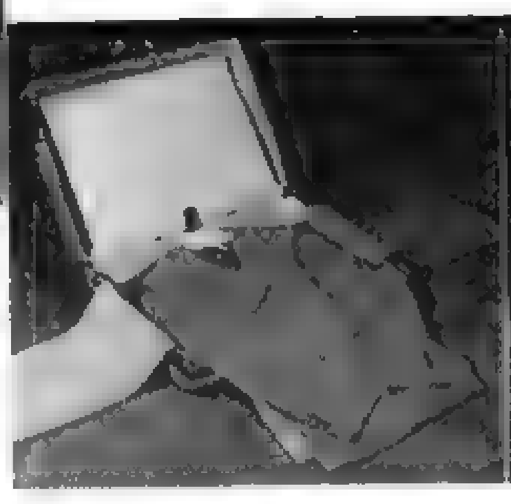
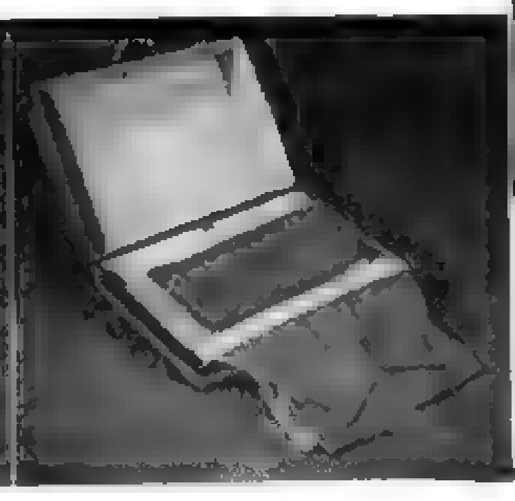


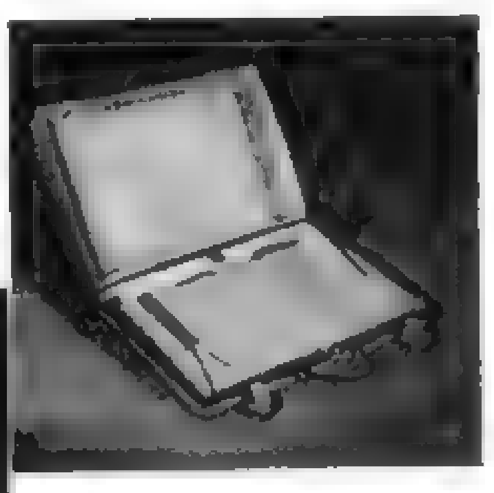
1. No wrinkling in the Knocabout. Trousers lie at ease, as above.



2. Coats rest comfortably on hangers (vests are flat in the bottom).



3. A flap draws down; trousers fold over. Coats turn up, held by strap.



4. Suit-packing time: 1 minute! No wrinkles; and over half the bag left!

HARTMANN

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The Manager Nobody Knows

Continued from pages 51-143

"From now on you're not a pitcher, you're a first baseman," he decided. "Report to Toledo tomorrow and stay there until I send for you."

McGraw never liked Terry after that. It griped him to think that Bill had been the only one to see him in the presence of the opposite sex, no matter how harmless the occasion actually was. "He's the freshest punk I ever saw and I ought to knock a little respect into his skull with a baseball bat," old John used to complain, "but that big hay-shaker can play a whole lot of first base, eh?"

Terry joined the Giants at the end of 1923, but he didn't succeed Long George (High Pockets) Kelly as regular first baseman until 1927. It was in '29 that Terry hit .401, and there hasn't been a big leaguer since who struck over the .400 mark. Freddy Lindstrom, who had been in Toledo with Terry, followed him into New York and their careers have been intertwined to this day.

Lindstrom and Terry were the club hell-raisers. They did all the things Terry frowns upon now. They were the club-house lawyers, the team Bolsheviks. They sneered at Stoneham, Sr., who then owned the outfit, and they harassed and defied the aging McGraw. They were two-fisted drinking men and they shinnied out many a hotel window to evade the McGraw curfew. Once, it is reported, McGraw came into a hotel room and found Lindy, Terry and Travis Jackson ganging up on a bottle of Scotch. The Little Napoleon became abusive and threatened them with dire punishment, until Terry rose and faced him:

"What are you going to do about it?" he demanded. "Stop cussing and tell us that. Are you going to fine us? Well, if you fine one of us, you'll have to fine us all. And we won't pay it, either! Are you going to suspend us? If you suspend one, that goes for all of us. And then what'll you use for an infield?"

This was probably the first and only time a ball player ever outbluffed McGraw. But at this stage of the game the old man was slipping and had lost his punch. He didn't do anything and the incident was forgotten. In 1932, when McGraw retired and Terry succeeded him, it was a great blow to Lindstrom. Freddy had been told he would get the job by Jim Tierney, then the club secretary and Disraeli to the elder Stoneham. The players knew this change was impending for months. They all understood and conceded Lindstrom was to be promoted. Terry had no idea he was to catch the brass ring on the merry-go-round, but when he grasped it, he became a changed man over night.

The first thing he did was to peddle his pal, Lindstrom, to the Pittsburgh Pirates. With Freddy out of the way, he played the chill for the rest of his ex-buddies. Travis Jackson, who was a veteran when Terry was a green hand, fared no better than the rest, although old Stonewall had been Bill's friend and counselor until then. "I can't pal around with Jackson," Terry explained. "If I favor him, it would hurt discipline. He'll just have to stay in the ranks with the rest of 'em."

Since then Terry has been strictly a loner. The players are a little afraid of him. A few like him. All of them respect him. He never hobnobs with the help. Only once since he earned his epaulets has he even eaten with a ball player. Coming back from the West last fall, after the Giants had clinched the pennant with a game pitched by young Cliff Melton, Terry invited him to his table in the Pullman diner. "Great work, Mickey Mouse," Bill congratulated Cliff. "You earned your salary out there today."

How long Terry will maintain the solemn and unenthusiastic respect his fellow employees of the Giants have had for him has been questioned since he reached around and patted his back and mused in public, "Dear old Bill, he always cuts up radio and endorsement money with his men." Dick Bartell says no part of the splits to which Terry referred ever fell into the Bartell pockets. Somebody seems to have been story-telling, to use a pretty term for that sort of business.

The Japanese army has no stricter censorship than Terry imposes upon his players. Any news of the ball club must come from him. If you wish to know, for instance, whether Dickie Bartell has tried a heavier bat to work his way out of a slump, you can't find out by quizzing the fiery little short-stop; you must ask Terry. This gag is so effective that the following incident happened to a sports reporter on his arrival at the Giant camp in Havana last spring.

Approaching Pancho Snyder, the Giant coach and Terry's No. 1 yes man, the writer asked upon his arrival, "How has the weather been, Pancho?" Bill's nodder-in-chief replied, "I dunno—you'd better ask Terry!"

Terry is a prophet without honor in his own home town, Memphis. Although he is one of the landed gentry, pays hefty property taxes and has no police record, they

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Dealer____________________

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scarcely know him there. A couple of springs ago a New York newspaper man, assigned to pick up the north-bound Giant-Indian exhibition caravan in Memphis, checked into the town's top hostelry, the Peabody. To be sure he'd caught up with the itinerants, he asked the desk clerk: "Is Bill Terry stopping here?"

"Who?" the pen-pusher inquired. "Bill Terry," was the answer. "You know him—he's the manager of the Giants and a prominent citizen in these parts." The clerk glanced at his room rack. "Yeah, the Giants are here," he confirmed, "but I don't know this man Terry you're talking about!"

This may be explained by Terry's own admission that he and his family lead a very secluded social life. His oldest son, Ken (and he insists that is his full name, not an abbreviation for Kenneth) won't be a ball player, Bill says, "because he don't play good enough, and I don't want any bushers in my family!" The Terrys have a handsome home in Memphis, a farm on the outskirts of town, where he breeds blooded cattle and experiments with crops. The night before Christmas, Terry bought or foreclosed a mortgage on the lavish estate of Clarence Saunders, and the Piggly-Wiggly man found himself dispossessed just as the strolling choristers began "Hark, the herald angels sing!"

Terry's critics went into action on this incident. It was typical of Bill's meanness, they averred. But they forgot all the poor market speculators who got tossed out into the snow banks when the same Clarence Saunders' stock speculations bankrupted them; so the score is tied. Nevertheless, when one of Bill's ill-wishers in a New York newspaper office heard that Terry had given Saunders the vagabond's vamoose from his ancestral acres, it inspired him to dash off this doggerel, copies of which were forwarded as Yule greetings to all members of the anti-Terry Marching and Chowder Club:

"'Twas the night before Christmas
"And all through the house,
"Not a creature was stirring,
"Excepting a louse!" ⧺

For Bachelors Only

Continued from page 48

have is what period they're going in for in furnishing their love nest. If they're devoted to Regency you don't want to give them something determinedly Modern no matter how chic it is, and if they're going to adopt the simplicity of Early American your choice of a Victorian fuss-box wouldn't be too happy a one. This period restriction affects practically anything at all you might select, from lamps, clocks and pictures to silver. Champagne buckets, compotes, and flower bowls may be the handsomest things *you've* ever seen, but if they're not in the period of the rest of the house you'll never have the pleasure of seeing them on display; they will be there, in case you should begin looking around, but their betrayals of the period will be carefully hidden by elaborate, over-flowing floral arrangements. And don't assume, just because you know what the groom's preference was in the past, that the house is going to reflect that penchant; brides, for all their carefree sweetness (or because of it) can change the taste of a Samson merely by pushing their fingers through his hair. And don't by any means imagine that because Rollo's room at school was as nautical as any Alan Villiers full-rigger his bride's home is going to be; lanterns, and ships' clocks with their haunted bells, are hard to place in a Colonial room.

Once you've got the scale and the period set in your mind let your imagination go and try to find something that is different enough to be spared the risk of duplication. If you're thinking of giving a picture don't walk into any art department or store and put your finger on the first fancy frame you see. Discover, through a few minutes conversation (it's not as silly as it sounds) who the bride's favorite modern artists are. Go to a dealer, pick out one of those artists' best lithographs or etchings at the price you want to pay, and have it framed yourself or have the dealer or gallery do it for you. It will, then, be certain to find a place on the wall instead of joining *The Stag at Bay* and *September Morn* on the closet shelf.

Don't make a bee-line for the "Bars and Drinking Aids" department the minute you get the wedding invitation. Practically everyone else will do that and any bride of the last ten years will tell you that she has received enough cocktail shakers, fancy stirrers and oddly assorted glasses to make her feel like Armande at high noon of a Saturday prepared for a rushing week-end business. Decanters are safer bets; for several reasons (all of them being different wines and hard likkers) one can't have too many of them. And there is still scope for originality if you must identify yourself with the convivial life of your lost drinking companion. For instance, hunt up some old shaving mugs in second-hand and antique shops; they'll do nicely for old fashioneds and some of the less elaborate potions. If you want to make sure of being invited into the home you can have Elsie's name painted on one, Rollo's on another, and yours on a third, leaving the rest to be christened at Elsie's and Rollo's discretion. Go to any extreme that you must to be saved a disappointed sigh and a branding of unoriginality when your present is unwrapped.

If the newly-weds are unfortunate enough to be setting up housekeeping on the too-well-

Continued on page 146

MEN! TAKE IT FROM ME THIS RAZOR IS A KNOCKOUT!
Announcing THE NEW GILLETTE ONE-PIECE RAZOR WITH 5 BLADES
69¢
JACK DEMPSEY SHAVING WITH GILLETTE'S NEW SENATOR MODEL RAZOR
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A TWIST IT'S CLOSED
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The new Senator is the most convenient type of razor ever designed. Actually, you can change blades in three seconds! Twist the handle—and the shaving head opens! Another twist—and it's closed, ready for use. There are no separate parts to drop or lose. Precision-made to hold Gillette Blades in exact alinement, the new Senator gives you quick, clean, comfortable shaves that really last!

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Prepare your beard for perfect shaves with Gillette's New Brushless Cream. Made with peanut oil, it softens wiry whiskers, stays moist, speeds shaving, won't clog your razor. Try a tube. You'll like it!

Gillette RAZORS AND BLADES
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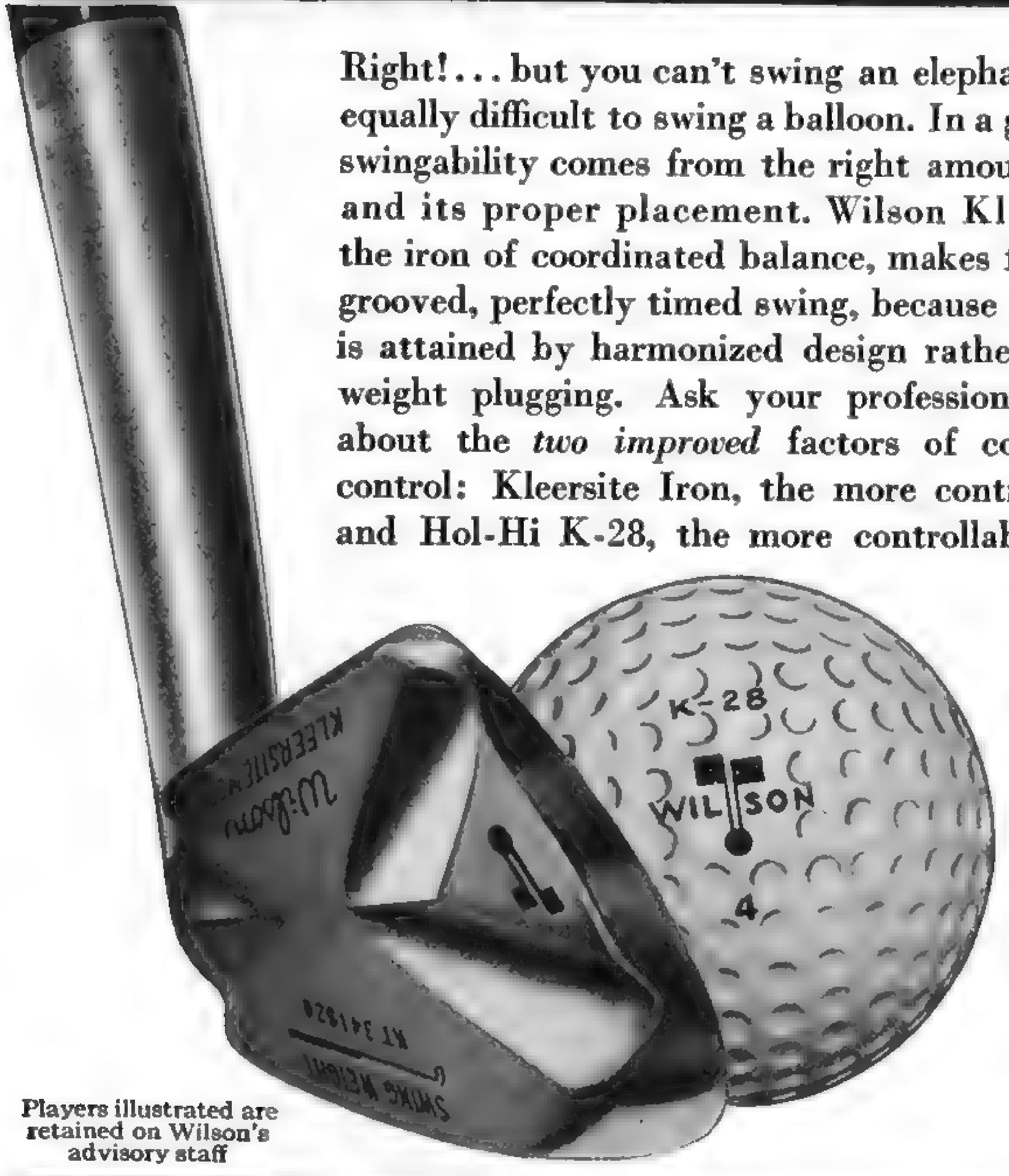
Right!... but you can't swing an elephant—and it's equally difficult to swing a balloon. In a golf club easy swingability comes from the right amount of weight and its proper placement. Wilson Kleersite iron, the iron of coordinated balance, makes for a smooth grooved, perfectly timed swing, because swing weight is attained by harmonized design rather than from weight plugging. Ask your professional or dealer about the *two improved* factors of complete shot control: Kleersite Iron, the more controllable iron, and Hol-Hi K-28, the more controllable golf ball.



By this mark you shall know fine golf equipment

Players illustrated are retained on Wilson's advisory staff

"It pays to play"

Wilson
GOLF EQUIPMENT

WILSON SPORTING GOODS CO., Chicago, New York and Other Leading Cities

For Bachelors Only

Continued from pages 48-145

known shoe string they'll probably welcome the practical rather than the extravagant. You can avoid some of the curse of being sensible by going in for the useful gadget that is so ingenious it offsets its commonplace practicality. If you haven't any ideas of your own you'll pick up hundreds of them by strolling through the better specialty stores—the kind that once sold only hardware but that now devote themselves to what might very well be known as easy-ware. If you're not within sprinting distance of such modern museums you can write them for illustrated catalogs which include everything from automatic devices to close the windows on cold mornings to Rube Goldberg deviltries that squeeze, seed and strain fruits at the wiggle of a little finger. Or you can present them with a raft of stationery and the die with which it is engraved. This requires direct consultation for color preferences, and to see whether they want their telephone number given as well as their address, and whether Mrs. Rollo wants any odd-sized "informals" or cards included, but it is such an informal gift that you couldn't give it anyway if you didn't know them well enough to discuss it. Mrs. Rollo, who is, we hope, going to have to thank an awful lot of people for their presents, will be sure to welcome this as an intelligent offering. If you know them *really* well and want to be sure that your contribution is going to do the most good you can tell them that you're going to wait until they're settled down and let them name what they need and didn't get. But if you do this don't let it slip and forget to come through promptly. If you do they'll be sure to think you're one of the most unprincipled pikers in the world, and you probably will be.

If, on the other hand, it is you who are poor and you know Old Rollo well enough and can carry the whole thing off with an air, you can present him with any one of your personal possessions that he has frankly asked for in less dignified days. This breaks one of the rules, the one about not giving anything which will please only the husband, but we're over on the informal side now. So, if Rollo has always been envying you that sprawling extra armchair, have it re-upholstered or a slip cover made for it, or have that first edition of *Personal History* or *The Wild Party* rebound or buy it a slipcase, and fully admit to him that you're giving him your all. If you're an architect, cabinet maker or artist, or have any other special talents, give the dithering pair a lien on your services. Designing their first home for them, landscaping it, building in a cabinet, bookcase or special shelves for Victrola records just where they're needed, or painting a picture of a corner of their first living room or a portrait of the bride to hang over the mantel, will seem like a generous fortune rather than a confession of shortage of cash.

Finally don't go in for humor or mystery presents. Rollo may have a brilliant memory for jokes and be awfully long on that kind of thing himself, but it is the bride and her mother who undo the presents and to them marriage is a solemn if acquisitive occasion. Too bad if Mrs. Dinsmore, undoing the tissue paper and ribbon around that gigantic bundle, has to interrupt her muttering about that nice Mr. Kaudy having come through to back away scornfully from your ill-timed joke and call you a complete fool.

As for mystery presents—or don't you know what mystery presents are? They're those overwrought fancies whose *raison d'être* no one can explain, whose function no one can identify, whose real destination everyone feels was the Lost and Found Department of the Chamber of Horrors. They generally come in several pieces wrapped separately and no one is quite sure how to put them together. The collection is apt to be of pieces that simulate four claw-and-ball legs of a piano, an oblong mauve saucer, the receiver of a telephone that doesn't quite fit into a pipe-bowl, a cluster of pink curley-cues that oddly resemble shrimp, and a peaked lid of a teapot. Is it an ornament for the mantel, a cake-server or an electric egg-boiler? Nobody knows, nobody ever finds out, and the odds and ends are pushed to the back of the closet shelf, unassembled. So don't send one. Besides, all those people who were married last year and received similar, less-expensive, perhaps, but no less florid and elegant puzzles, have wrapped theirs up after twelve months of bewilderment, inserted their cards and blandly sent them along to Mr. and Mrs. Rollo.

One thing more. Whatever you select, no matter how inappropriate it is or in what execrable taste, don't—for Charlie McCarthy's sake—pick out anything that costs exactly five dollars. It is equivalent to writing "Unwillingly" on the card you enclose. You may have spent hours and days hunting high and low for your choice but that unmistakable five dollars, no more, no less, look will brand it as something you snatched up blindfolded from the $5.00 Gift Table in your lunch hour. "Five dollars" and "Wedding present" make a threadbare cliché. If you can't go as high as seven dollars better to drop to three dollars and eighty-eight cents than advertise yourself as a loutish victim of reflex action.

Are you ready? Can you remember all these points? Then, on your mark; get set—Oh, and don't forget to get an exchange privilege from the store, for with all your care you'll almost certainly pick out the exactly wrong thing. Now; Go! #

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WHEN it comes to hobbies, arts, sports or other popular interests, from tree pruning to television, THE SATURDAY SUN knows all the ins and outs. The Saturday editions of The New York Sun are a guide anyone can depend on.

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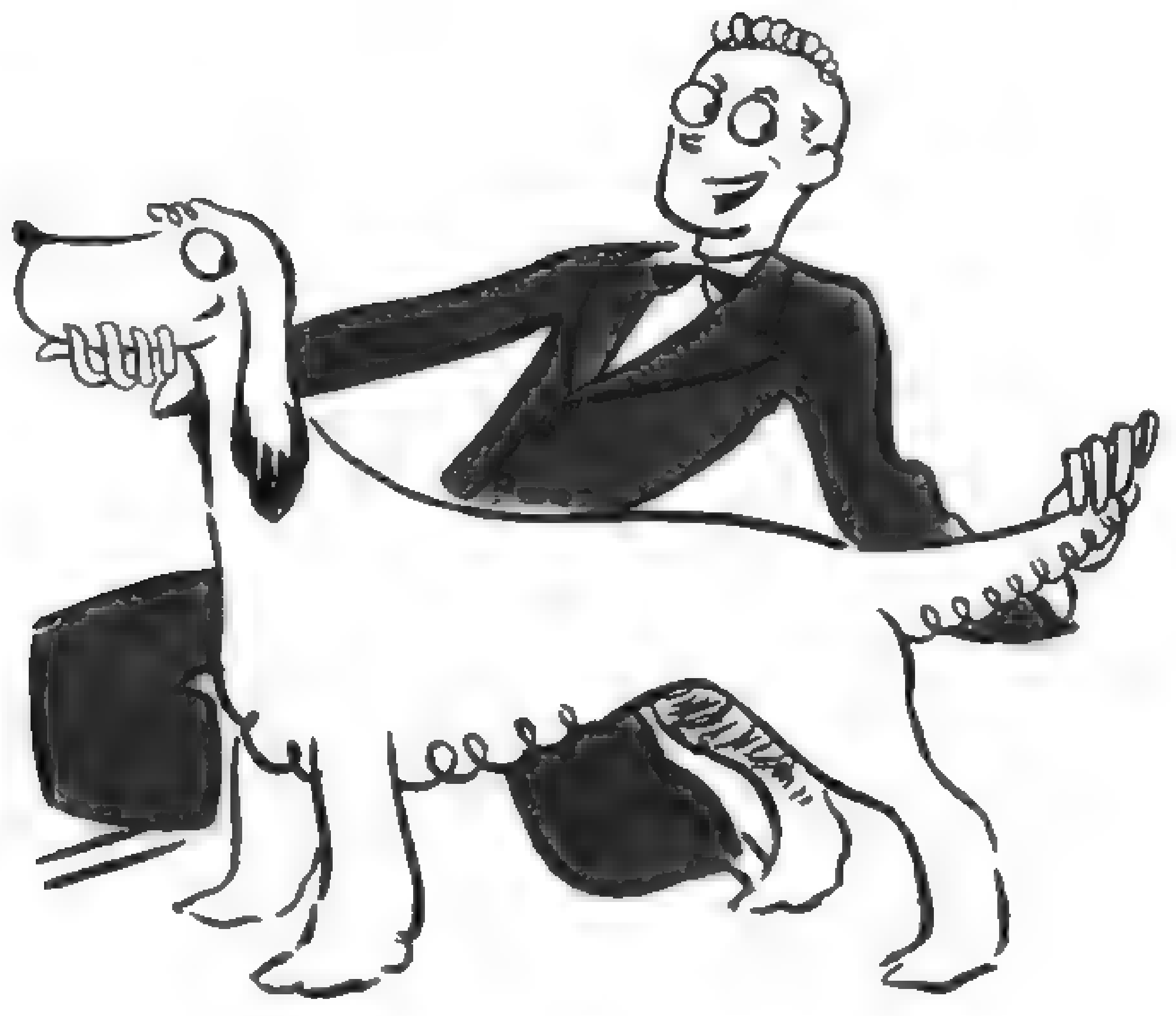

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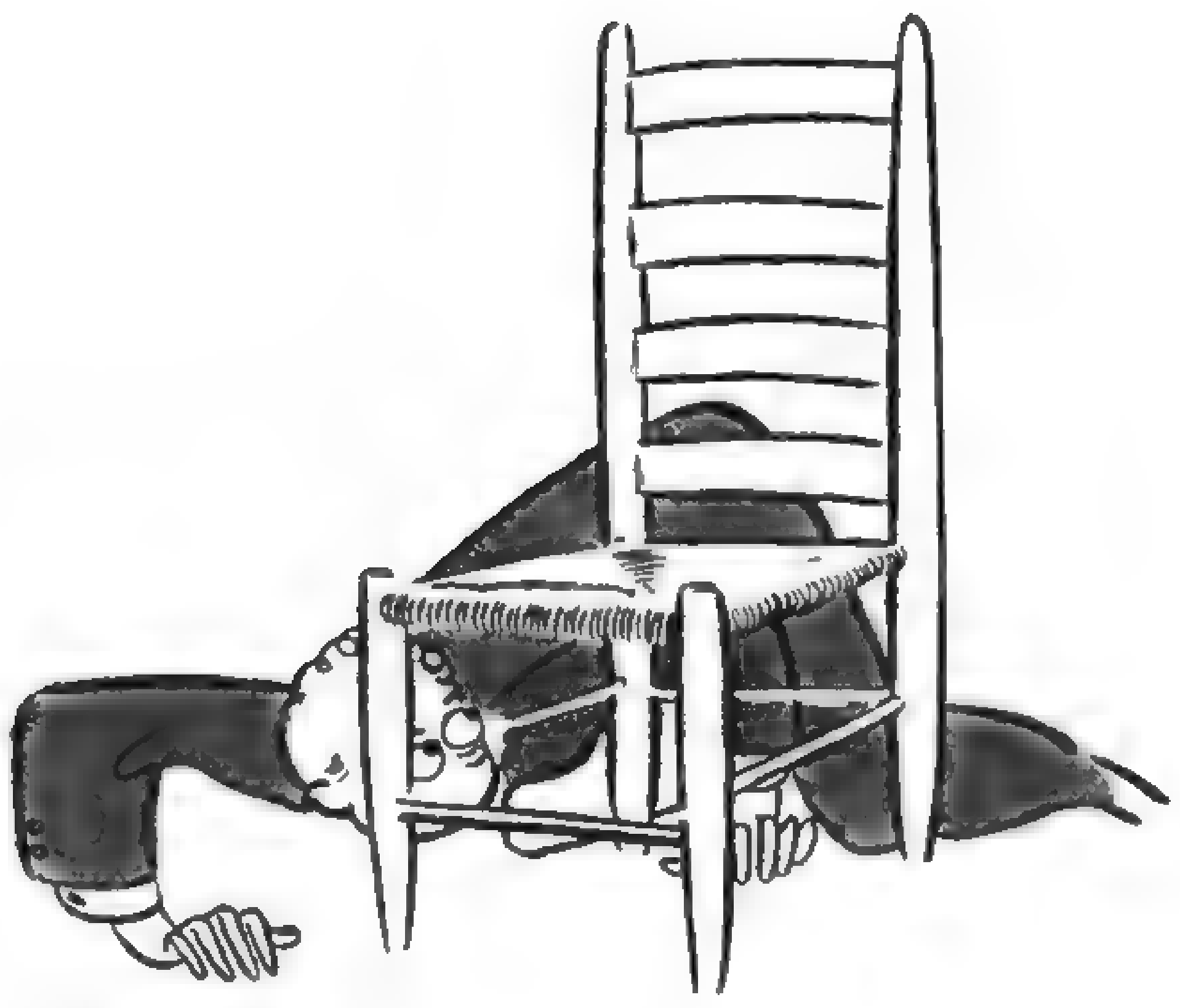

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The Sun
NEW YORK

Man Hunt in Germany

Continued from page 66

edge of the bar, hands in pockets, he is talking calmly and quietly with a slender gray-haired man in a loose coat of dark velvet, who looks like a cross between a dancing-teacher and a one-time diplomat. That's the fellow—the forger! Four, eight, eleven persons are standing by, listening. Now? Now!

But then all dissolves into indifference. The slender chap sits down and begins to smoke. Herr Philipp steps aside and I see him make a sign to someone—a solitary drinker whom I had not noticed before. The man moves slowly toward the side door, at a level three steps above the bar, which obviously leads into the vestibule of the house. Meanwhile Herr Philipp is lost among the dancers again. A moment later I see him over at the entrance.

The piano is playing faster, the dancers have become a mad, roaring whirlpool. But in the midst of the dancing eddy and along the walls a planned shifting is in progress—glances, movements, little signs. At the street door four tall men are standing, acting indifferent. Herr Philipp has disappeared once more. The tempo of the dance accelerates. A woman sings, laughs, shrieks. I make my way to the angle of the wall at the back and suddenly find myself in front of the piano. It is playing—and no one is sitting before it. A player-piano. Ghost hands rush madly across the keys, press them down, hop along, play trills, cadenzas, glissandos with an eerie liveliness.

The door swings open. The dancing stops. Sudden silence. Only the piano hammers away. A ghost is playing *Valencia.*

It's the two pairs of puttees that had been waiting across the street. Quite unperturbed. Herr Philipp is already beside them. I step up. "It's nothing. Come along, quick." We're outside, running. Behind us the player-piano sends its din through the open door into the rain. As we reach the corner it is extinguished.

We keep running. "He wasn't in the saloon. He's at home. Must have hid in the toilet whenever someone came upstairs. We've got hold of Jula. She was going to him. Now hurry, hurry."

The street—the house—two men waiting. "You got here ahead of us." Into the vestibule—flashlights—upstairs. Beside me the safety catch of a revolver clicks. Beyond an open door whispering, eyes, a sleepy face. More stairs. On the third floor another open door. A dark kitchen, a lamplit room. A policeman, a woman with a handcuff round her wrist, hair disheveled, animal eyes, a hunted look. In the corner a white iron bed, above it a cheap lithograph: *Meeting of Kings.* Beside it a floral still life, cut out of a magazine, fastened with four thumbtacks. Filth, stink of bedbugs. A small iron stove without a fire. The policeman stoops, looks around, then cries furiously: "Escaped!" The other answers: "Impossible! Every entrance was watched." A short man in a raincoat enters from the hall. "He must be in the attic. The door's ajar." We all rush out. The woman's captor pulls her into the kitchen. She begins to howl.

The attic door is of iron. We approach it from the left. A black slit. The flashlights are dimmed, revolvers leveled. Below, on the stairs, a throng of faces, pale, sleepy. A rustling, a shout into the darkness: "Hey, in there! Come out. Hands up." We listen. Silence. Once again: "Come out!"

Then the door is flung open, the flashlights switched on. The attic—nobody there. A child's bed, upside down on a trunk, its legs in the air. Picture frames, a trough, two tin pails, a clothespress with side stove in. A large jardinière with the stump of a palm. Three chests. An iron washstand, on it an open box of dominoes and a tin lampshade on a doll's head. Spiderwebs, thick gray clumps of them. The rafters stretch in straight and diagonal lines through the darkness. The startled dust whirls in the thick beams of light. Two high, hard walls of red brick: the stove. Beyond it darkness lies in wait. Another call: "Come out!"—And silence. We creep forward slowly, picking our way amid the rubbish. A leap. Pussy-foot tread, guns, flashlights.

The end of the attic: only rafters. So we've been made fools of again? To the right is a partition, its wooden door ajar. We open it, bring our flashlights into play.

A rope hangs from one of the rafters. On the rope something is hanging—something indeterminate, darkly heavy, swinging silently in the draft. Now it begins to turn slowly as the current of air pushes against the rope. Brown hair above an ear. The beams of the flashlight fall on it and it shines white in the blackness.

The thing keeps on turning in the draft. Slowly a face moves into the light, waxing like a rising moon. A quiet face with closed eyelids. A little curled mustache sits coquettishly above yellowish lips.

They've been lying in wait all day for a dead one!

Somewhere below, in the dark kitchen, a woman's voice sends long-drawn-out wails into the shattered darkness.

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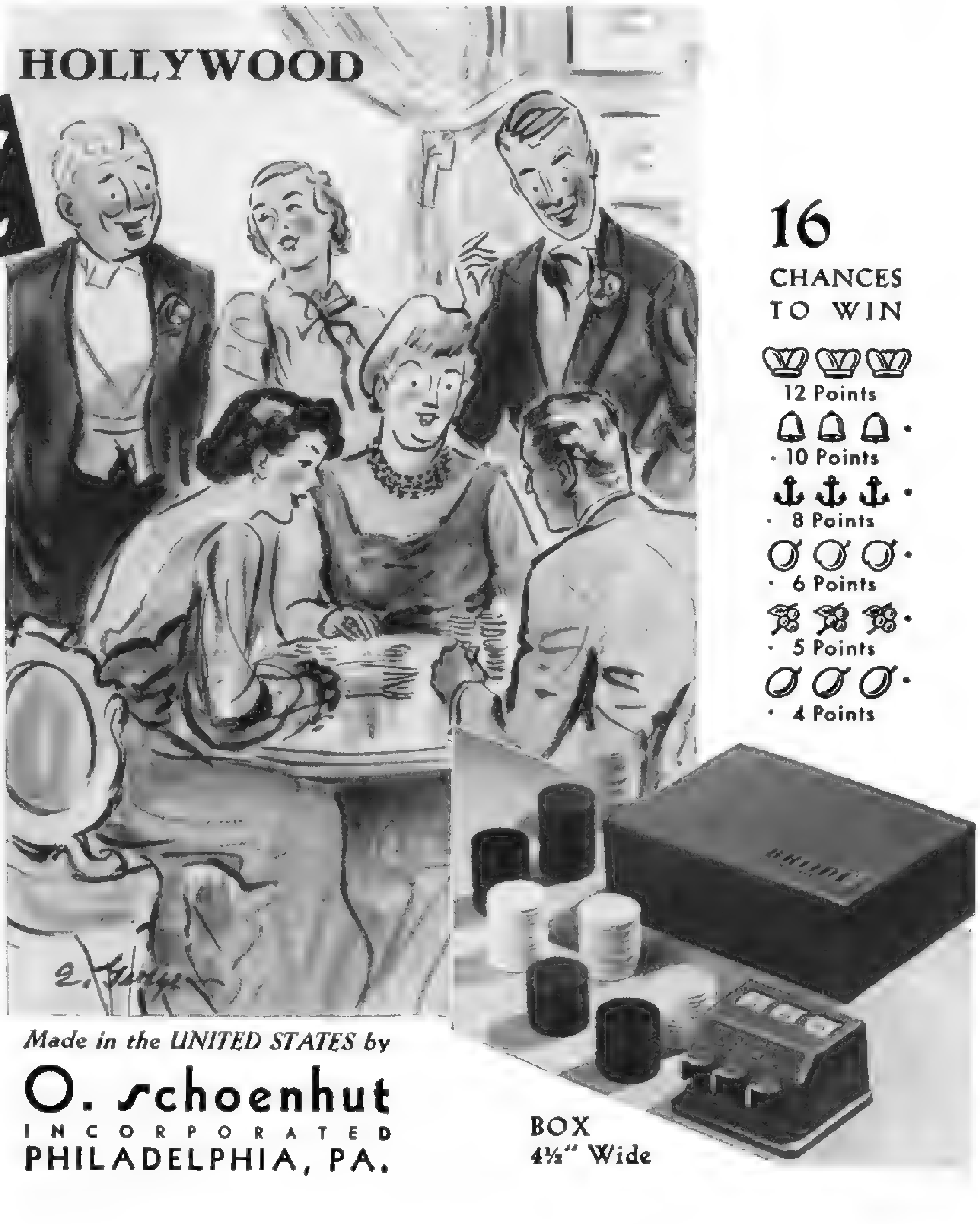

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The Class Report

Continued from page 83

Red Mouse, Gargantua's humorous magazine, and sometimes got his best pieces reprinted in national publications. His skill as a speaker resulted in his being elected Class Day Jester, a title which gave him the privilege of delivering the annual humorous speech on Class Day. Any way you looked at it, Harry was a card from the word go.

Harry writes, for the benefit of such classmates as may have lost touch with him, "I am settled down in Seven Falls, Wisconsin, where I am the head of the Elite Funeral Parlors. I look upon undertaking as a noble occupation, and not as the morbid pursuit that some superficial thinkers would have it believed. I am very happy in this work."

Wilbur Thrace, the class poet, is now a vice-president in the Utopia Steel Company. Lou Howell, treasurer of the class, is teaching philosophy at Columbia. Jack Whiting, the great skier and figure skater, is living in Samoa, and Irving Brown, the class's musical genius, is running a trailer camp in Florida. Unfortunately we haven't space to reprint their very interesting letters.

And what of Paul Mason? There's a name to conjure with! Paul Mason, who practically ran the college! He was president of the class, and of the daily paper. He was also president of the student council, and of Theta Theta Theta, the best fraternity on the campus. It was Paul who managed the football and the track teams. From the start he was the leading spirit in the class, and, as Paul's fame increased, a nod from him, a laconic hello, was an infallible sign that the recipient was a fellow of undisputed merit and importance. Paul Mason only weighed a hundred and forty-two with his coon coat on, but there was no one in the university to dispute his title as biggest man in the class. And when the seniors voted for their favorite poem, their favorite movie actress, handsomest man in the class, best athlete, and all the rest of it, it was a foregone conclusion that Paul would be unanimously conceded the man in his class who had done most for Gargantua and the man most likely to succeed in life.

And so, what of Paul Mason now? Alas, the question must remain unanswered. In spite of every effort the Class Report Committee has been unable to discover Paul Mason's whereabouts since he was graduated. ⧻

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 89

conquer Japan. Is not this a dangerous notion to submit to your public? Should you not rather show Japan as the aggressor nation? Or is the general level of political development so high, among the American public, that they will detect the double-play of the Trotskyite saboteurs, who encourage the Khan to attack Japan, knowing that he will be defeated, his expedition destroyed by a tempest at sea. In this connection, would it not have been clearer to have the Khan's army destroyed by some more obvious and plausible agent of the saboteurs? It seems to me that a tempest is not altogether convincing. Or perhaps there is a subtle anti-religious element at this point, involving the idea that even God is on the side of the saboteurs.

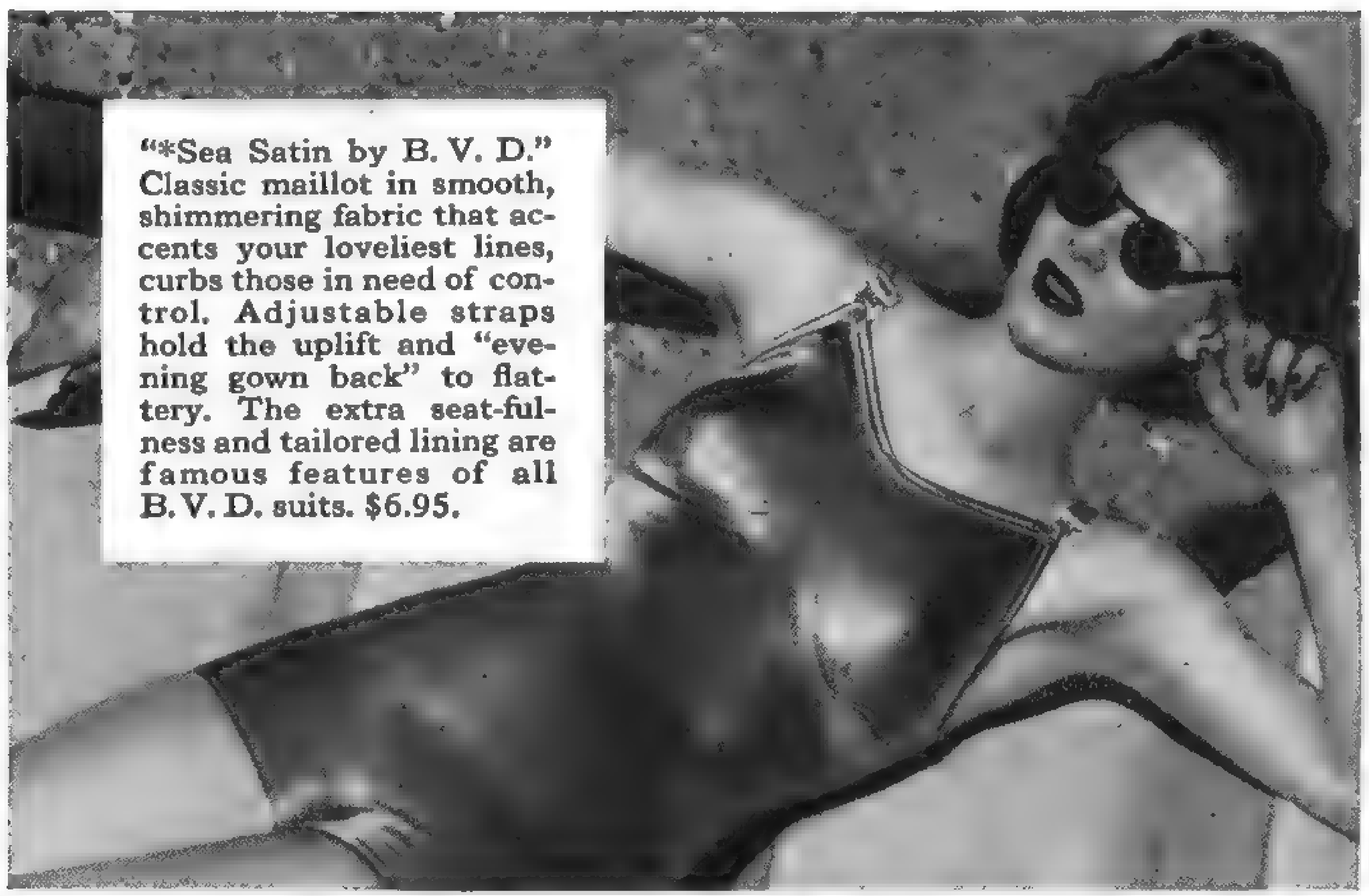
The opening sequences of the film I found to be particularly clear and effective, showing in a few deft strokes the decay of civilization under the merchant princes of Venice, and the necessity of finding new foreign markets if their system was to be preserved. As a last desperate measure in the search for unexploited territory, the fat merchant is willing to send his only son on a mission into dangerous, unknown lands. This is indeed a telling stab at the merchant class, showing how love for profit takes the place even of a father's natural love for his offspring. I catch, of course, the suggested parallel: Mussolini's sending his son to the conquest of Ethiopia. Indeed a master-stroke.

And where do we first see this son? Servants range the canals of Venice, calling under the windows of all the public women. He is found gambling in a brothel. The depravity, the decadence of the ruling class, is thus emphasized.

Marco Polo sets off to rape China, accompanied only by his scrawny servant. And here is another point of treatment confusing to the European mind. This servant is portrayed as a puny, helpless creature, weak-footed; he has to ride into the oriental capitol on the back of his master. Surely the reverse would have been a truer symbol? Or is it that the American mind so abhors the idea of servitude that the servile-hearted must always be portrayed with ridicule, as a parasite class? This is one of the points I should like to have clarified.

Once Marco Polo reaches the palace, the allegory becomes much simpler. The Khan's Prime Minister, so ably villainized by Basil Rathbone, is shown pushing armies around on a floor-map, with an object that looks like a street-cleaner's broom. This contemptuous disregard for the rank-and-file immediately characterizes him as an arch-plotter, and it takes only a few words of back-of-the-hand dialogue to identify him as a Trotskyite. The scene where he feeds the lovely living body of princess Snow White to the vultures, in order to make her father, for so many years trusted head of the state, sign a confession that during all those years he was build-

Continued on page 150



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"Petticoat Fever" (right) silhouettes you in beauty, from its self-adjusting elastic uplift to the swinging flare of its brief skirt. A brilliant B. V. D. dressmaker design in Heim's Harlequin print jersey. Exquisitely blended colors to choose from, in a suit you'll love to wear! $11.95.

B. V. D.'s "Nosegay" maillot (below) takes its name from the gay triple link buttons that hold the deep bustline. Its exclusive imported pattern looks for all the world like hand knitting. And there's a flattering color for you among such lovely B. V. D. shades as Sea Green, Shell Pink, Caribbean Blue and others. $7.95.

The Sea Horse is the sign of beauty, of sculptured lines and exclusive features. Look for this emblem on the smartest swim suits of 1938!

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Courtesy Agfa Film
TOWER SUITES
Overlooking Central Park
Maid's Room
Pantry
Dining Room
Chamber
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Living Room
Chamber
Chamber
Dining Rm
TOWER SUITE WITH FOUR EXPOSURES
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The Tower Suites of The Sherry-Netherland... comprised of large living room, dining room, serving pantry, 3 Master bedrooms and baths—maid's room and bath—set the standard in luxurious living. Occupying an *entire floor*, they are available on both transient and permanent basis.

Equally attractive are the "B" apartments facing the Park—comprised of living room, 2 bedrooms, dining room, serving pantry and 2 baths.

NETHERLAND RESTAURANT and BAR air-cooled ... for luncheon, cocktails, dinner, and after-theatre supper.

The
SHERRY-NETHERLAND
Facing the Park
FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH • NEW YORK
EUGENE VOIT, *Manager*

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 89-149

ing an army to be destroyed in a fatal attack on Japan—that scene is an exquisite comment upon the torture-methods used by certain countries to obtain confessions of sabotage, for we all know that they break down old and trusted revolutionists, like the Khan, by forcing them to witness the torture of their beautiful daughters. That scene leaves the spectator with the indelible conviction that the democratic process is the best. In the same way, Gary Cooper's use of gunpowder to explode the city gate teaches us the need of keeping one step ahead of the enemy, in discovering new implements of warfare, and safeguarding our foreign trade.

Only one thing really puzzles me. What is the political meaning in the rescue of the Khan by a formerly rebellious tribal chief? Is this a disguised plea for a closer understanding with Mexico?

Naturally, when so many millions of dollars are spent in the preparation of a film, when the nation's best talent is utilized in the film, and when so much promotional effort is expended, one comes to the conclusion that the film contains a powerful and definitive national message. I would say that the Hollywood propaganda film is much more politically complicated, and demands a much greater understanding from the public, than the typical Russian, German, or British film.

SNOW WHITE:

Now that the accolades are over, now that *Snow White* has definitely broken all box-office records for all time, and established a totally new criterion of commercial success—the turn-away trade, or how high business jumps in the theatres next to where *Snow White* is packing them in, I should like, in piping minority, to record my disappointment.

By the time *Snow White* was half over, I was bored. Disney never did that to me before.

The raves have been on two notes: in the first rank are the gifted critics, such as Gilbert Seldes, who sing the note of pure art. I am usually in agreement with Mr. Seldes. I too have said since 1926 that Mickey Mouse was the purest art form in the cinema, that Disney was the greatest creative artist in the medium. And perhaps now that Disney has issued his longest film, his biggest film, the critics subconsciously feel it is a justification of their long championage, and that this must perforce be his best film. Secondly, there is the note of watch-out Hollywood hams. Here is a production made without actors. No five-thousand-a-week salaries. If full-lengths can be made without expense of actors—wow!

The economy-shouters need only be reminded that Disney spent a million and a half on *Snow White*, quite a budget for any feature picture. Had *Snow White* been a flop, that would have been as big a flop as can be made with flesh and blood stars. It is making piles and piles of money because it is a hit, not because it was cheap to produce.

Now why is it a hit? That's easy; and Mr. Seldes has no doubt already explained that the fairy tale is the basic substance of all movie fare, therefore a pure and frank fairy tale has it all over such shadow Cinderella's as *The Bride Wore Red*. Grown folk couldn't bend their ego enough to go to see live actors in *Snow White*, but they can see it done in animated pictures because it's art.

But is it art? Is it art as Mickey's band-concert was art? I think not. On the whole, not. A few sequences early in the picture, notably the friendly animal sequence where all the beasts of the wild show Snow White her way through the woods—there, yes. But in total the film appears to me to be an ordinary, uninspired animated illustration to a fairy tale.

Disney has done miles better than this in use of color and composition. The vast footage of *Snow White* is dominated by sluggish-toned browns and yellows, in contrast to the exciting gamut of pure color that usually characterizes a Disney reel. His horror-scenes are done in conventional greens. As for graphic composition, hardly a spectator can remember more than one sequence. That is the scene where the two vultures slowly circle into fade-away space. That was an inspired sequence. It was the sort of thing I expected to find again and again, throughout the entire film. One thing like that is enough to get a picture talked about, but it's not enough to give a film rank. There should be twenty or thirty ideas of equal merit, in a film as long as *Snow White*.

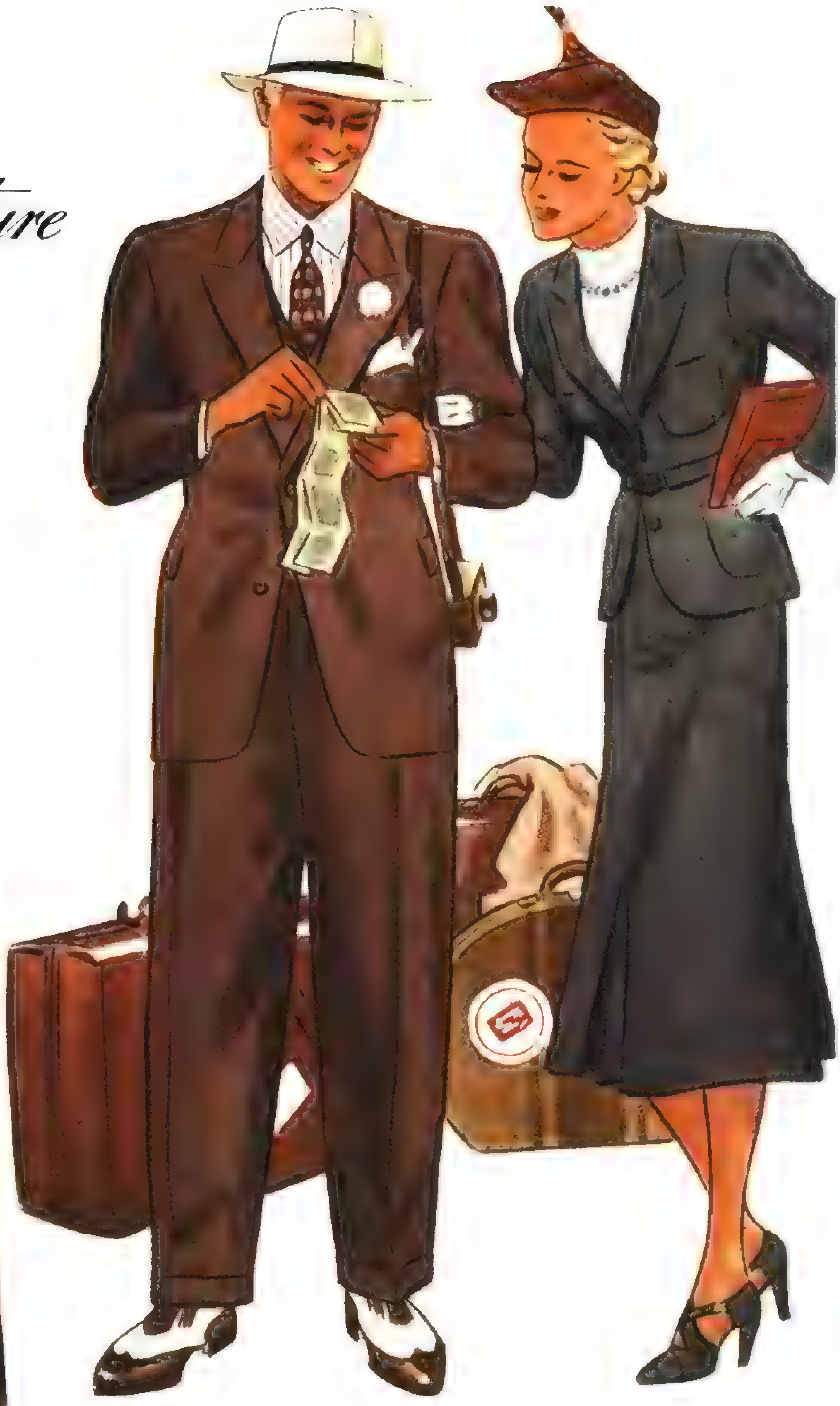
The success of the film may further be explained on the strength of novelty. In the mechanics of synchronization—always appealing to the child-adult—it is superperfect.

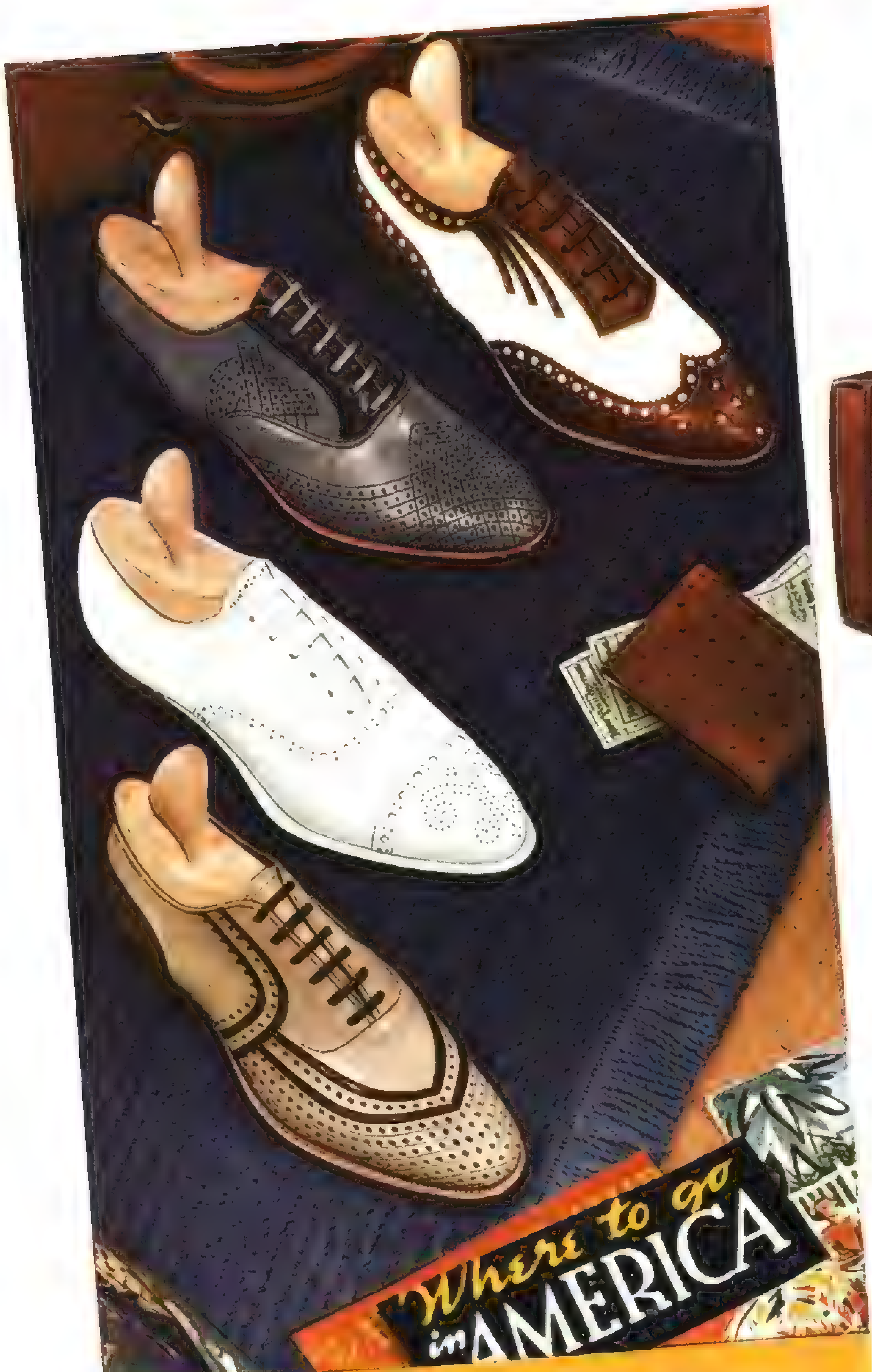
And it contains developments in shading that are definitely epochal for the making of animated pictures. On the credit side, too, must be noted the new sly humor which takes the place of the slapstick antics employed in the Disney shorts. The animals often get across gags by expression-reactions, rather than by leaps.

Sure it's a good job, a terrifically impressive piece of work, but it has no distinctive tone, no distinctive pictorial quality, no dominating Disney-idea. It seems to me as if the creator, somewhat awed by the immensity of the project and of the investment, decided to play safe, to stick to the fairy tale, and to use a style that wouldn't startle people too much. Maybe now that he has made good with *Snow White*, Disney will really do something creative in feature length. It could even be built around Cinderella. ⵌ

For Past, Present and Future

JUNE GROOMS

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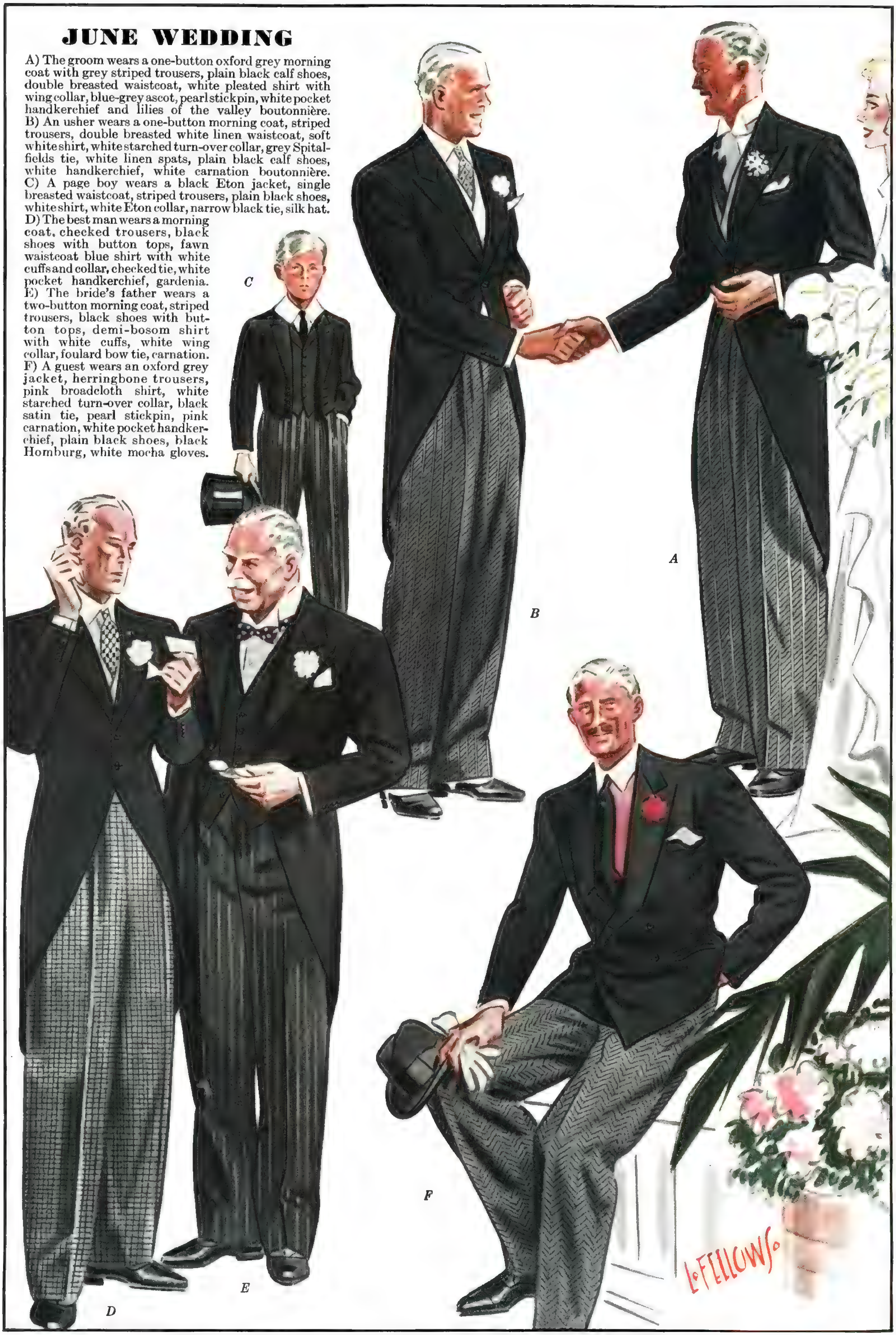

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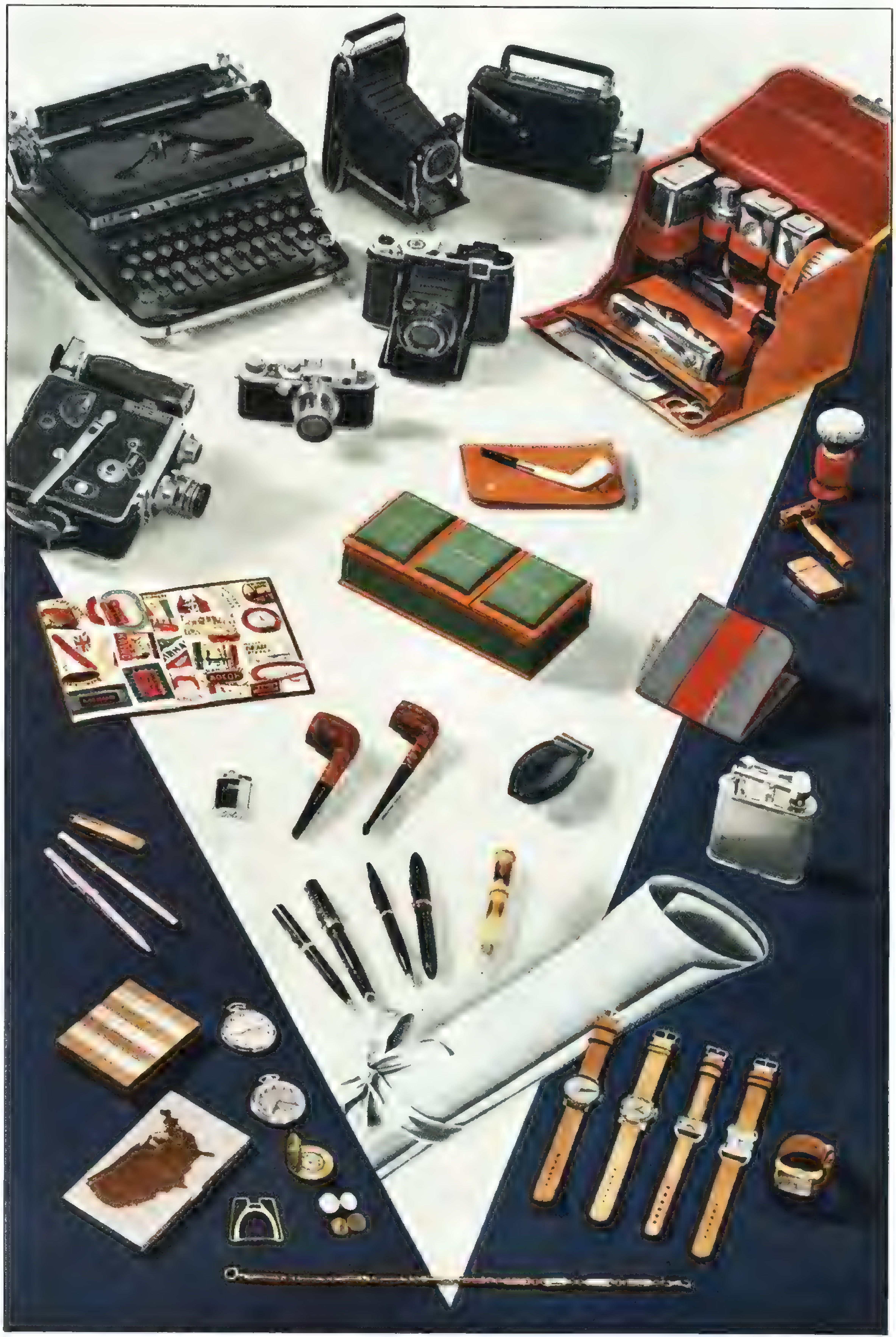

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SOMETHING PRACTICAL TO GO WITH A DIPLOMA

To few is it given to be graduated *summa cum laude.* But, after all, he didn't wind up at the foot of the class either. And what's more, those studious grinds never seem to amount to so terribly much, anyway. 1. Noiseless and portable typewriter . . . 2, 4, 5. Popular types of cameras . . . 3 & 6. Movie cameras . . . 7. Fitted case, calfskin and chrome fittings . . . 8. Clay pipe with silver band . . . 9. Pigskin pouch . . . 10. Shaving brush, red handle . . . 11. Safety razor and case . . . 12. Passport case of morocco, lining decorated with luggage labels . . . 13. Preference cigarette case of leather and enamel . . . 14. Red and grey pin seal billfold . . . 15. Four-color lead pencil . . . 16. Rolled gold broker's pencil . . . 17. Gold pocket knife . . . 18. Pocket lighter . . . 19. Briar pipe . . . 20. Flamegrain pipe . . . 21. Electric razor . . . 22. Table lighter . . . 23. Red and white gold cigarette case . . . 24 & 25. Pen and pencil sets . . . 26. Novelty pencil . . . 27. Cigarette case . . . 28. Stirrup bill clip . . . 29 & 30. Pocket watches . . . 31. Pocket watch set in $20 gold piece . . . 32. Watch set in cuff links . . . 33, 35, 36. Wrist watches . . . 34. Navigation watch . . . 37. Watch for wear on side of wrist . . . 38. Gold watch chain.

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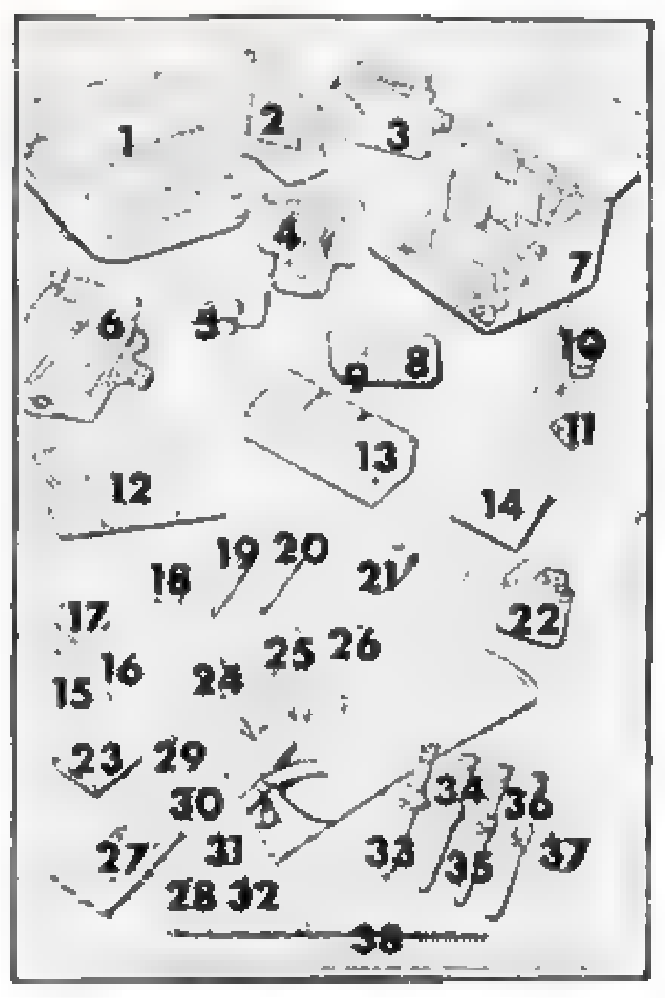

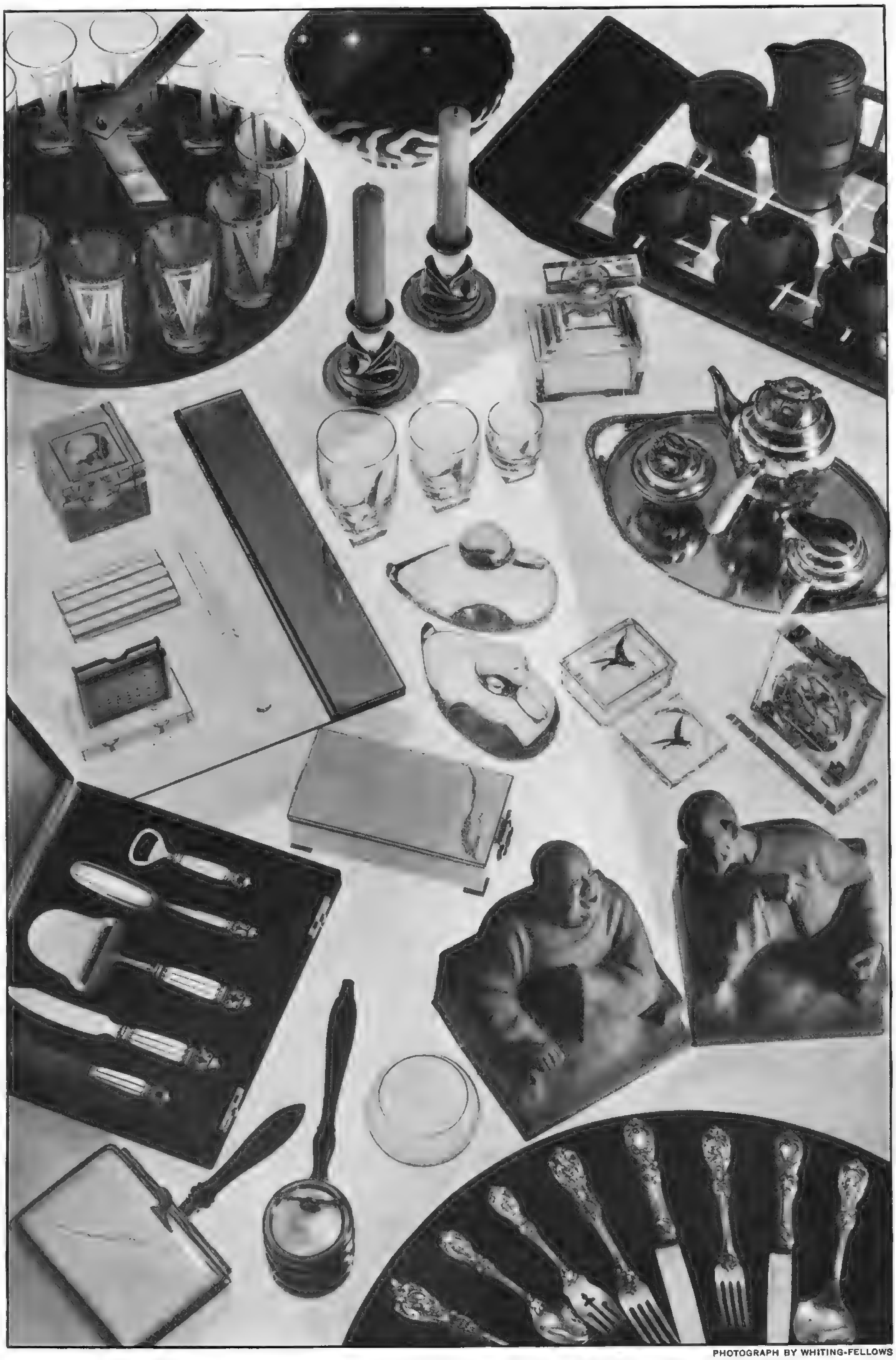

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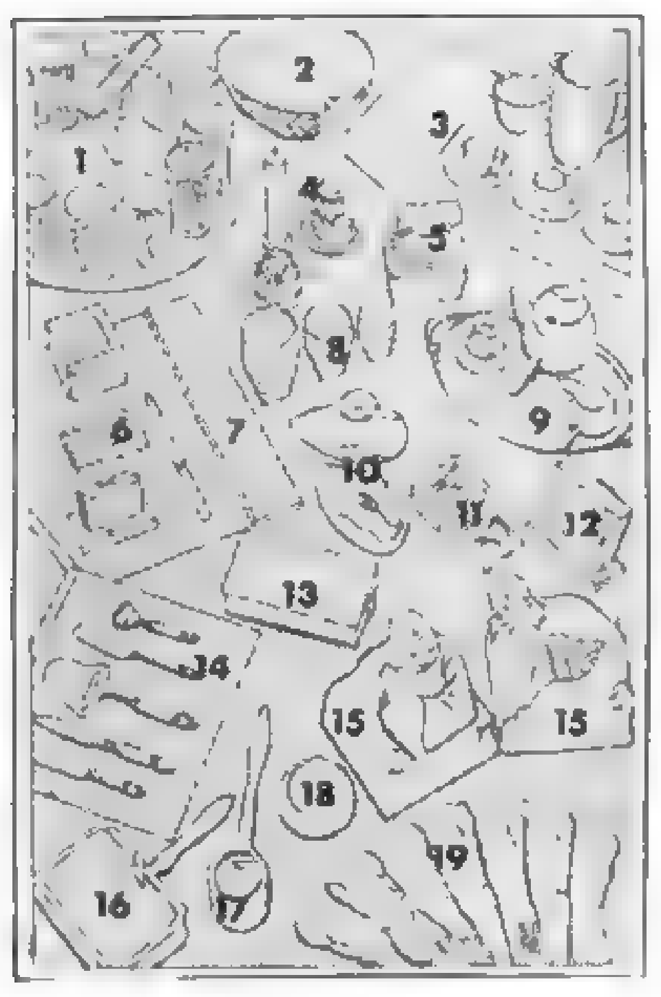

SOMETHING NICE FOR THE NEWLY DOMESTICATED

The honeymoon can't last forever, and those newlyweds will have to come back and settle down sooner or later. When they do, and finally locate your gift in its proper household niche, let's hope it will be a useful little item but not so workmanlike as to be entirely devoid of a suggestion of "something special." All of the items proposed on this page have their practical side, but they try (though not too hard) to get away from the ordinary. 1. Highball glasses with clock dial numbers and clock dial design tray . . . 2. Zebra stripe pottery salad bowl . . . 3. Black Wedgwood coffee set and black ebony tray . . . 4. Silver and enamel candlesticks . . . 5. Crystal liqueur decanter . . . 6. Crystal inkwell, crystal base calendar, crystal paperweight and crystal letter opener . . . 7. Leather trimmed desk blotter . . . 8. Crystal glass in three sizes . . . 9. Silver coffee service . . . 10. Glass duck ornaments . . . 11. Bird motif crystal cigarette box and tray . . . 12. Crystal desk clock . . . 13. Silver cigarette box . . . 14. Silver dessert service . . . 15. Monk pottery book ends . . . 16. Silver "silent butler" . . . 17. Cigarette server in gavel shape . . . 18. Bowl shape brandy snifter . . . 19. Silver dinner service.

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The Great American Delusion

Continued from page 35

the popular song: "I want a girl just like the girl who married dear old Dad." Or in other words, the nucleus of your love ideal was Mother; though of course, not Mother as she really was, but Mother as she appeared to your childish vision.

The original love ideal grew and changed as you did. By degrees, for instance, you began to see that Mother was not perfect—at least, from your standpoint. There were things about her which sometimes annoyed you, and your ideal was altered to eliminate them. If she was strict, your love ideal became a woman who would let you do as you pleased; if she paid little attention to you, your ideal would think of no one but you. Later, the ideal took on some of the qualities which you admired in other girls and women—sisters, childhood sweethearts, story-book heroines, and so on. Whether you thought much or little of the matter, you knew what you wanted, and resolved some day to get it.

What is most important to remember is that all this process goes on in comparatively early childhood, and may be entirely forgotten later, so far as our conscious minds are concerned. There are several years—from five or six to adolescence—when most children are discouraged from thinking of love or marriage. The boy who is interested in girls is called a sissy, and the girl who likes boys is not quite nice. So the childish love-dream is "repressed"—perhaps, as far as memory is concerned, forever; and the love ideal with it. But, as we are learning nowadays, repressed hopes and desires do not die: they lie dormant in that part of our minds of which we are normally unconscious, but may be revivified at any time, and may exert tremendous influence without our knowing what has happened to us.

This is what takes place when we fall in love. For by this time there has been added to the childish dream the urge of the adult mating instinct; and this urge, instead of building up new mental images of its desired object, unconsciously adopts those which it finds in our minds already. The original, though seemingly forgotten love ideal *plus* the relatively mature sex urge produces a sort of mental high explosive—a concealed emotional powder-barrel which will blow us sky-high as soon as a spark falls into it.

And now comes the strangest part of the strange business. The spark which produces an emotional explosion may be *anything whatever* that is able, by some sort of an association of ideas, to suggest the love ideal to us. Furthermore, it may be an association, of the meaning of which we are totally unconscious. The composer Berlioz, for instance, tells us in his memoirs of how at the age of twelve he fell desperately in love with a young woman whose outstanding quality was that she wore pink slippers. He had other loves after he grew up, but he insists that this was his one undying passion, and that when he met the woman half a century later he was still so much affected that he scarcely knew what he was saying.

Incidentally, he admits that at the final meeting his *inamorata* told him that she never had had a pair of pink slippers, and that they must have been a pure product of his imagination. Perhaps they were, and perhaps they were not, but what was undoubtedly a product of imagination was his recognition of this unknown woman as his love ideal. He did not know, and we cannot now find out why pink slippers were an element in the association complex of that ideal, but their power to move him to romantic rapture is no more fantastic than that of a lot of other seeming trifles which have brought on the emotional upheaval that we call love. Especially in a case of "love at first sight," I believe that an analysis would always show some relatively meaningless element in the appearance or behavior of each of the lovers—a gesture, a contour, a tone of the voice, or something no less superficial—as the actual basis of the "recognition" out of which the love so suddenly developed.

But unhappily, as I have said already, such things have no bearing on the question of how the two people will get on with one another once they come to live together. That depends on factors which the very urgency of the love impulse is more likely to obscure than to uncover. The most that romantic love can be expected to contribute to the prospect of a happy marriage is the memory of a few ecstatically happy hours; and even this memory is likely to be darkened by the disillusion that so surely will come later.

But why "surely"? Even granting that two people marry with no knowledge of each other, and indeed with a complete misapprehension of each other's characters and temperaments, why may not reality sometimes turn out to be equal, if not superior to illusion?

In a sense it may, but in another sense reality cannot help being disappointing. For the love ideal, having been formed in childhood and based on childish impressions, has some central features which do

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not exist in real life. It is in the fullest possible degree "the image of fulfilled desire," and no actual individual can ever utterly fulfill the desires of another. For to do this, he would have to have no personality of his own. The fact that Paul S— could not endure was that his Cynthia had interests which were more important *to her* than his music, and this would have been true, no matter what woman he had married or how much she loved him. None of us can ever find a person to whom we are as important as we are to ourselves, or who really will "live only for us." Yet our childish love ideals are always people who do just that—who are, in fact, nothing but embodiments of the response that our emotions crave for. They are men and women who will dance when we pipe and lament when we mourn. And when we find that the "partner of our joys and sorrows" will not always fit into this pattern, we feel that our dearest hopes are shattered.

No matter what other factors play a part in making an unhappy marriage, the bone of the bitterest contention always is the feeling that one has been cheated. "I *expected* loyalty—or comfort, or protection, or the kind of admiration I received during our courtship—and *he failed me*!" But the failure really was not in the other person. It was the result of our insistence that he conform to the pattern of our love ideal. And as I have said already, that ideal is not a person but the image of our own desires. Only our reluctance to give up those desires makes us cling so desperately to the feeling that there must be, somewhere in the world, the "spiritual affinity" or "soul mate" about whom the tradition of romantic love has grown up. And it is the same reluctance that makes us so ready to assume that we have "married the wrong person" rather than adjust our desires to the needs and limitations of an actual man or woman.

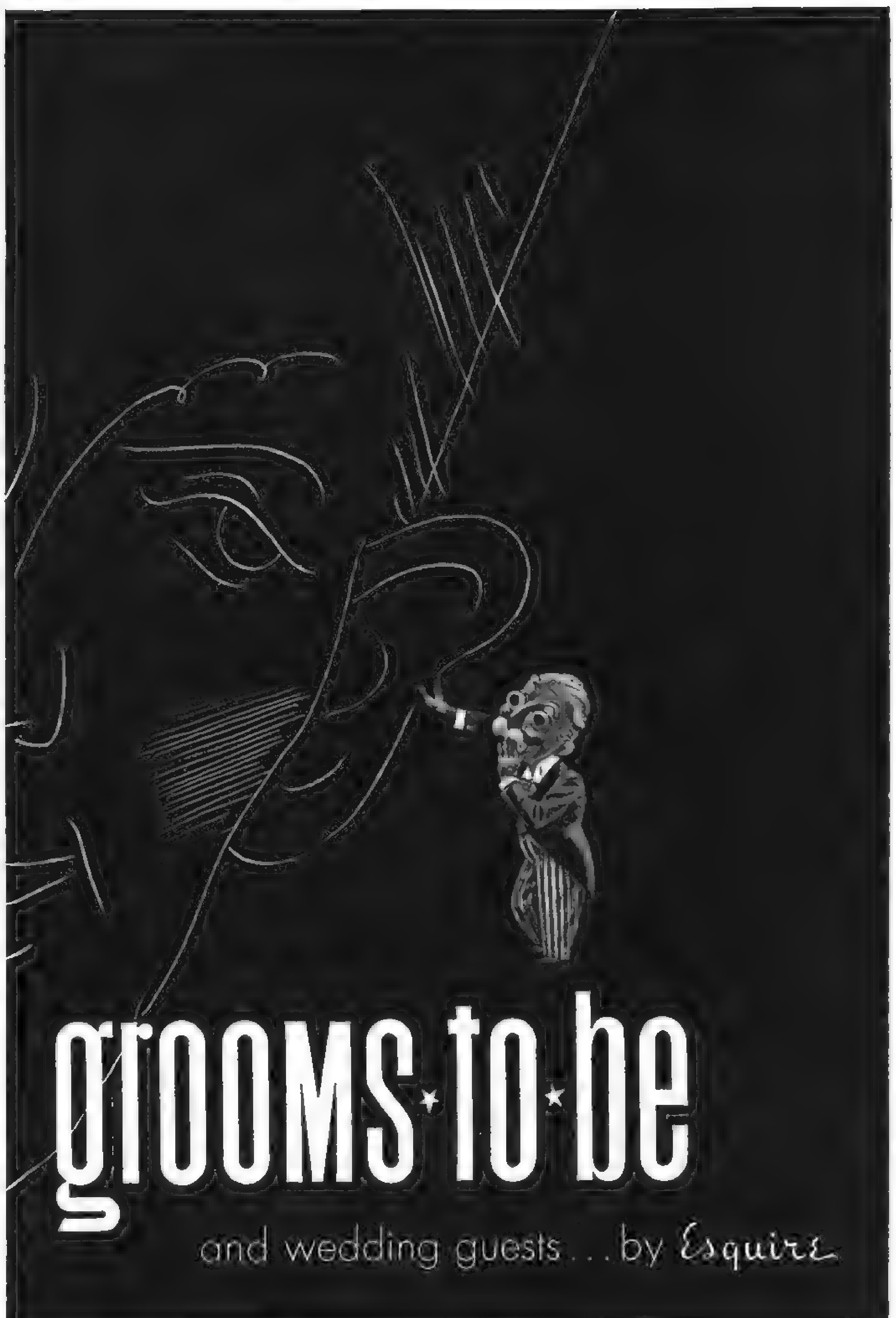
I do not suppose any sensible psychologist would claim that all the methods we use for occasional escape from reality are undesirable, and ought to be done away with. On the contrary, the human mind can no more face its problems without interruption than the body can work twenty-four hours a day. There will therefore always be need to indulge occasionally in our childish dreams of romance, whether in fantasy or in literature and the theatre. But however necessary escapes may be, they are dangerous because they make it so easy to dodge the unpleasant problems of real life entirely. There must be thousands of women who live so completely in their dreams of Robert Taylor or Clark Gable as to forget that whatever real men they had married, they would probably have found them just about as disappointing as their husbands. And there must be still more whose belief in romance blinds them to the fact that if they cannot adjust themselves to one man's shortcomings, the chances are all against their being able to do better with another's. Nor is the case different with a man, except that his dreams are perhaps likelier to center on some girl whom he knows and who, he is sure, could "make him happy" if he were but free to woo and win her.

Would the recognition that romantic love is a delusion really take the joy out of life? We apparently believe so, or we would not resist any truly realistic picture of love or of marriage as intensely as those who provide our entertainment evidently feel that we do. Perhaps our demand for romance is a way of making up to ourselves for the loss of the belief in magic, which humanity has clung to through the ages, and which is still far from having perished. And yet, just as most of us are happier in the long run if we have surrendered our belief in fairy stories and have realized that any lasting success must be the result of our own efforts, so I think we should find life and marriage far more satisfying if we gave up our faith in "the magic of love."

Indeed, it is only when we think of love as magical that it is a delusion. There is such a thing as *real* love—"real" not in the sense of "perfect" or "ideal," but in that of being based on things as they are, and on willingness to recognize them and adapt ourselves to them.

Psychologically and sociologically, the most important of all facts is that a man and a woman, by co-operative action, can create a life that is more satisfying for both of them than they could achieve by living separately. Once we accept marriage for what it is, and cease to resent its failure to be what it never could be except in the dreams of childhood, we shall find it infinitely richer and more interesting than a life shut in by the four walls of our own egos. And the love which can grow up between a man and woman who are willing to accept each other's personalities as facts which no magic power could do away with is as far superior to adolescent romance as the joy of real work is superior to a daydream.

The delights of romance run in a descending scale. For the more intimately the lovers come to know each other, the more inescapably they are compelled to face the fact that neither of them is quite what the other had hoped and imagined. But the joys of real or mature love run in an ascending scale, like those of a long and cherished friendship. The relationship grows deeper with each shared experience, and more secure with each trial that has been endured together. It is enriched by an ever-deepening knowledge of the possibilities of human personality—both one's own and one's partner's—and empowered by the realization that in union—of heart, mind, and body—lies strength to meet every situation with which life confronts us. ⧺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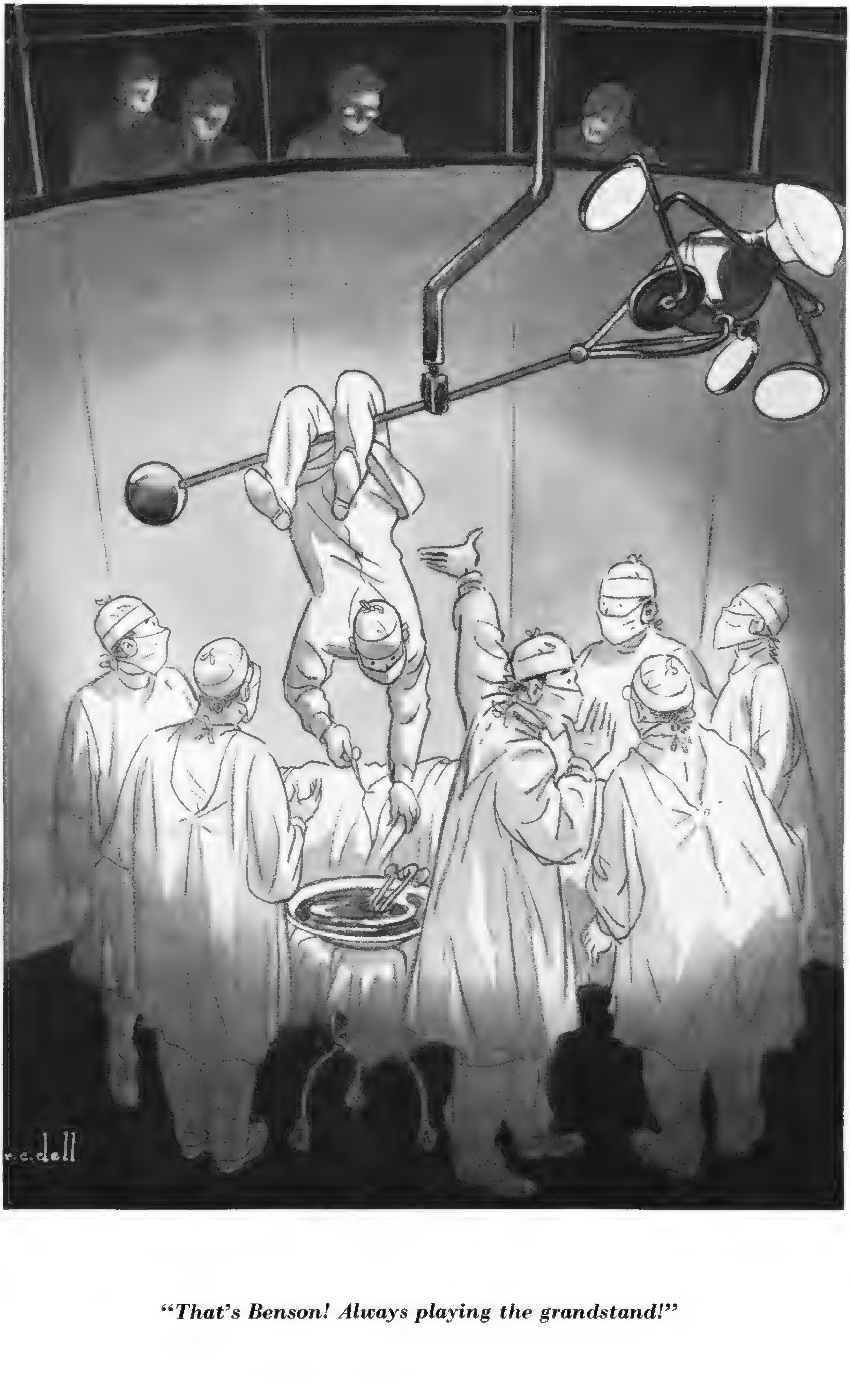

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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 95

musician, even if he has a university degree in the science of politics, and fifty years' practice in making public statements. No matter how much one admires the sincerity, the courage and the intent of music's political crusaders, it is obvious that not only are their efforts often futile, but occasionally they defeat their own purpose.

A single illustration will suffice: Mr. Toscanini is against fascism and dictators. Because of his strong feelings, he has given up conducting in his native land as well as in Bayreuth (which he loves as a shrine) and Salzburg. Yet, he diverted twenty-five per cent of the net proceeds of his last Carnegie Hall benefit concert to the Verdi Rest Home for Aged and Destitute Musicians in Milan. This is a worthy cause and the musicians will benefit *in lire*. The equivalent in American dollars, however, will be at the disposal of the Italian government for Fascist propaganda abroad, or for any purpose it chooses—even to buying foreign airplanes or ammunition. Mr. Toscanini thus aids materially a Fascist government—more, in fact, than if he had conducted in Italy.

Third, even when in possession of the facts, human beings are not consistent in their prejudices. Not even the methodical Germans are. They banned Mendelssohn and played Bizet's *Carmen*. They quietly forgot (perhaps because they needed them) about Leo Blech, Frida Leider, Alexander Kipnis, when they kicked other Semitic artists out of the Berlin *Staatsoper*. They refused to produce Richard Strauss' *Die Schweigsame Frau* because the librettist, Stefan Zweig, was a Jew. At the same time they sent the Dresden Opera to London with *Der Rosenkavalier* and the Berlin Opera to the Paris Exposition with *Ariadne auf Naxos*, both operas having librettos by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, a Jew.

Even Mr. Toscanini has been inconsistent. He objected to conducting at the Salzburg Festival with Furtwängler because he felt the latter became a Nazi sympathizer by conducting in Germany. Yet he engaged three German singers for principal roles in his Salzburg casts: Helge Roswaenge as *Tamino*, Willi Domgraf-Fassbender as Papageno in *Zauberflote*, and Hans Hermann Nissen as Hans Sachs. At least one of these is as ardent a Nazi as Furtwängler could ever hope to be.

Similar inconsistencies exist in America. Objections are raised to conductor Leo Blech on the grounds that, as a Jew, he should not have remained in Germany when his colleagues were mercilessly forced out. But Alexander Kipnis, who did precisely the same thing, successfully concertizes here. Furtwängler is protested here, while Gieseking, though he plays often in Germany, is applauded.

It might be contended that Furtwängler is more important to German musical life than Gieseking. At the time of his appointment to the New York Philharmonic post, it is true, Furtwängler was an official of the German state. But when Richard Strauss became President of the Reichmusickammer, no one objected to the performance of his tone poems by the same Philharmonic-Symphony. Today he chooses to stay in Germany, submits to restrictions on his choice of librettist and subject-matter, and lends the prestige of his genius, at least by the same implication as Mr. Furtwängler, to the Nazi government. Does anyone suggest that his operas be banned here? On the contrary, the Metropolitan institutes a campaign to make them better known.

(Persons and instances are named here with no thought of justifying or criticizing any individual or point of view. They are merely instances which illustrate the difficulty of being logical when mixing politics and music.)

Furthermore, it has been contended, and with reason, that if we refused to hear Wilhelm Furtwängler because he conducts in and is sympathetic to (though this has never been proved) a state which commits horrible crimes against humanity, we should at the same time have objected to Italians employed at the Met who not only sang in Italy but took dollars there to help the Fascist government carry out its cruel and destructive warfare against helpless Ethiopians and Spaniards. And if we are consistent, wouldn't we object to bringing La Scala Opera to the New York World's Fair?

If we reject artists because of their political convictions, should we welcome Prokofieff and his music, when he is accepted by the Soviet government, which certainly restricts freedom and opposes democratic ideals as uniformly as do the Fascist despots?

It is clear that if we were systematic and logical in personalizing our hatred of the atrocities of dictators and consistently refused, therefore, to hear their most gifted artists, the quality of our artistic experiences would suffer.

Luckily, we live in a country where governmental restrictions have not, as yet, interrupted our musical life and where political objections to artists are possible

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only because of individual convictions. We should maintain this freedom and fight the European plague of racial and national prejudices the same as we would the casting couch, the unscrupulous press agent, and all other forms of personal "pull" which tend to substitute mediocrity for genius. After all, is it intelligent to examine a man's birth certificate and categorize his political philosophy before permitting ourselves to enjoy his talents?

In art, merit alone should count. And we should listen to music for the pleasure it gives us, not because it is made by Anti-Nazis, Anti-Communists or WPA workers. Wise are the artists who refuse to take sides in foreign political disputes, and far-sighted is the public that dissociates non-musical biases from its artistic conscience. ⁂

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 86

soda Sir Neville Lemoyne Bart. Mrs. Cortelyou bitch bounder bell chord Ellean really my dear just a child my head's splitting cachet Duke of Westminster's yacht those strange Americans Berengaria Aquitania Capri Rome Como *pension* Bruce Ardale ducky I say I say checked one of those horrid mutinies in India broken heart Lady Gilfillian (Soosoo) so you knew Capt. Du Maurier in Cairo moonlight Nile whiskey soda dinner is served miladi a bit of a prig my dear Ronnie Hilary Daphne Phyllis there's no question of forgiveness in these things one loves or one doesn't love it's quite simple really pushes bell Phyllis Daphne Hilary Ronnie do you really love me so much that you think of me before breakfast that's the real test of love whether or not one thinks of one before breakfast one one one one one one one Lord Frothingham (Ham) Lady Frothingham (Dodo) no but I always *felt* unfaithful to you Perkins Firkins twelve footmen San Moritz Venice Shepheard's Monte Carlo Perrier Jouet whiskey soda tea tea Lady Wynton (Birdie) Lord Dilling (Winkie) she is either a very good woman Robin or very nervous port infidelity tell her ladyship I am not at home whiskey soda he's quite another kind young rich attractive clever but he has allowed life to spoil him tea port he has a reputation with women that is extremely bad consequently as hope is a quality possessed whiskey soda by all women tea brandy soda women ask him everywhere fourteen footmen Napier dear ring the bell will you gaol blighter beast brute Bond street really really you horrid man my sweet—

But enough; you get the ideah.

Among the Englishmen who are still dissipating their efforts on this kind of thing Lonsdale is one of the most adroit. He has a wit superior to most of the others, Maugham always emphatically excepted; he writes with flowing ease and style and skill; and he has a sharp and amusing eye to the foibles of the trivial people and events with which he deals. But it all remains a polite zero.

One of the chief differences between this English and American polite comedy is that where in the former you are in four instances out of every five pretty certain to have a scene in which Lady Somethingorother quietly confronts and even more quietly outwits the hussy with whom her spouse is infatuated, in the latter you are equally certain to get one in which Van Rennselaer Somethingorother and Irving Feinbusch, the one a Capitalist and the other an idealistic Communist, loudly confront each other in the presence of the coveted leading actress who subsequently quietly outwits the playwright and the more intelligent members of the audience by going to bed with Irving, who in turn in the next act tells her she is only a rich loafer, slaps her face, and brusquely leaves her to follow, alone and unimpeded, the Moscow dream of uplifting humanity on a diet of smoked herring and no baths.

S. N. Behrman who, despite his recent lapses, remains our best native writer of comedy, in *Wine of Choice* again trots out the rubber-stamp Van Rennselaer, Irving, hay-ride and slap, just as Lonsdale again trotted out the business of the two girls getting in and out of each other's hair. Lonsdale, with all his literary dexterity and all his wit, couldn't, as I have noted, get much more out of a rattling of the old bones than the same old drawing-room minstrelsy, nor has Mr. Behrman, with all his ditto, succeeded any better. A British friend of mine, Terence Phillip, describes these English exhibits of the Lonsdale school as too much caviar and too little toast. They are a whole lot of Theodores without a Ritz. The American exhibits of the Behrman school, on the other hand, may be described as Clyde Fitch editions of the *New Masses*.

It is a weakness of so much of American dramatic writing today that playwrights seem to think it arbitrarily incumbent upon them to make their plays "say something," whether that saying-something has a natural place in their plays or not. Like almost everyone else, of course, I prefer plays that say something to plays that do not. Yet so many of our playwrights who set themselves to Say Something not only have nothing to say but, even in the rare cases that they have, believe it absolutely necessary that, whatever the rest of their plays may be like, they must irrespectively say it about Capitalism, Communism, or My God What Is Going To Become of Civilization. It has thus come about that one can no longer go to even a good old rousing detective play safe from the feeling that at quarter-past ten Inspector Mulligan won't pause a

Continued on page 162

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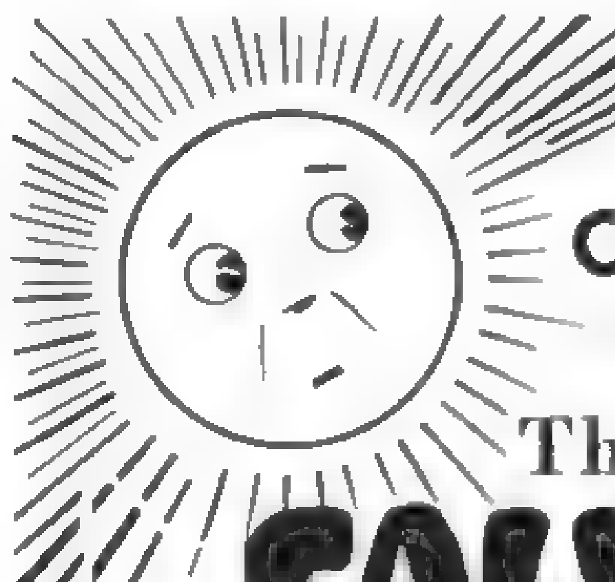

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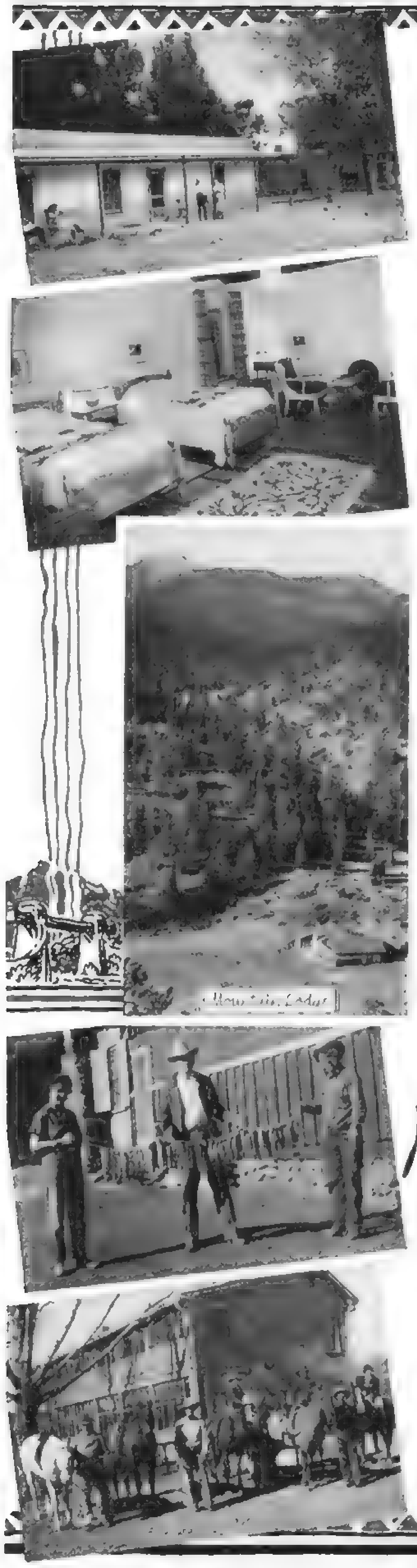

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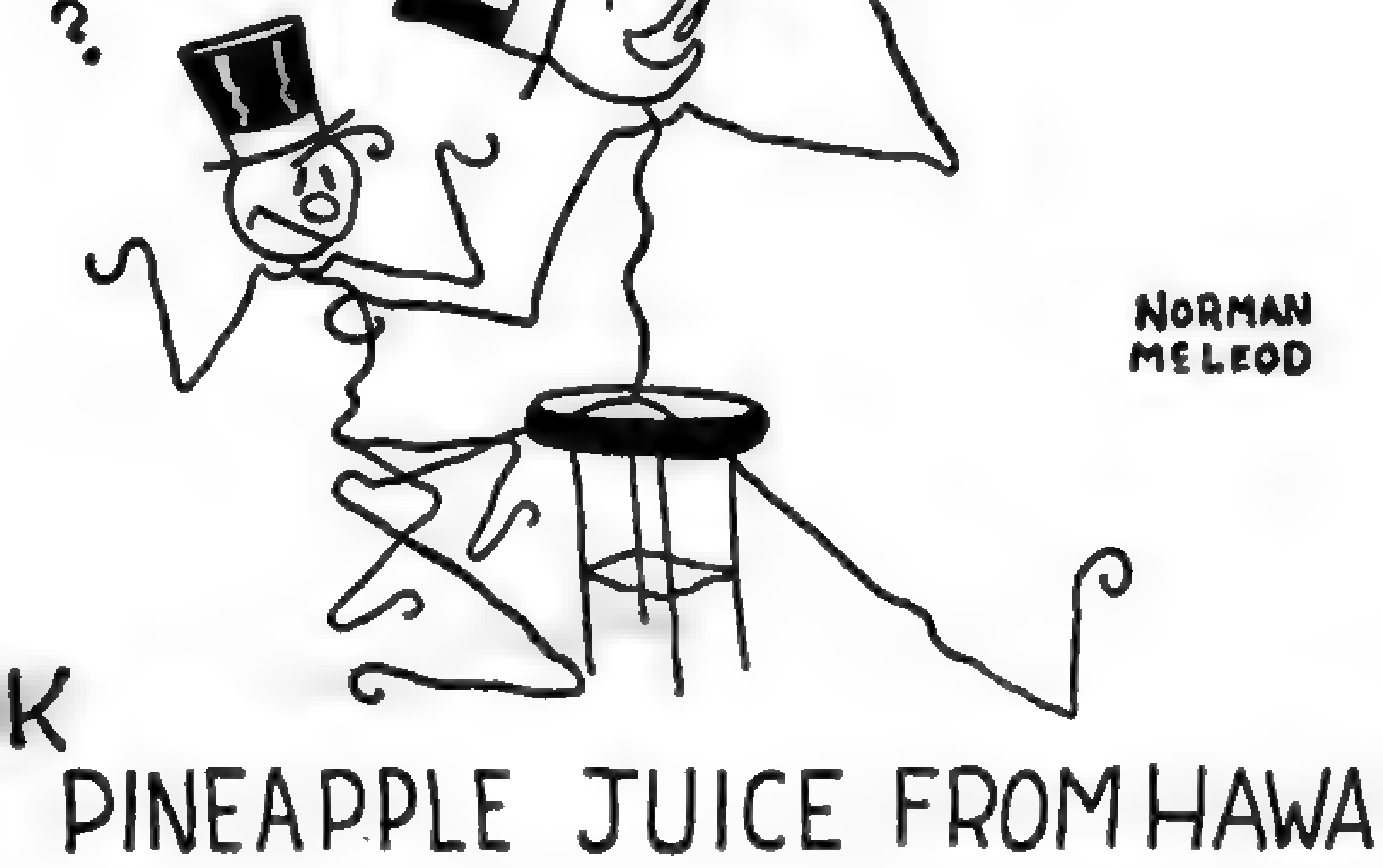


DRINK
DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII -

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 86-161

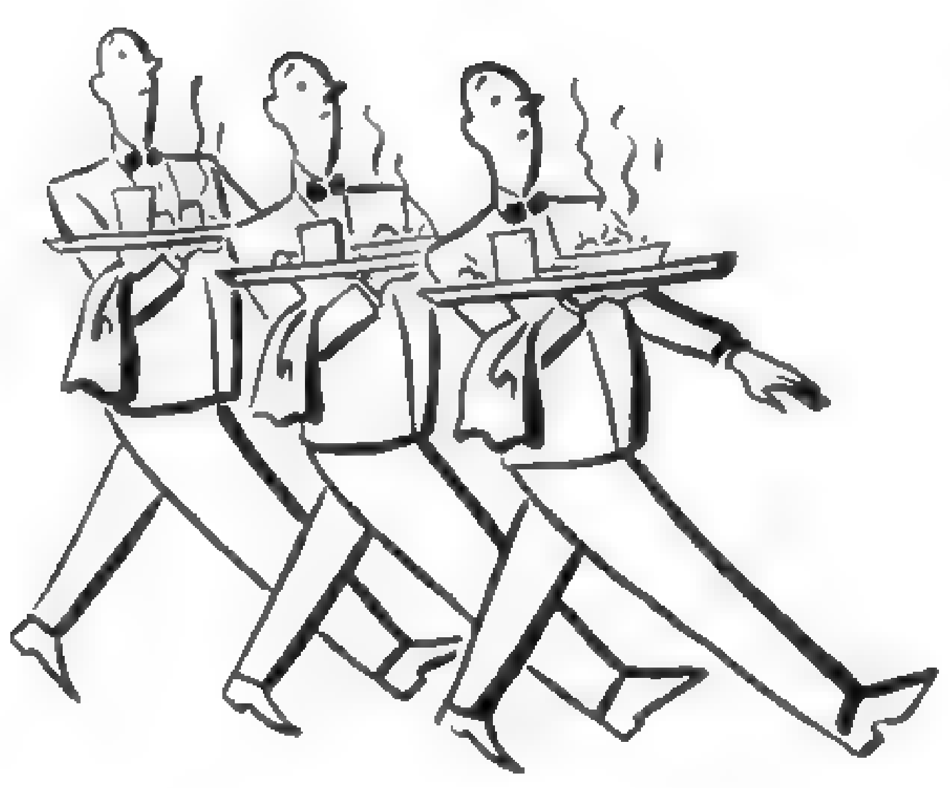
moment and thereupon proceed into a fifteen or twenty minute disquisition on the futility of wars, the need for a new spiritual renaissance on the part of mankind, and the ignominious shame of the Corn Exchange Bank's having all that money when Bronxo Martini and his brood of ten down in the slums haven't got enough for more than a meager dozen escallopini a day. And it thus doubtless also will not be long before they will be incorporating into *Room Service* various profound meditations on the evils of Fascism, the doom of Democracy and the fate of the liberal in the world of today (probably just before and after Philip Loeb hustles Eddie Albert into the bathroom) or before they will have Al Gordon's dogs come out in *Hooray For What!* with placards inscribed with the doctrines of Karl Marx on their necks and with caricatures of John D. Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan and Walter Chrysler, Jr., on their tails.

Just before Clare Boothe's play, *The Women*, was to be produced, I happened to run across her and discerned a forlorn look on her lovely face. "What's up?" I asked. "My play doesn't stand a chance of success, I'm afraid," she said. "Why?" I wanted to know. "Because," she returned, "it doesn't say anything. It's just a play and there isn't a line in it about Communism or Collective Security or the Decline of Idealism or any other of those things that you seem to have to have in a play these days." I tried to console her with the thought that maybe that was exactly what a lot of people wanted just for a change nowadays and that, further, if she would bother to look up the records she would find that not one single successful play on the New York stage at that moment had the least thing to say of such problems as weekly drive the editors of the *Nation* and the *New Republic* nuts, but that—let the proletarian critics yell all they wanted to—they dealt instead with a couple of nobles turned servants, a cutie who had a hard time getting a job in the theatre, a family who made Roman candles in the cellar, and kindred cosmic profundities. *The Women*, whose big scene shows a girl in the altogether sitting in a bathtub, opened in New York on the night of December 26, 1936. It is still running at the same theatre as I write this.

Mr. Behrman appears more and more to be succumbing to the critical guff that plays, whatever their intrinsic nature, must unavoidably Say Something, even though many of them would be very much better plays if they didn't and if they contented themselves rather with being themselves. Some of the finest plays ever written have had and have no more to say than what was and is in their simple hearts. In both his *End of Summer* last year and his *Wine of Choice* this year Behrman has strainfully lugged in his big Say like a piano-mover and dumped it kerflop into his comedies with such a bang that it has frightened the wits, to say nothing of the happy and graceful tranquillity, out of them. If what he had to say was ringingly new and philosophically, politically, economically or sociologically fresh, there would be small complaint. But, despite the ingratiating manner in which he says his Say, it isn't. And it is because of this, no doubt, that when in these recent exhibits of his I observe him suddenly invading their humorous pattern with his disjunctive, portentous expatiations I am obstinately reminded of the old burlesque shows in which—in the middle of the second act—the lights were impressively dimmed to an oriental greenish purple, in which the orchestra began to play sensual Turkish music, in which the chorus came slowly out salaaming to the left upper stage entrance, and when then there majestically entered once again Otto Bierheister, the German comedian, the only difference being that this time he had on a red stovepipe hat.

In *Save Me The Waltz*, Katharine Dayton, who collaborated with George S. Kaufman on *First Lady*, took hold of the old Graustark whiffle and tried to bring it up-to-date by incorporating a dictator into it and adding some wheezes on Sam Goldwyn, Sears-Roebuck, the Waldorf, and candid camera fiends. Max Gordon and Sam Harris spent about forty thousand dollars on scenery and costumes for it and engaged a cast whose weekly salaries ran to a fancy figure. An extra crew of electricians were engaged to attend to the elaborate lighting, the wardrobe mistress was provided with seven assistants to hook up the actresses' elaborate dresses, nine shoe-polishers were hired to shine up the brass and silver buttons on the actors' gaudy uniforms, the Hampton shops were raided for regal furniture, tons of jewelry were rented from Trifari, silver service was borrowed for the great occasion from Henry Nord, I. Weiss and Sons were consulted in the matter of royal upholstery and tapestry, Lili Dache worked night and day on the actresses' headdresses, Eaves imported fifty crates of gold braid, and the Tudor Art Gallery contributed its experts to design the fixtures in the palace scenes. There was only one thing that Max and Sam overlooked. They forgot to hire someone to write a score for the show. Without music, the play sounded like a tuba in the hands of a man dying of galloping consumption. Even with music, true enough, it wouldn't have been much good, but without it, it was about as satisfactory as an orchestra that, after a brief and stimulating tuning up, lays aside its instruments and sits itself down to a quiet game of cribbage. ⧺

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



OFFICE PARTY

Every business organization has its quota of so called "office parties"... the bête noire of wives, the heydey for secretaries and office underlings. For at such times, rank is eschewed and after a few rounds, everybody resolves into one big happy family. There's a caterer in town who makes a specialty of office parties turning on a tasty job whether it be for two or two hundred. Suppose a valued client comes in, and you want to serve him a quick snifter and snack before he boards the train. Have your secretary call the caterer (they only need an hour or two notice) and they'll whip over cocktail sandwiches and canapes that *men* like, chicken liver, roquefort, etc., together with the beverage if you desire.

Then they do office buffet suppers, those occasions such as Christmas or to celebrate an office romance when the stenog. hitches up with one of the Jr. salesmen. The boss in a benevolent mood throws a party for all.

Same caterers also do a rushing business for bachelors who want to get up something recherché in their own little diggings. If you have the time here's one of their recipes to try over on your piano... but it's much simpler to pick up the telephone and have them delivered in time for your party. Take thin slices of ham, spread with mixture of roquefort and cream cheese. Roll, fasten with toothpicks, place in icebox to chill till firm enough to slice. Slice fresh tomatoes, cut bread circles the same size as the slices. Toast bread discs, butter, spread thinly with mayonnaise and place a tomato slice on top of each toast disc. Cut ham and cheese roll in thin slices and place one on top of each tomato slice. Sure fire hit.

OYSTERS IN MAY

No longer any need to shun the oyster in an "R-less" month. The advent of frosted foods makes it possible for you to have your oysters the year around. Come a sizzling day in mid-summer, it's pretty swell to be able to whip out a cool, delicious oyster cocktail. Frozen seafoods are packed during the months when the finest quality is available... and right at the most important sources of supply . . . Boston, Halifax, Nova Scotia or Long Island. Only oysters and clams that are super-colossal make the grade. Lobsters and crabs are steam cooked, only solid meat is picked, while still warm, to be packed into cellophane-lined, wax paper cartons which are then subjected to a good quick subzero freeze.

Dorothy Lamour, Paramount's exotic star now up before the world in her new picture "Her Jungle Love," can turn out a nifty on devilled oysters. Here's her recipe: 1 pint oysters, 1 tbsp. butter, 3 shallots (a garlic ally), 2 tbsp. flour, ½ cup milk, ¼ cup cream, salt, nutmeg, cayenne, mustard, worcester, chopped mushrooms, parsley, egg yolk and buttered cracker crumbs. Wash and chop oysters, cook shallots in butter 3 minutes, add flour and stir until well blended, then add milk and cream. Bring to boiling point and add oysters and remaining ingredients except egg yolk and crumbs. Let simmer 12 minutes. Add egg yolk, put mixture in deep halves of oyster shells, cover with butter crumbs, then bake 15 minutes.

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The Hara-Kiri of Baron Kura

Continued from page 53

Some laughed at these drunken antics and others called weakly "*Banzai*," but the voice seemed to say sarcastically: "Hurray for the souse."

But then as quickly as possible the Baron took hold of a lantern and, climbing up on the railing, flung the lantern through the broken window.

Someone called, seeing the blue coat: "Hurray for the Kura man." Suddenly there was a great burst of yellow flame!

Now it was all clear. The Saki bottles had been filled with gasoline and the fellow in the blue laborer's coat with the Kura emblem over its back had only been pretending that he was drunk.

A great shout rose from the crowd. "*Banzai! Banzai!* Rice. Rice. Rice. Rice. *Banzai!*" And this was kept up with a pulsing beat.

An alarm had been turned in somewhere, for in less than three minutes the bells and sirens of the fire engines were heard. But the crowd was so thick that the firemen had difficulty in approaching the building. Two police cars also arrived and the officers drew their long riot sticks and went forward in a solid body to clear a path. This they finally managed to do.

While the hose was being brought forward several of the firemen with crowbars opened three or four of the metal shutters. But this only gave air to the flames and they burst up high to the top of the building.

"*Banzai!*" cried the crowd. "Rice. Rice. Rice."

With great difficulty the police managed to draw the crowd back and make room for the fire fighters. But when at last the hose was all connected and the engine began pumping, the Baron turned about and called: "Now boys. Now is the time to slit the bags."

Sato broke out of the line and with a little knife cut the water hose. The crowd set up a wild yell of joy and while the police gave chase, the lad managed to dive into the thick crowd and scurry away on his hands and knees between the legs of the people.

While the cut section of the hose was being replaced a group of young bloods broke through and slit other sections of the hose. Two or three of them were caught by the police and placed under arrest. The crowd began booing and ugly growls were heard. The crowd was quickly becoming a mob.

The flames now cut through the roof of the building and this sudden burst of light encouraged the mob. They locked arms and went forward one step at a time calling: "Rice. Rice. Rice. Give us a push. Rice. Rice. Rice."

Another step and the police were giving way. Again another step of this solid human wall and then there was no holding anything. In another minute they had overturned the heavy pump engine and chased the firemen from the scene. The flames soon covered the entire block.

More engines arrived but the men were content to remain several streets away in case the sparks of this great consuming fire should jump across to other buildings. More and more people had flocked to see this sight and the narrow streets were choked with humanity.

Suddenly the lad Sato felt a hand on his arm. "Come. You and I have a place to go."

He looked up. It was the man in the blue coat of the Kura House.

Some minutes later they entered the garden gate. The boy did not want to venture any further but the Baron pushed him up the garden steps and into the house. A group of the servants were on the second floor balcony watching the fire many blocks away and they did not see these two enter.

The Baron led Sato to the wash room and here they took off their clothes and with soap and buckets of water soon were clean. They put on two loose coats and went through the hall to the long thirty-six mat room. Here from the low wall cupboards the Baron drew out a heavy silk kimono, a coat with small white crests of the House of Kura, and a pair of white socks. These he asked the boy to put on at once.

As for himself, he unfolded the heavy brocade ceremonial robe. This he put on very carefully. He bound the *obi* tightly about his waist and sat down on the cushion beside the low table. Here before his eyes was the paper he had written only several hours before. He saw the first words: "I, Baron of the House of Kura," and he required to read no more.

He clapped his hands. "*Hi*," came the voice of a servant to indicate that she heard and was coming.

He asked that tea be served at once and also that the steward should present himself.

The eyes of the lad were as round as saucers. Sato bowed down several times until his head almost touched the floor. The Baron tried to put him at ease.

When the steward came into the room he could see at a glance that something very serious was going on.

"My good steward," said the Baron coolly, "I have tonight a special occasion. I want four lanterns lit, one in each corner of the room. I also want you to get out of the storehouse the old scroll painting of *Pines in Wind*. I want this put up at once behind me. Also bring me the old family swords and one thing more. The small red-and-gold lacquered tray."

In another minute the tea arrived.

The Baron spoke to the servant. "There has been a very large fire."

"Yes, Master. We were watching it from the balcony and they say it is the big rice warehouse

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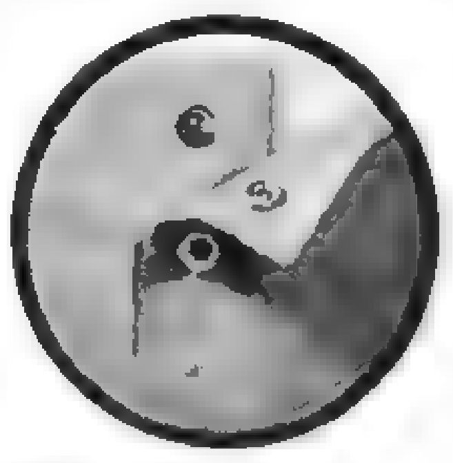

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and the people are all very glad. Why they should be glad is difficult to understand."

"Yes, it is difficult to understand."

Sato turned his eyes to the floor.

The lanterns were put in place. The painting of *Pines in Wind* was carefully unrolled and hung up behind the Baron. The precious red-and-gold tray was placed beside him and also a bundle of silk cloth which contained the swords. The Baron drew out the long sword and placed it in his sash and the short one also he pressed in beside it.

But the small dagger of razor steel, with handle and scabbard that matched the two other swords, he placed on the small tray. The steward gathered up the silk wrappings and bowed very low. He knew when he raised his head that he would look upon his master for the last time. But his face displayed no emotion. It was stoic and blank. He bowed again and with his head low he backed out slowly through the door.

The Baron calmly poured tea for his young guest. The boy lifted the cup but his hand trembled so that the edge of the cup vibrated against his teeth. He could not drink very much.

Aware of the nervousness of the boy, the Baron said: "We will not have to wait very long. They will soon be here. Go to the window and see if the place is still burning."

The boy did as he was told. "Yes, it is still burning but not so wildly."

The Baron drank two small cups of hot tea and said: "You, Sato, are my servant and you have served me faithfully all afternoon. What I ordered you to do you carried through. That is what I want you to know and remember."

The boy bowed.

"And the clothes you now have on, you are to keep to remember me by."

"Thank you," he whispered. "Always, always I will remember you."

"Now I think I hear them coming. Place the cushions at the other end of the room. You will open the doors and bid them enter."

Two officers of police with two detectives came through the hall.

"This way, gentlemen. My master is waiting here for you," said the lad.

The four officers bowed low at the door.

"Please enter," said the Baron.

The police noticed the heavy brocade robes in the fashion of the Ancient Shoguns and the two curved swords in the *obi*. They bowed again in respect for that ancient nobility in whose presence they now found themselves.

The boy motioned to the cushions on the floor and they accepted these places with much nodding and bowing. Sato closed the doors.

"You do me a great honor," said the Baron.

"We are forced to intrude in pursuit of our duty. You will forgive us but a certain laborer in your employ . . ."

The Baron threw his head up and replied sharply: "Gentlemen, I, and I alone, have been guilty. It was I who wore the blue cotton coat this afternoon. Had I chosen to hide my actions I would not have had the sign of my house on the back of the coat. But no Kura has ever concealed his actions or his person. My crime has been against the law of the government. I have destroyed the property of the new barons but you have yourselves heard the cries of '*Banzai*' from a thousand throats. And so my people applaud while the law frowns. And some there are among us who believe that violence has never accomplished anything in the whole world. But I am not one of those. I believe tomorrow the government will investigate and take rice out of the hands of the moneyed lords and set it within reach of all. They must do so to avoid the repetition of today's events. Now the people know how it is done. It would be very easy next time. As the voice of the people has now been sounded do you think a deaf ear will be turned? No, gentlemen. The deed is done. And I beg you to do me the honor of witnessing my last small act of destruction."

The Baron bowed and as he did so his heavy robes slipped down to his girdle and he was naked to his sash. He pulled the sleeves from which his arms were now free and tucked them firmly under his knees, for this is according to custom and would prevent him from falling backwards. For is it not written in all the old books of chivalry that a noble gentleman of Japan should die falling forward?

"Sato, my faithful servant," he said softly. "You have obeyed me in all matters. One more deed I ask of you before I release you. The tray."

The boy moved forward slowly and with trembling hands reached the tray on which lay the dirk. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he brought it forward and placed it before the Baron.

The face of the Baron was free of any nervousness or agitation. Not even a frown darkened his clear brow. Slowly he reached out his hand and, throwing the scabbard aside, plunged the dirk into the extreme left side of his abdomen.

Not a sound came from his lips, not a wince from his eyes. Then with steady stroke he drew the sharp blade across to the extreme right side.

Slowly his eyes closed, then his head dropped and in another instant his whole body bowed forward as though it were in sacred reverence to something—to humanity, to his people, to rice.

He was buried by the whole city of Kobe. And the charcoal vendor's boy wore the silken kimono with the crests of the Kura House at the funeral. And he walked in front with the high officials. #

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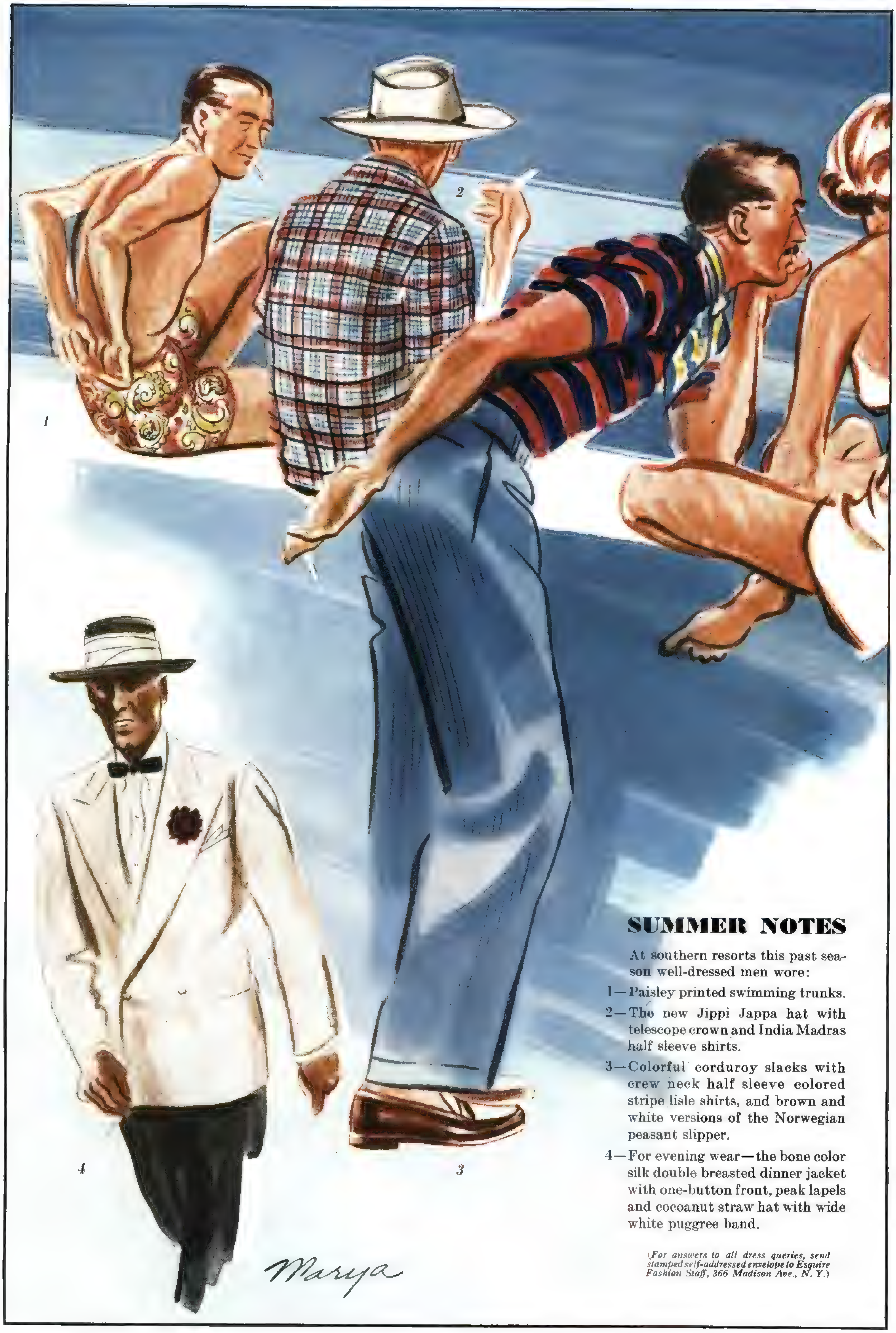


SUMMER NOTES

At southern resorts this past season well-dressed men wore:

1—Paisley printed swimming trunks.

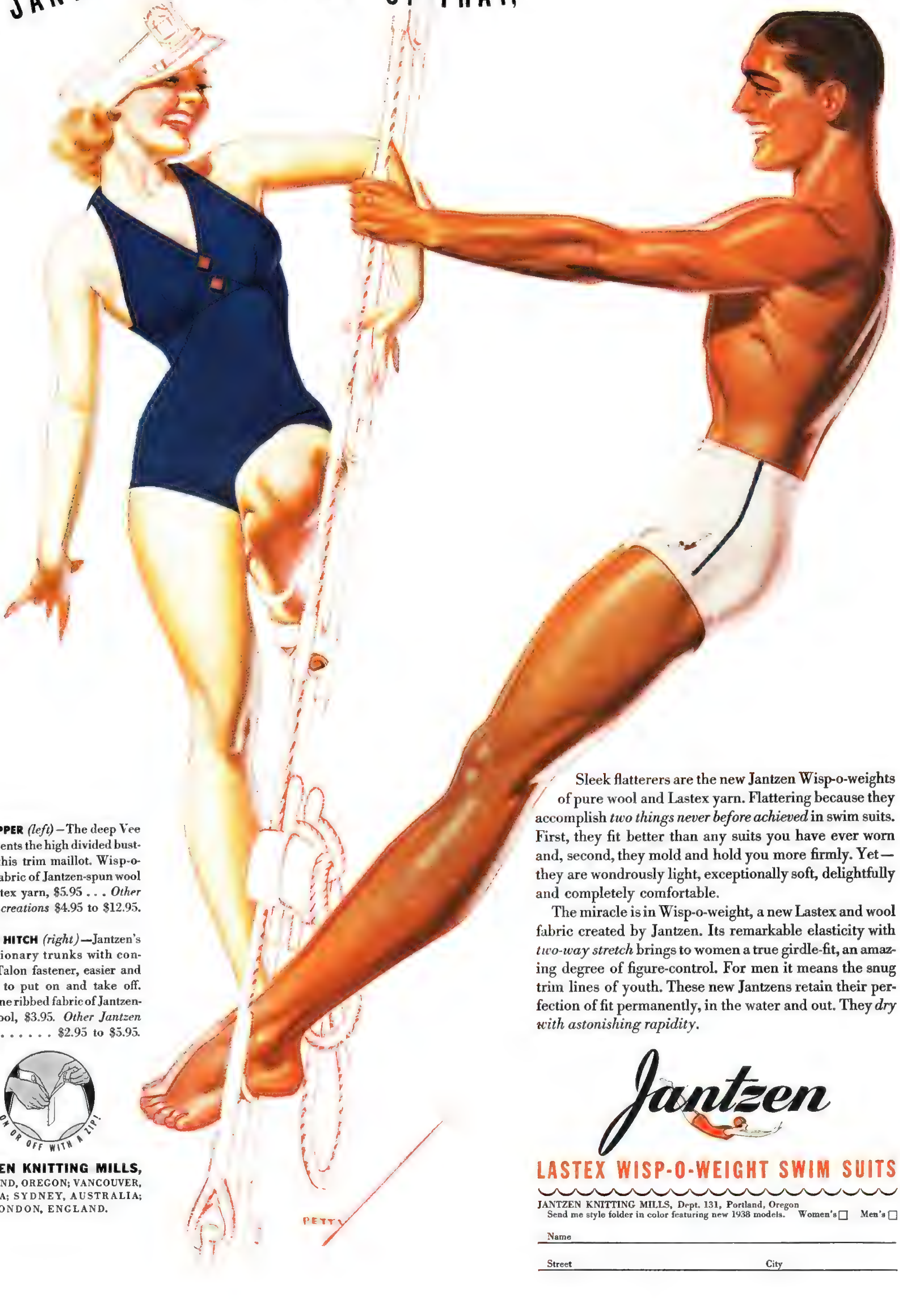
2—The new Jippi Jappa hat with telescope crown and India Madras half sleeve shirts.

3—Colorful corduroy slacks with crew neck half sleeve colored stripe lisle shirts, and brown and white versions of the Norwegian peasant slipper.

4—For evening wear—the bone color silk double breasted dinner jacket with one-button front, peak lapels and cocoanut straw hat with wide white puggree band.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

"SKIP THE FLATTERY, DARLING, MY JANTZEN TAKES CARE OF THAT,"


ON OR OFF WITH A ZIP!
PETTY

THE CLIPPER *(left)*—The deep Vee neck accents the high divided bustline of this trim maillot. Wisp-o-weight fabric of Jantzen-spun wool and Lastex yarn, $5.95 . . . *Other Jantzen creations* $4.95 to $12.95.

THE ZIP HITCH *(right)*—Jantzen's revolutionary trunks with concealed Talon fastener, easier and quicker to put on and take off. Masculine ribbed fabric of Jantzen-spun wool, $3.95. *Other Jantzen Trunks* . . . . . . $2.95 to $5.95.

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Swank Products, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

The Legless Bullfighter

Continued from page 41

He ignored the bullfighters.

“Riding alone?” he asked.

“No. Riding with men.”

He bared his teeth good-naturedly. “Men?” And this time his insulting eyes picked up and pricked the bullfighters one by one.

The bullfighters' eyes pricked back.

“Drink,” Jose said pushing the bottle under her nose.

“I don't drink your drinks.”

“Whose drinks are you drinking today? *Boiadeiros?*” He chewed the word *cowhand* as if it were a stringy piece of meat. He tore at it with all his contempt. He slobbered over it.

“Ay, horse rider,” said one of the bullfighters intentionally fanning the simmering quarrel. “How long does a mare's pregnancy last?”

Again Jose bared his teeth. “It all depends, amigo cowhand,” he whined innocently. “It all depends whether it is boy or stallion who mounts her. If it is a boy a bullfighter is born, what say?”

“A whole bullfighter?”

Jose snarled, grinned, moved about—racking his brain for an answer, for an answer he must give or fight or be shamed before the watching Perdida.

“Drink,” he snarled pushing the bottle under the bullfighter's nose. “Drink, amigo cowhand. A man never refuses a drink. If he does—he's no man, what say?”

The bullfighter looked at him motionlessly.

“What say?”

“I drink.”

“Ay.”

But the bullfighter also had no intention of being shamed before a woman.

“Ay, horse rider, have you ever looked into the eyes of a bull from behind a red cape?” he said as his eyes stuck to Jose's waist line.

“No,” Jose snapped back. “I don't like the eyes of a bull. I like to look into men's left eyes before shooting them out their heads, what say?”

“Ay,” the bullfighter said, “that's nothing—”

“That's nothing,” Perdida shouted looking at Jose. “That's nothing—even a legless can do that, what say?”

Jose turned to the bullfighters.

“They tell me that Pinto the bull is a killer, is that true?”

“It is,” they boasted in unison.

He turned to Perdida then and, looking at her with the steady eyes of the dead, he said, “What will you give me if I look into Pinto's eyes from behind a red cape?”

“Anything—anything, you legless halfbreed. Anything, for he'll gore you through and through, you legless halfbreed.”

“If I look into Pinto's eyes tomorrow afternoon will you come with me dog-like?”

She stared back at him, eyes glowing sullenly with challenge, respect and hatred, and passion. “I will. I'll come with you dog-like, you damned legless halfbreed. I'll come.”

“Bon,” Jose said quietly.

Again he turned to the bullfighters.

“I'll look into Pinto's eyes before you espada him tomorrow, what say?”

The bullfighters grinned contemptuously.

“Tomorrow?”

“Tomorrow.”

“In the ring?”

“In the ring.”

“But how?”

“Wait till tomorrow.”

Perdida's cobra-like stare was provoking him. But he refused to meet the challenge now. She began to breathe hard through her nose and, to hide her storming inside, she burst out in strident laughter.

In death-like composure he waited for her to be finished with her fit. And then he said, “Have your saddlebag ready for tomorrow afternoon. We ride on soon after I have looked into Pinto's eyes, what say?”

She stared at him—

Night came and the jungle was studded with camp-fires around which people ate and drank, danced and quarreled, and made love. Dawn: a world teeming with unconscious life. Then the sun rose and rode to midday. And there it paused implacably beating down on the crowded bullring. Whenever bull or fighter succumbed to the other's blow the crowd erupted deliriously.

Manco had killed one bull. One bull had gored Ignacio. The crowd was drunk with life and death when Jose riding Bonito pranced into the ring. Beside Jose on foot ran an Indian boy carrying a wooden stool about fifteen inches high. He placed it in the center of the ring.

Waving his hand and grinning coldly Jose trotted around the ring a few times, his empty trouserlegs streaming beside the horse's flanks. The crowd unleashed their emotion. It rose skyward like a bursting rocket. Motionless Perdida sat in the front row. Unblinkingly she met Jose's eyes. He led the horse to the center of the ring, stopped and saluted, slipped to the ground, and trapezed himself onto the stool. He held a short conversation with the Indian boy who kept nodding his head vigorously till Jose dismissed him.

Calmly Jose unrolled a red kerchief from his waist and waved it to the crowd—

“Pronto?” called a bullfighter from the bull's pit.

“Vamos.”

Like a hurricane Pinto charged into the ring, keeping to his right till, skidding with his forelegs, he swerved to the left and followed his own impulse till he came to an inquiring stop. His great head down, the hump of his muscles on his neck throbbing violently, he hoofed the ground, quivering,

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—quivering, trembling and shaking.

Jose rose the red kerchief to his eyes and called to the bull—the bull raised his head and his body began to tremble as if shocked by electricity. Puffing he began to back up very very slowly as if pushed back by a stronger power than himself till, leaving the ground for a second, he snorted and charged in a cloud of red dust. In an instant his spiky horns disappeared through the kerchief—but when his head came up again Jose was solidly sitting between his horns. Mystified, the bull began shaking his head, so violently that he fell to his fore-knees. But soon he stood again and, foaming, started out on a blind gallop through the ring.

Perdida sat motionlessly.

As the bull came flying beside the ring-fence Jose shouted, "Vamos, meninho."

Immediately the Indian boy's head peeped over the fence. He nodded and disappeared. And reappeared holding a red cape against the fence. The bull saw it and charged it—the impact was terrific. The crash filled the air. Stunned the bull fell back to his hindlegs. For a second Jose was seen sailing over the fence and smoothly fall into scores of expectant arms—

Her saddlebag slung over her shoulder Perdida was waiting for Jose where the road ended and the jungle began. He came trotting to her leisurely. He reined in beside her. Their eyes met. His glowed. Hers narrowed. Suddenly he bent down and stuck his hand between her breasts. Grinning contemptuously he looked at the knife he had taken from her. And threw it away. Without word he then grabbed her by the wrists and hoisted her up behind him. He shook the reins. The horse moved on. They entered the jungle. Again he reined in, and turned back in the saddle. Their eyes met. His were calm, devoid of any malice or passion. They shone honestly in his scarred halfbreed face. Hers were burning.

"What say?" she hissed.

He shook his head.

"Go your way," he said calmly. "I don't want you—no, not doglike. Go."

Fire left her eyes and blood her face. She couldn't stand his honest eyes. She bowed her head. She listened to her feelings. She hated him. She loved him. She despised him. She wanted him. He was a bully. He was a good man. He was a man.

"Ride on," she said quietly, "I'll follow you woman-like." ⋕

Time for the Pie-Boy

Continued from page 37

the men shouted at their helpers and often swore at them.

It sometimes seemed to Danny, too, that the very lumber they worked with shared their dreary bad tempers in the afternoons. It was then that you got material badly seasoned or viciously grained.

No sooner had the plank started past the saw than it began to bind and warp together, holding onto the revolving circular blade. It would begin to mount up on the saw and by its binding grip begin creeping back toward the sawyer, driven toward him by the whirl of the teeth. The sawyer would swear at his helper and shout, and throw his weight against the plank. The boy behind the saw would pull and try to wedge the saw-line apart to free it from the saw. They would sweat and strain at it, fighting the machine, knowing the terror of a piece of lumber racing away out of control if they had to let go.

It was then that Danny knew truly that their work was dangerous. If he let go, his sudden quitting would be too much on the sawyer. The timber would bind, and it would shriek back at Big Tim, driving him in the chest, sometimes shooting clear across the mill like an arrow driven from a huge bow.

The sawyers knew that if they let go first, the boy might be dragged on the saw. Big Tim and Danny had an unspoken pact between them. They never quit on a piece of lumber if it could be battled through. If it crept back despite all they could do, Big Tim would give the signal—a wild yell. Then they would both jump away together to safety. The saw would yell and scream and the released plank would crash across the room.

After that all the men would laugh and whistle, because it was all over. Then they felt better.

But sometimes they didn't laugh. Danny had seen those times. You heard saws stopping and voices shouting, and a knot of men holding someone's hand, tight, to stop the arteries. They would be holding him and running to the office.

And you could go to the saw and see there, on the steel table top, some things that had been fingers, alive and feeling and quick, a few seconds before. Danny had seen those fingers, and he always wondered at them because now they were bloodless, they became snow white. They lay there beautiful and white like a gentleman's fingers, and having no relation to the man you knew so intimately and well, and to whom they had once belonged.

This did not happen often, but it happened often enough for everyone to remember and think about. And it was in the long afternoons, when the hours would not go any faster no matter how hard you wished and wished, that all this was remembered.

But this sawmill had found a way to defeat the afternoons with the pie-boy. That way instead of long hours of nothing but work, you could say to yourself: "Only an hour and ten minutes now, and the pie-boy goes out." And after he had gone, you could say: "Only

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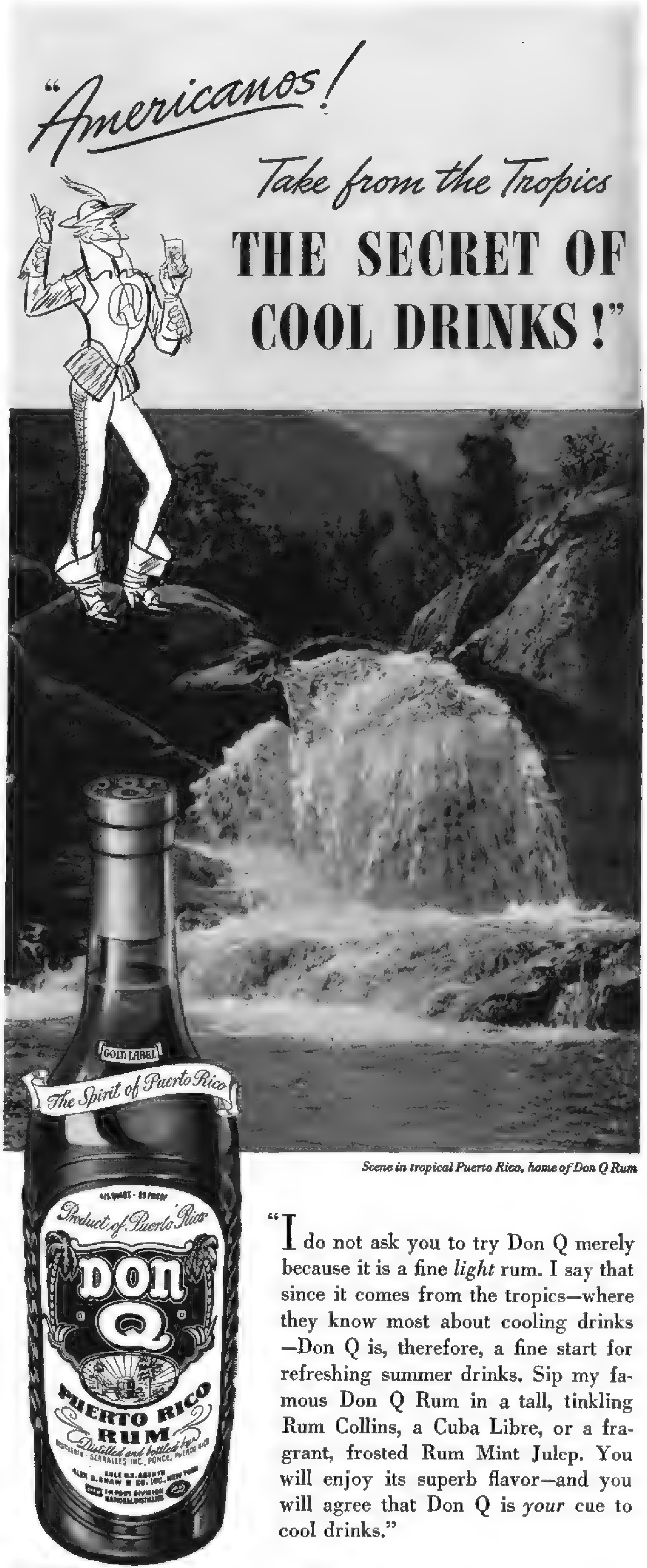

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89 PROOF

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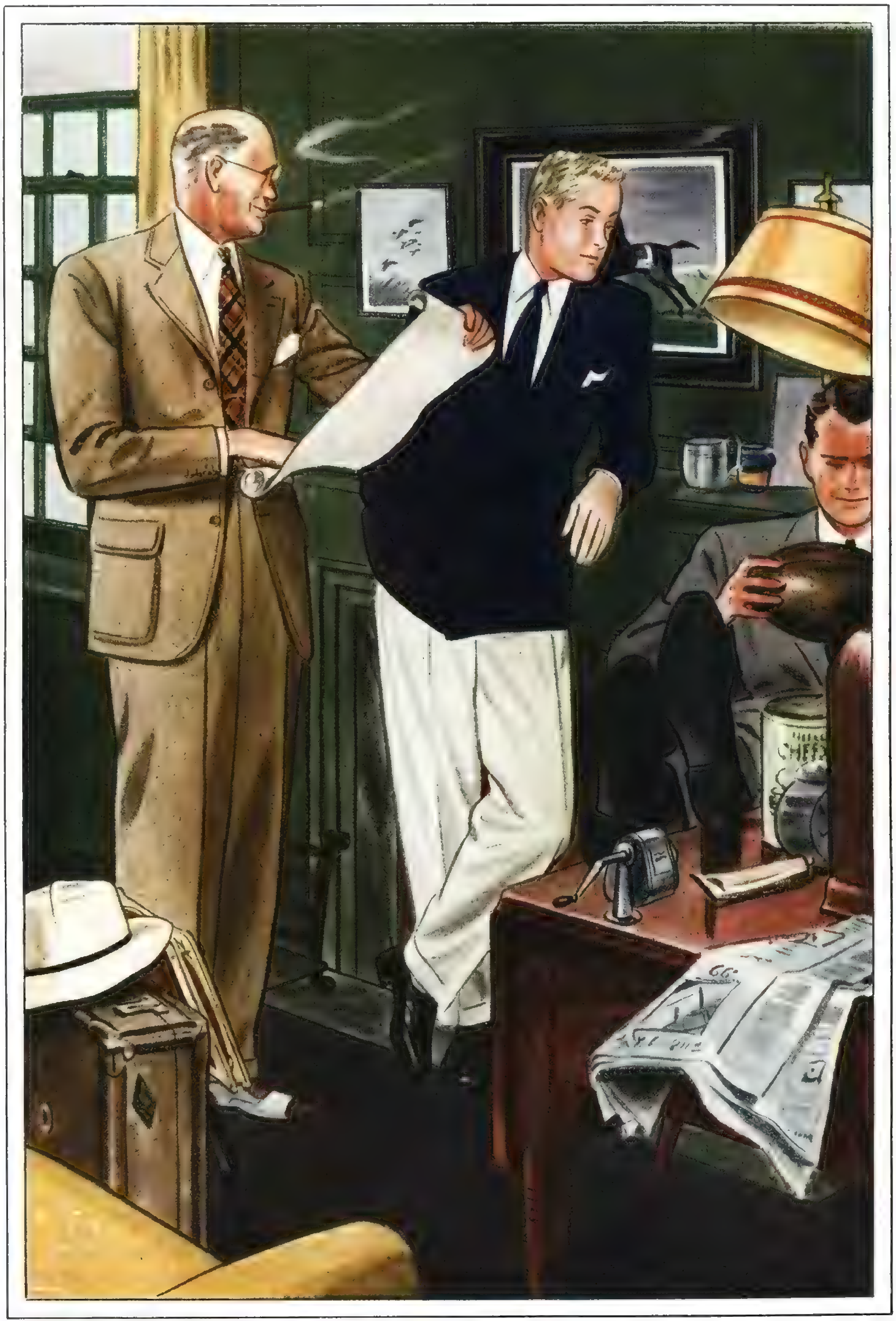

PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE BY FRANK LEMON

FOR COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES, THIS IS IT

The young fellow, who has just returned from prep school commencement exercises and seems pretty unhappy about the whole thing, is wearing the conventional graduation day outfit consisting of a double breasted blue jacket, white trousers, white shirt, dark tie, black shoes and that's that. Four years seems a long time to wait for a chance to wear this outfit. The pater offers more to go on, what with his three-button single breasted natural tan gabardine suit, ivory colored silk shirt with lounge collar, India madras tie, brown and white sports shoes and panama hat over there on the suitcase. Gabardine suits are as popular as they ever were, and just as versatile. The jacket to this suit, for instance, could be worn informally with virtually any type of lightweight washable or flannel trousers, and it is no more than fair to add that the trousers to the suit go just as well with any type of summer jacket.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Time for the Pie-Boy

Continued from pages 37-169

a couple of hours more now, and then it's 'most quitting time."

On Bluebottle's second afternoon Danny took his turn as pie-boy. He got the orders and the money, and remembering how much of each thing he must bring, he started through the lumber piles to the fence. And there Bluebottle stopped him.

"Where are you going?" he asked very sternly.

"To buy something," Danny told him.

"Well, you can go right back. We'll have no more loafing and time wasting. It's to stop things like this that I've been put in charge here. You're here to work, do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm glad you do. Now go back to work."

Danny went back, somehow shamefully, and Bluebottle followed him. The boy didn't attempt to speak to anyone or give them their money back. The men all saw this and were proud of Danny, because they knew that that way he was keeping all the blame to himself and not letting Bluebottle find out just what men had sent him. That made it all the worse for Bluebottle, because just in proportion to the way they felt Danny was showing what they thought of as sporting spirit, so they felt Bluebottle was unsporting in a reverse manner.

Now all this was a small matter, no doubt, but the men didn't feel it was. They felt they had an established right to send out a pie-boy.

They had never spoken to anyone about it—they had never talked about it themselves, and yet they all knew, almost automatically, the delicate rules connected with it. They knew that the bosses knew they did it, but they knew too that they had to pretend the bosses didn't know.

They way they figured it, it was all right to send the pie-boy as long as only one boy went, as long as he went out only once in the afternoon, as long as he went when the foreman wasn't looking, as long as he went through the hole in the fence instead of through the front gate, and as long as he never brought in any beer. No one had told them all these things. They had just made them up as being square and fair to themselves and the mill and the bosses and the foremen.

And now Bluebottle had upset the whole thing. So they felt it was up to them to get even with Bluebottle. And they took the only means they knew.

The next afternoon at three o'clock, Big Tim sounded off as usual. Bluebottle heard all the men howling like wolves, a meaningless sort of glad chorus:

"Ay-ioooo!"

He went to the lumber yard and watched the gap in the fence to see if a boy went out. Then, suddenly, he heard a roar of saws, and then a diminuendo whine, and then silence on the first floor. He hustled in and saw the men all sitting on piles of lumber, and the boys lying on piles of sawdust.

Big Tim was nearest the door, so Bluebottle tackled him.

"What's going on here?"

Big Tim figured that he was only paid to work, not to talk if he didn't want, so he just motioned with his thumb down the room. Bluebottle stared hard at him and went to the next man.

"She's busted," he told Bluebottle, also jerking his thumb.

Bluebottle went to the end of the room and saw the main belting was broken.

"Well, why doesn't somebody fix it?" Bluebottle asked.

"Foreman's job," a man said.

That wasn't exactly true. It was nobody's job; but the old foreman, being a good hand, had always fixed any belts that snapped. Bluebottle didn't know this. He was so angry at seeing all the production time being wasted, that he set out in a hurry to fix the belt. The men were so angry at Bluebottle that they didn't tell him where he could find belt-lacings and the punch, as they might have done. They just sat there and winked at each other and grinned, and thus they wasted nearly a half-hour while Bluebottle found the tools and fixed the belt and found the engineer to have him stop the main shaft a moment till the belt was put on.

The next afternoon the same thing happened. Shortly after Big Tim howled the pie-boy yell, there was a whine and a silence, and again the belt was broken and the machines idle by the time Bluebottle got there.

Of course, the new foreman suspected by this time that the sawyers were banded together in a campaign against him, so he determined never to take his eyes off them.

The following day he patrolled up and down the room, never leaving them. So the men began a go-slow campaign, a thing all workmen can do very cleverly. (The machines must be oiled more frequently, the belts must be touched up with dressing more often, men make a great show as if they are working top speed, but the work doesn't come out fast, that's all.)

The men did this so well that Bluebottled was fooled. But he wasn't going to let up. As three o'clock drew near, he stationed himself near Big Tim and Danny, and stood, watching them. Big Tim was too wise to yell with the foreman there, knowing as all workmen do that their only strength in a disobedience campaign lies in the complete anonymity of unity. So at three o'clock, instead of yelling, he walked over to where he had a thick piece of heavy-grained hardwood waiting in readiness. He hefted it carefully, to give the other sawyers time to see him, and to get their

Continued on page 172

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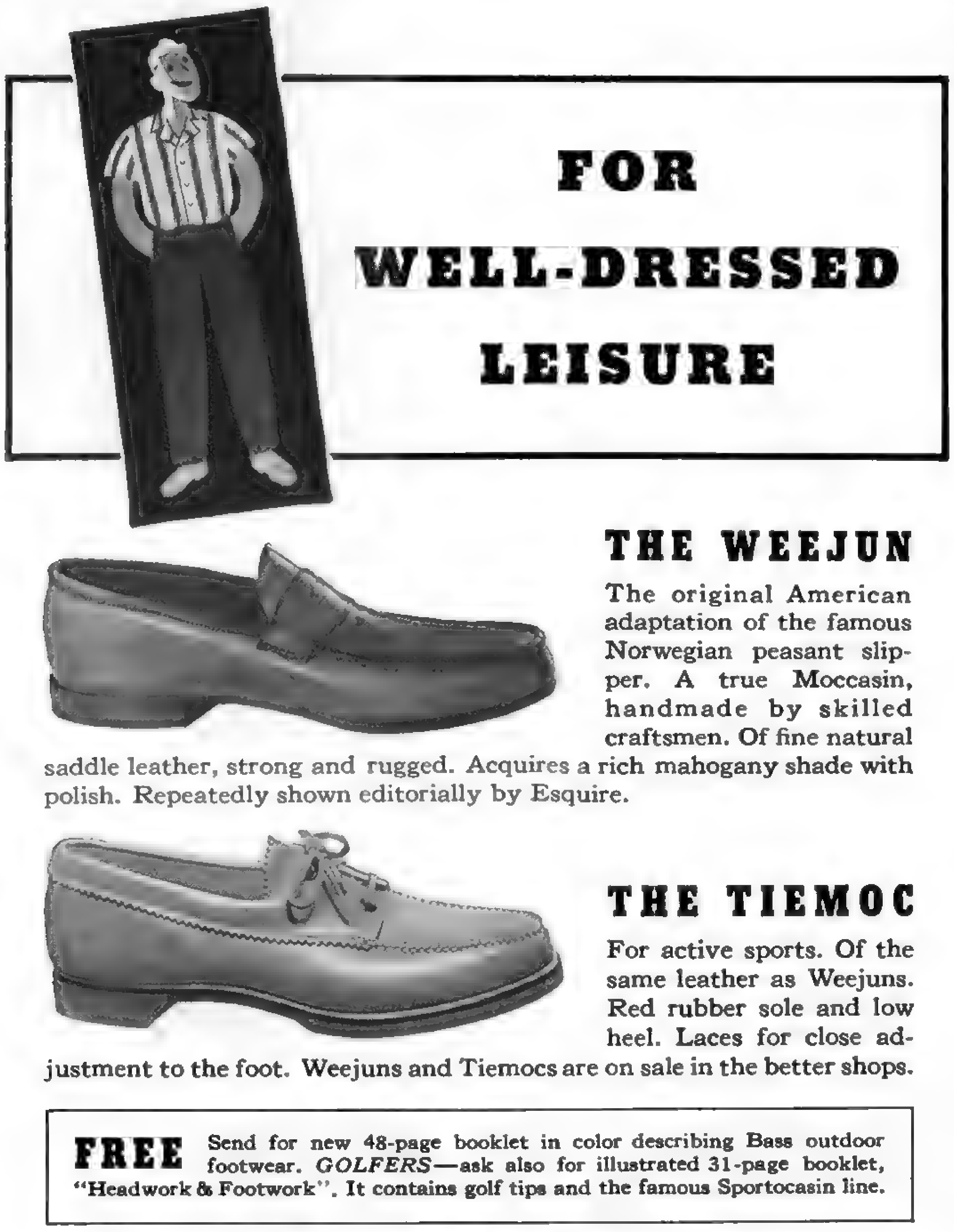
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Time for the Pie-Boy

Continued from pages 37-169-171

own pieces ready. He dusted off the platen of the saw as if to clear it—but really to let the other men get ready, too.

It was a most beautiful piece of teamwork, for this time there was no shouted signal. The men just watched Big Tim from the corners of their eyes, and when he pushed against the saw, they all pushed with him.

The sudden jam of tough wood on every saw in the room was too much for the main belt. It screeched, and then broke.

Big Tim looked up in surprise, as if he had never expected it, and then pretended to see Bluebottle for the first time.

"Well," he said. "If it hasn't been and gone and done it again."

Of course, by that time, Bluebottle knew what the men were doing to him. He didn't know why. He had no idea it was because of the pie-boy. But he knew they were against him. After he fixed the belt (and he was becoming more expert) he told Big Tim that they weren't to saw hardwood all together.

"I can't hear you," Big Tim said. So he shut off his saw, and that wasted more time.

Bluebottle gave orders to each sawyer that he would have no more belt-breaking "by accident."

"Well, what if we have to saw some hardwood?"

"You'll saw it separately," Bluebottle ordered. "You needn't all saw hardwood together."

This, of course, gave the men the chance they'd wanted to devil Bluebottle some more. Every time they had a tough piece of hardwood, they'd make a great show of looking all round to see what the other men were sawing. If they saw another man with some hardwood, way on the other side of the room, they'd wait punctiliously till he was through. They worked this so well, that by careful scheming, sometimes one man was sawing and half a dozen were waiting for him to get through. The production schedule fell so low, that finally the Old Man came down from the front office. As he came in the door he saw Big Tim waiting.

"Hello, Tim," he said.

"Howdy Mr. J," Tim said.

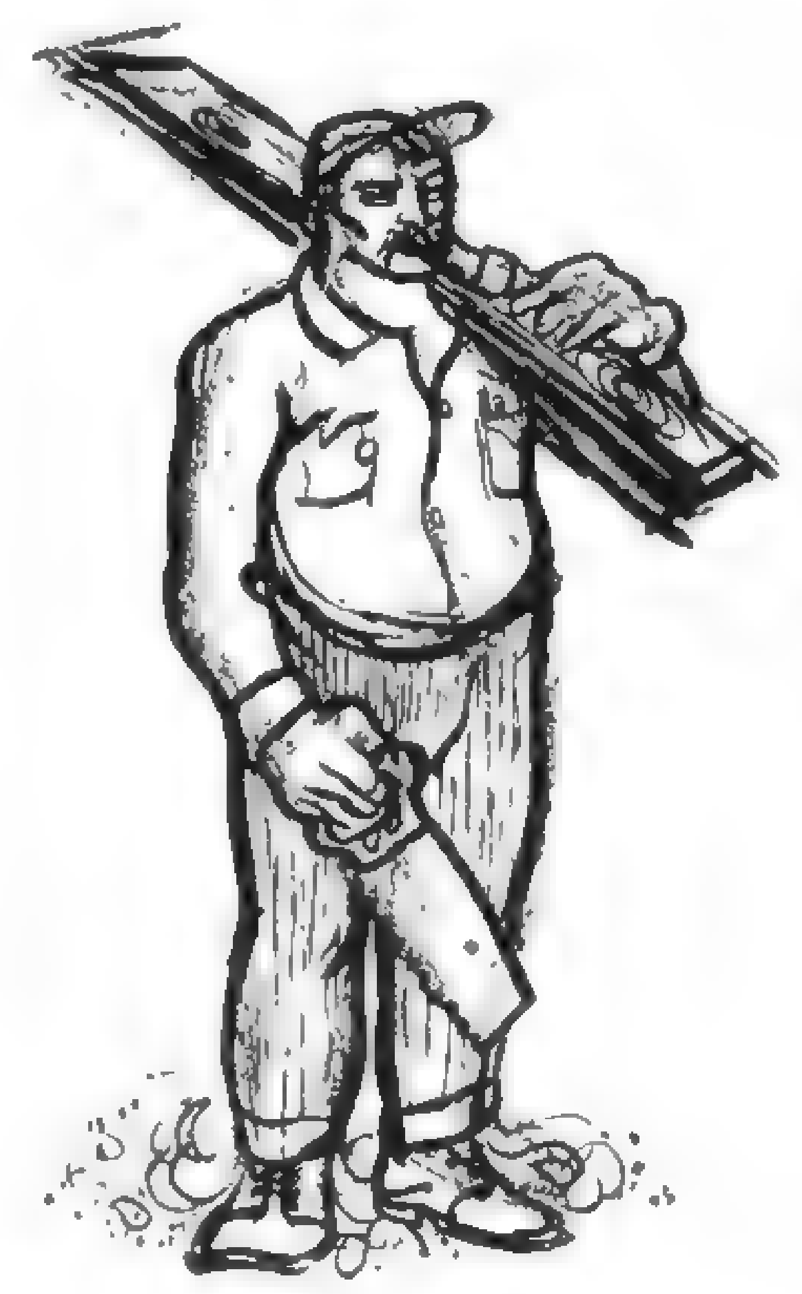
"Nice day," the boss said.

"Middling," Tim agreed.

"Where'd all the lead come from?"

"Lead? What lead?" Tim asked.

"What lead? Why goddam you, the lead you got in your pants, Tim."



"Oh, that," Tim laughed. He spit tobacco juice on a sawdust pile. "I was just waiting for the other saws to get clear before I started."

"What the hell! What're you giving me?"

"Them's orders," Tim said.

Then he went back to work, only this time he really worked, because the Old Boy knew every way of faking that was ever invented—and could have shown them a couple of ways they hadn't thought of yet.

After a while Tim looked over and being a daring man, he said to the Big Boss:

"You don't happen to have a chew of tobacco on you, do you?"

Without a word the Old Man passed over his plug. Tim took a whale of a bite and went back to work. The Old Man walked out and never a word more was said.

The next Monday morning, however, Bluebottle didn't show up. Instead there was another new foreman. He wore an old ragged coat and cap and a pair of corduroy trousers. When he came in the mill he stopped a minute and looked at Big Tim. Tim looked back at him and finished his piece of lumber. Then he spat into a pile of sawdust and looked at the new foreman. The new man didn't say anything. All he did was spit right at the same pile. Danny, behind the saw, could see the two spots, only about an inch apart, two stains of brown tobacco juice. When he looked up again the new foreman was on his way and never showed up again that forenoon.

At three that afternoon, Big Tim looked at his watch. And all of a sudden, he let off his yell just the same as it used to be. And all over the mill you could hear the other men yelling and howling the same way, in a glad sort of a way, that meant to everyone it was three o'clock and the back of the afternoon was broken.

Then, in a cheerful, kidding sort of way, all the men began shouting:

"Who's the pie-boy? Come on, hurry up! Who the hell's the pie-boy?"

"Is it me, or did the last time count as a turn?" Danny asked.

"I guess it's you again," Big Tim said.

So Danny got the orders and went out through the fence, and ever after that it was the same way every afternoon, with the pie-boy going out and breaking the afternoon and helping the men forget that the hours were long and the work hard and dreary. ⌗

Do Animals Think?

Continued from page 72

was hardly a pleasant sight—these battles between the wild and the tame. The big domestic would rear up to strike, and the little one would dive for the throat, often tearing out the windpipe in one bite.

Some of the wild stallions were known as strippers. When the domestic stallion reared up to strike, the wild stripper would seize a foreleg in his teeth, throw the big one, and before he could regain his feet, would dive in often with one vicious bite, perform the same operation the squirrels do. But in the case of horses, the victims of strippers usually died. Not all horses would do this; only certain individuals seemed able to reason the thing out, and I believe that applies to other animals as well.

A wise, old buck deer will often out-reason a whole regiment of hunters. For many years he may escape the deadly bullet, to die of old age, having left a record that even Geronimo couldn't match for craft. When these old bucks are hunted and hard pressed, they are usually watching the hunters all the while. Instinct can hardly explain a buck deer with the courage and cunning to watch his murderous assailants and outwit them rather than flee from a territory he likes. He has no doubt been surprised several times and seen at close range, but in making his escape he will always, if at all possible, keep some object between the hunter and himself, preventing an effective shot.

When a wise buck beds down for the day he first tests the wind and then hunts out some well protected spot, usually overlooking a valley. He lies down in such a way that every sense he possesses can be used to best advantage. He lies with his back to the wind, since his sense of smell is far more effective than all other senses combined, and down-wind is the most dangerous point, since up-wind scents are borne to him immediately. He watches the trail by which he reached his bed, using his ears as well.

Wild horses and deer will often range in the same locality because they are mutually protective. The horse has better eyesight and the deer better ears. Also, the deer has "ears in his feet." He is capable of sensing through the nerves of his legs the slightest footfall on the ground. If the horses snort a warning the deer leave, and if the deer gives the warning the horses are gone for that reason. It is almost impossible to approach within rifle range of deer and wild horses when both are in the same locality.

The great antler development of the deer family does not serve to protect the female and her young, but to insure that the fittest will survive and mate. At the time the young are born the males have no antlers and nature has provided other means of protection for the young. The male deer are terrible fighters during the mating season, and whenever possible they injure each other sexually, which results in a cactus buck, so called because of the freak formation of the horns that develops after injury to the sexual organs. The horns of the cactus buck can never be shed and grow to resemble a form of cactus. Sometimes, the desert cactus is responsible for these vital injuries, hence we call them cactus bucks.

The fawns or infant deer have their own protection. They are born with spots and their color blends with the dry leaves where the doe hides them while she goes for water or food. The spots resemble sun spots filtering through the trees. The camouflage is so perfect that it is very difficult to find the fawns even after one sees the mother hide them. As long as the spots remain, which is usually about three months, their little bodies throw off no odor, and an animal can't locate them by scent.

What every naturalist would like to know is what the mother doe tells her babies when she leaves them. She always hides them separately, and they will not move until she returns. A man can pick up a fawn, carry it a short distance and set it down, but the fawn does nothing. It can't understand the reason for the move and doesn't know what to do. The fawn has the man scent, however, and will follow one like a dog, provided you haven't hurt it any.

When the mother hides her fawn it will not move until she returns for it, but if we take the fawn into some bushes, lay it down, fold up its legs and press its head back against its side, it will stay there indefinitely, or as long as we do. When we leave the fawn will follow, and there is no use taking it back where the mother left it, for it won't stay there. Some understanding exists between the mother doe and her baby, something that man can't interfere with.

It is almost impossible for a human being to imitate the sound a mother doe utters when she leaves her fawn. Yet the fawn knows what it means, and the mother remembers what she has said. If she comes back and finds you playing with the fawn, the pleading expression in her eyes is a language in itself. But the fawn, like a human child, isn't old enough to reason like his mother. He follows the strange human who has apparently befriended him. It sometimes requires several hours before the fawn discovers that the mother-calls are not coming from its strange human benefactor, since the mother dares not come near enough to assert herself.

But if there is a little wind, and the fawn is worked around so that the mother's scent is borne to him, he will look in her direction, then one can slip out of the picture quietly, watching the happy reunion from a distance. The impression that remains, however, after such an experience, is that the doe undoubtedly speaks a lan-

Continued on page 174

Betty Grable in her California styled—
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Betty Grable—Romantic star of the screen—now featured in Paramount's "College Swing"

Stars say—"the men started something on Coronado Beach! All Hollywood is wearing Coronado Suits—they're so smart—so cool—so grand for sports, and just everyday relaxing. And that mannish swagger is devastating!" When Hollywood "discovers" a style, then it's a *"must have."*

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Pants waist (28-30-31-32-33-34-36-38-40-42)
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Bradley SPORT INFORMALS

Do Animals Think?

Continued from pages 72-173

guage that the fawn understands.

The females of many creatures will try to make a man believe they have been seriously injured and crippled to get one to chase them and decoy him away from their young. A doe will sometimes drag a leg and move off seemingly at a serious disadvantage. Follow her, try to catch her, and she will barely keep beyond reach, until she has decoyed her pursuer far from the spot where her fawns are hidden. Then, suddenly, she is gone like a flash, using all four legs.

Last spring I came upon a hen turkey feeding with her brood of little turkeys. They were perhaps a week old. I counted nine one time and fourteen another. Their little, brownish bodies blended so perfectly with the ground, dead leaves, tree trunks and rocks, that I could not see them except when they moved. The hen turkey was talking all the while in a comforting way, but when she saw me she said "put!" and those little turkeys seemed to fade away into the ground. I was looking at them when it happened. They did not run and at the very instant she uttered the sound, she threw a fit, flopping her wings with neck stretched out along the ground. As I approached, she moved off, hobbling and flopping about. I almost had my hands on her several times. For a quarter-mile she kept up the farce, then, suddenly, she came out of it, took several long strides and sailed off across a narrow canyon. I went back and looked for the little turkeys and might have found some, but was afraid I would step on them. I hid in the brush and waited. In less than ten minutes the old hen stuck her head out of the bushes and said "put!" and the ground seemed to come alive with little turkeys as they ran to their mother. I again counted them. There were fourteen.

Another time I lay in an old log cabin many miles from civilization. I had been mauled and left for dead by a grizzly. My nurse and cook was a cowboy who spent most of his time on the range with the cattle. I spent six weeks in that lonely shack, and if it hadn't been for the friendly skunks, chipmunks and trade rats, I believe I would have lost my mind.

When Curly, the cowboy, laid me on that bunk I was more dead than alive. Blood from scalp wounds had run down over my face and dried in strips. While Curly was gone for a doctor, the trade rats and skunks cleaned off and ate the dried strips of blood, even up in my matted hair. At first I fought them, then the light went out and I remember very little until hours later a doctor came. The little animals had cleaned all the dried blood off my face and head, yet they had not bitten me. As I got better they paid me daily visits and shared my meals. The skunks and rats came at night, and the chipmunks in daytime, and it was fun to watch them. A handful of crumbs thrown on the floor was sure to start a fight. They would stand on their hind legs and square off like prize fighters, only their little hands were always open, fingers extended. Instead of punching, they slapped and scratched.

One little mother would call her tiny babies from a hole in the corner of the shack and all the others stood aside until these little fellows, no larger than mice, ate their fill. At a word from the mother, the little ones would go, and would never return unless she called them. Chipmunks chatter a lot, especially when fighting. I don't know what they said, but it sounded like a lot of cussing.

A little, spotted skunk became very tame. He came early in the evening, just about sundown. He would run up and down, back and forth on my body until I moved, then jump over on a bench beside a tin box in which I kept my food, and look back at me pleadingly with his black, beadlike eyes. Sometimes I was actually asleep and he would awaken me with his cold nose against my face or neck. Once he startled me and I slapped him clear out into the middle of the floor. Yet he made no scent and acted just like an affectionate dog one has punished.

The last few nights I spent in that shack the skunk did not go home at all. After the evening meal he would crawl under the blankets and sleep until about daylight.

Skunks are not so dumb either. In trapping for small animals, skunks are often caught, whether we want them or not.

Their odor is useless against a steel trap and no one knows that fact any better than the skunk himself. He may suffer all kinds of torture from that trap, yet he will not use his powerful scent which is his only protection, but let man or any living enemy show up on the scene and they will get sprayed just as sure as they get in range.

When the skunk came into existence there were no steel traps. It takes reasoning for a skunk to determine that his scent can have no effect upon a mechanical device.

All animals show amazing evidence of reasoning power, not always so primitive either. A herd of domestic range cattle may be feeding on a high mesa. Wolves are numerous and hungry and it is a long way to water, probably several miles. The calves are young, all about the same age, too small to follow their mother far. The cows must have water or else they will have no milk for the calves.

Watch closely and you will see something of remarkable interest. First one cow and then another will walk up and nose her calf, uttering a little sound, and then walk straight away, often never looking back. But the calf doesn't attempt to follow. Presently, another cow will do the same thing.

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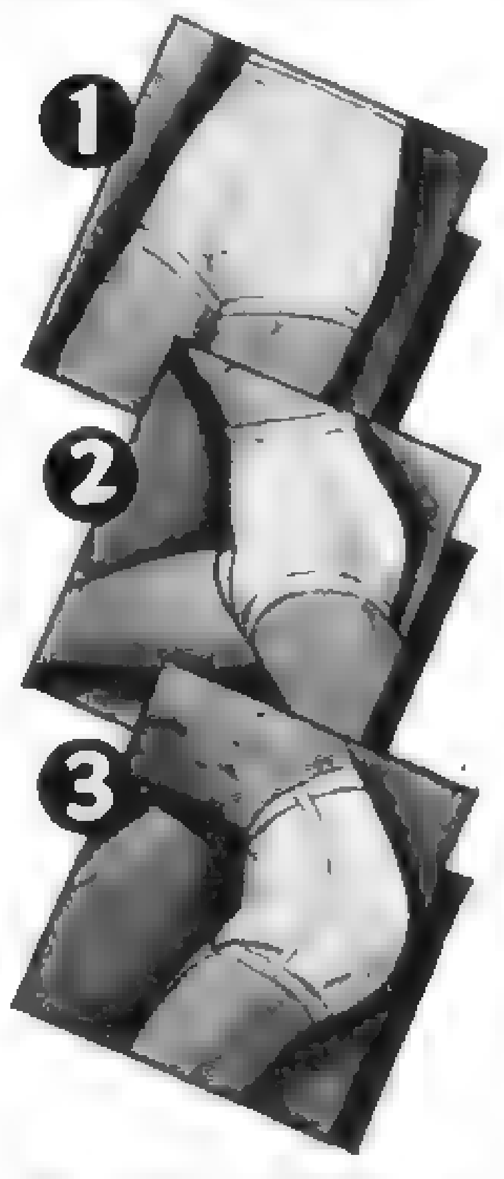

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Bradley SWIM TRUNKS

A cow may start off and her calf follow. She turns, makes a sound and the calf runs back with the others. This continues until at last there is one old cow with fifteen or twenty calves playing around her. The other cows have all gone over the ridge out of sight. It might be instinct that the calves should stay behind, but it is stretching instinct considerably to say that it prompts that one old cow to stay and watch calves that do not belong to her. Some understanding must have passed between the old cow and those that went for water. Not until the others return does the old cow go for water. The calves were of course safer on the high mesa, as the wolves were hunting in the brushy, low country and near the water.

I have seen range cows do this many times, and we know, or think we know, that the cow is one of the dumbest of the dumb animals. If, by chance, while the old cow is watching, the wolves do come up on the mesa, they are met by one of the fiercest fighters they ever tackled. The old cow will defend that bunch of calves to the last, calling for help all the while, with the calves bunched around her.

Nature is full of just such evidence that seems to prove that animals reason out various actions, as well as respond to instinctive urges. We are not intelligent enough to communicate beyond our sphere. Can we expect more of animals? Even students of wild life can understand little enough of what they see. Animals aren't students, so how can we expect them to tell us what they think?

Most of us think of animal life as something rather simple and elementary. But the more we know of animals, the surer we are that they have thought processes just as intricate for their purposes as our thoughts are for our purposes. ⌗

The Upstart Champion

Continued from page 90

average player found baffling after years of persevering effort brought him to the attention of everyone interested in court tennis. In 1880 he was so highly regarded as a coach and player that he was put in charge of the new court built at the Newport Casino, serving there in the summer during the social season. The Boston Athletic Association opened its court in 1888 and engaged his services and in 1904 he was to take charge at the Boston Tennis and Racquet Club, which he served until 1927, when he was pensioned. But that is getting ahead of our story.

Three years after the opening of the Newport court, or seven years after he had started his apprenticeship in the game, Pettitt was so outstanding in court tennis that it was arranged for him to go abroad. It had been years since an international match had been played and Pettitt's appearance in England aroused keen interest and curiosity to see what kind of a game this first professional from the States had to offer.

Pettitt met leading amateurs and professionals in both England and France. His tour was a success, but the British did not take kindly to his style. His play was regarded as something of a monstrosity by those schooled in the graces and polish of the classical game. When he went into the court where such ultra stylists as the Hon. Alfred Lyttleton had charmed the dedans with the delicacy and artistry of their quiet strokes and opened up with the thunder of his terrible smashes, he fairly scandalized the English critics, who regarded him as a bull let loose in a china shop.

A writer in the *Saturday Review* tells us: "His style on his first appearance in England was strange, wild, barbaric, untutored and apparently developed out of an inner consciousness . . . He was warmly welcomed, but met with small favor from the cold eye of criticism, which was offended by the eccentricities of his play, some of which clashed irreconcilably with the pure traditions of classic canons of taste in tennis."

The Hon. Neville Lytton, in his book, *The English Country Gentleman*, had this to say of Pettitt: "Then Pettitt appeared on the scene. He had quite different principles. He was revolutionary, almost a bolshevist. He used to say, 'When I get a fair sight of the ball, I hit it, and I hit it damned hard.'"

Pettitt's critics, however, were to recant. For, two years later he was to reveal a polish and mastery of the classical style of game equal to anything to be seen in England. With his remarkable control of the ball and his tremendous force in hitting for the openings, he was ready to take on the world's best on even terms. So, through the efforts of Dr. James Dwight of Boston, a challenge match was arranged with George Lambert, the holder of the world's title.

The match was held in May, 1885, at Hampton Court, the same court where pages and maids of honor had watched Henry VIII perform, with Cardinal Wolsey looking on through the grille.

The championship contest was played for three days. Lambert won five of the first six sets and needed only one more to clinch the title. He looked to be a dead cinch. But then Pettitt, discarding his violent tactics and playing more and more steadily and elegantly, turned the tide. The combination of his withering speed with his almost faultless control, his inexhaustible vitality, his beautiful footwork and his unsurpassed match play temperament, made him unbeatable. He won six sets in a row to carry off the championship and became the first player from America to win the crown.

So, nine years after he had walked into the Buckingham Street

Continued on page 176

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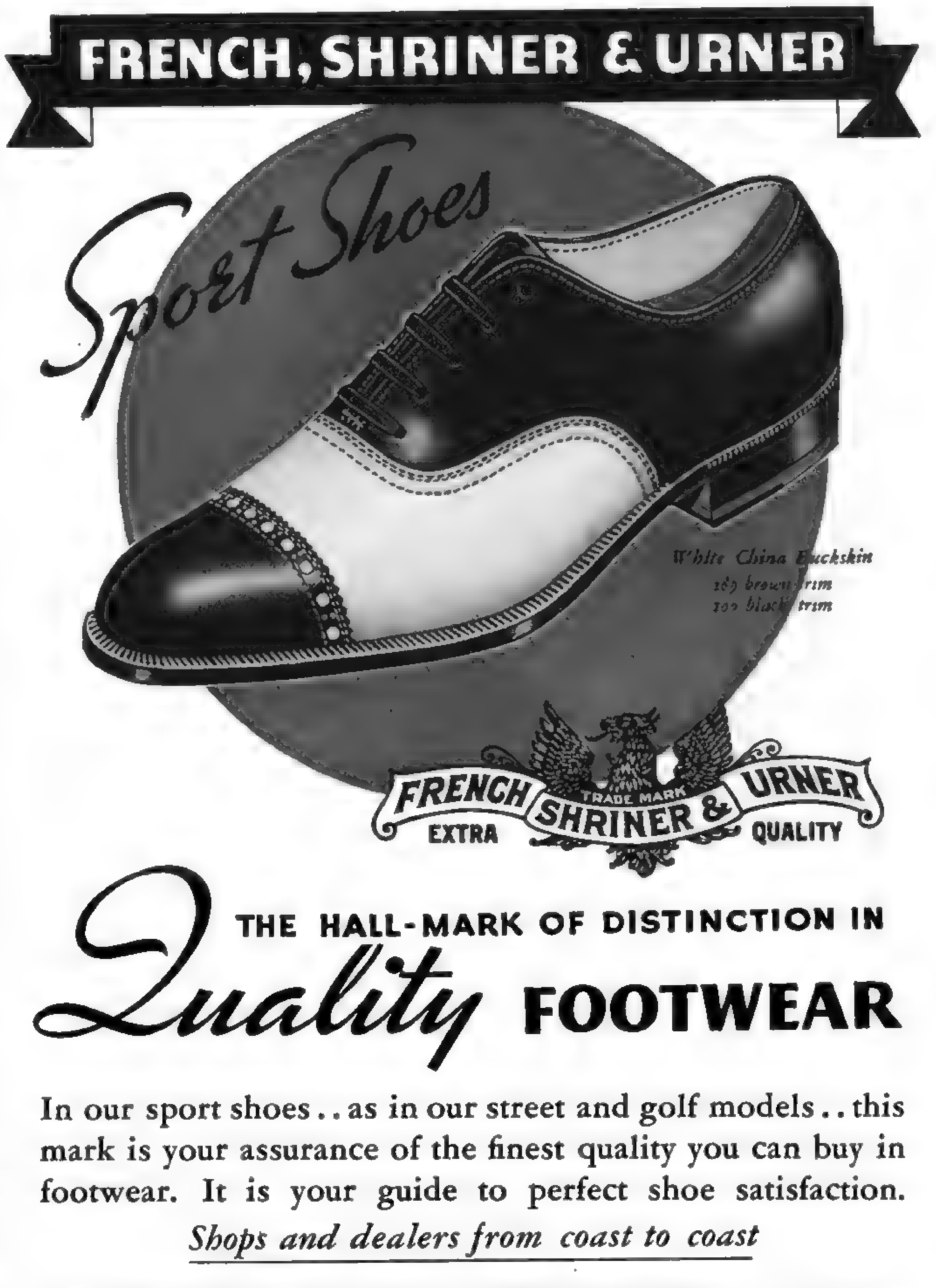
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The Upstart Champion

Continued from pages 90-175

court to begin the chores of locker boy, Tom Pettitt found himself a world's champion in one of the most exclusive and difficult of sports, a reigning sensation lionized by the nobility in clubs and private ancestral halls that had seemed as inaccessible as the stars when he had walked the streets of London as a penniless urchin. Invitations to play in England and France poured in upon him. The London press was filled with laudatory accounts of his prowess and skill. Lord Salisbury, in whose court he had trained for the championship, took a strong fancy to him, and many a bubbling glass was lifted to the young American who had been called a barbarian two years before.

Through it all, Pettitt kept his leonine head, wearing his honors simply and unaffectedly and entering into the conviviality with a wholeheartedness that established him all the more strongly in favor. He loved life and good living. He was a great fellow for parties and he could stand with the best of them in or out of the court. People were attracted to him for his natural, winning qualities and they did not forget him.

In 1890 Pettitt was challenged by Charles Saunders, then the professional champion of England. The match was staged in Sir Peter Guinness' Dublin court, which was made of black marble. The terms of the match prescribed that neither of the contestants could practice in the court before the championship. The strangeness of the court and the fact that French balls were used may have been responsible for the bad start Tom made. He lost the opening test by 3 sets to 1 but then rallied to win the next two blocks by the same score, to retain his title by 7 sets to 5.

Upon returning to the United States, Pettitt resigned, but in 1898 he came out of his retirement to challenge Peter Latham, the new holder of the championship. Tom by now was past his prime while Latham, who combined the style of the ancients with the strength of the moderns and was rated as the greatest player of both racquets and court tennis that ever lived, was just reaching the plenitude of his powers.

Pettitt was beaten badly, but the defeat failed to detract from his stature in court tennis. He never played again for the crown, but for years he remained an active figure in the game in Boston and Newport, appearing in exhibition matches at the opening of new courts.

The feats that he performed in some of these exhibitions added to the luster of his fame until he became a legendary figure around whom were woven tales that spread and grew with each retelling like the folklore and chansons of the middle ages. His stunts in the court had to be seen to be believed.

Today, whenever old-timers gather to reminisce they never tire of telling how he used to play on roller skates or with a soda bottle, or with the sawed-off handle of a racquet or the arm of a chair. He was within half fifteen as good with his left hand as he was with his right. He played Foxhall Keene on roller skates and the latter thought it was the greatest tennis Tom ever put up. He played Payne Whitney with the arm of a chair at Newport and for a year after Mr. Whitney, a great admirer of the old champion, supplied Tom with a daily bottle of champagne and a bird to pay off their bet. John Davis of the Racquet and Tennis Club will tell you how old Tom used to put bottles on the ledge of the dedans and knock them off from the other side of the court, one hundred ten feet away, calling his shots before the ball left his racquet.

At racquets Pettitt was almost as good as he was at court tennis and he could have been better had he given himself to the sport. He defeated Albert Wright and George Moore, two of the foremost professionals, a year after he had first played the game, and put up a stiff fight against George Standing, the best in this country. At cricket he was a wonderful player, as the late George Wright of Longwood could have testified. Any bat and ball game to which he turned his hand was duck soup to this great old warrior, who forced one opponent—Tompkins of Brighton—to walk out of the court, protesting that it was too dangerous to play against such speed.

With his wonderful eye and sense of timing and his tremendous strength and agility, Pettitt could undoubtedly have made his mark in professional baseball no less than he did in the tennis court. The pity is that his great talents should have been lost upon the crowd in a game that is a closed book to all but a handful despite the fact that it has all the fascination and dramatic appeal of lawn tennis and far more variety of strokes and profundity of tactics.

But Old Tom has no regrets. He has lived a full life, had a lot of fun and made a host of friends on both sides of the Atlantic. He didn't get rich, but riches couldn't have bought the experiences that came to him.

And the clubs to which he rendered faithful service for nearly half a century have seen to it that he will not want for anything in his declining years.

For all his seventy-seven years and his snow white hair and handlebar mustachios, he gets around and makes himself useful and his mind is remarkably clear and alert to matters of the moment, crowded though it is with memories of the days when Victoria ruled at Buckingham Palace but Old Tom of Beckenham and Buckingham Street, Boston, held sway in his own court. #

Mr. Cagney Is Tough Enough

Continued from page 93

they were the Western and the serial rolled into one, with headlines instead of history in the background.) There he was, this bantam, lean and swift in his movements, being tough and standing up to hard men; he was so good that for a time he wiped off the record all the photographs we had ever seen of actual gangsters; he was so good that he created one of the extremely rare exceptions to the rule that what you remember of a talking picture is always something seen, not something heard; his cry near the very end, "Maybe I wasn't so tough!" is remembered; but best of all is the total memory of the figure moving, with concentrated purpose, knowing where to go and what to get, and going and getting it.

After that, they had him slapping women around (the grapefruit in the face was in *Public Enemy*) until it became news when a woman slapped him in a picture; they had him playing hard and masterful little guys with Pat O'Brien as his partner; they had him driving a truck or a taxi; they had him hard-beset in *Ceiling Zero*. Looking them over, you say that the films, after the first one, weren't so much; but he was in in them. During his exile he made a picture in which he was a municipal inspector of weights and measures, and even that was palatable because he was there, moving. Mr. Reinhardt who made everyone else proceed magnificently through *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was beaten by the comedians, Cagney among them, who stuck to the rhythm and pace of the movies, and were the best element in the picture. So long as Cagney is allowed to move, expressively, you have the groundwork of a good movie; he was born for the movies, because whatever he wants to say, he says by movement. His gait, the hunch of his shoulders, the way he turns, the jab of a finger, the cocking of his head, are all exactly what the movies require. There aren't half a dozen players on the screen who come within fifty feet of him in the variety and range and expressiveness of movement.

When he was in New York, just before returning to Hollywood, he spent a lot of time at the American School of the Ballet; he watched Paul Draper dance; he went to see the great master of controlled movement, Uday Shankar. I am pretty sure that if the right thing had come along at the moment, he would have returned to dancing professionally. He had danced, and well enough, in his last picture; he could say a lot, dancing. But I'm glad he went back to the pictures. No one is quite indispensable, but the movies need Cagney badly; they need the kind of intelligence about people and situations which shines through all his appearances.

That is the entertaining paradox of the whole business, that Cagney, who conceals his personality, has a thousand times the reality of those who exploit theirs. That makes him a living lesson in the art of acting—which few will bother to learn. And they won't get instruction from him, except by watching. He takes nothing to himself. On the day he saw Shankar dance, a friend took him backstage and a news photographer snapped a picture of Shankar and Cagney together. A woman, a lover of art I am sure, turned to Cagney and asked him how he got into the picture with Shankar. "I happened to be standing there," said Cagney. The woman turned away, remarking, "Oh, I thought you were someone I ought to know." "Not at all," Cagney threw after her.

But the newsboys and bootblacks on the street had recognized him and shouted to him, and he had answered them, with pleasure. ###

The Beautiful White Horse

Continued from page 63

The horse will let me ride, I said.

We shall see, he said. Don't forget that I have a way with a horse.

Well, I said, any way you have with a horse, I have also.

For the sake of your safety, he said, let us hope so. Get down.

All right, I said, but remember you've got to let me try to ride alone.

I got down and my cousin Mourad kicked his heels into the horse gently and shouted, *Vazire, vazire*, run, run, and the horse stood on its hind legs, snorted, and burst into a fury of speed that was the loveliest thing I had ever seen.

My cousin Mourad raced the horse across a field of dry grass to an irrigation ditch, crossed the ditch on the horse, and five minutes later returned, dripping wet.

The sun was coming up.

Now it's my turn to ride, I said.

My cousin Mourad got off the horse.

Ride, he said.

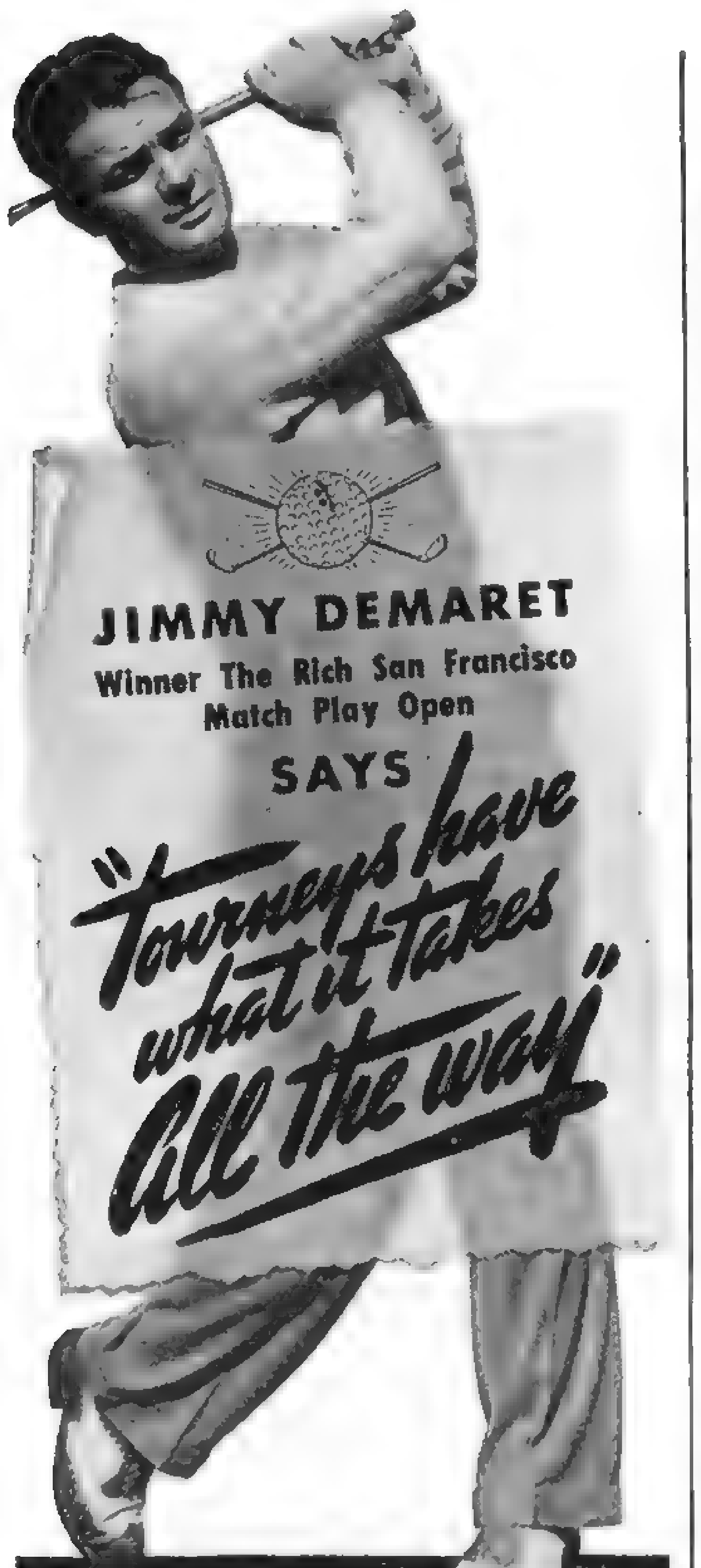
I leaped to the back of the horse and for a moment knew the awfulest fear and loveliest delight imaginable.

The horse did not move.

Kick into his muscles, my cousin Mourad said. What are you waiting for? We've got to take him back before everybody in the world is up and about.

I kicked into the muscles of the horse. Once again it reared, snorted, and then flew into a furious pace. I didn't know what to do. Instead of running across the field to the irrigation ditch the horse ran down the road to the vineyard of Dikran Halabian where

Continued on page 178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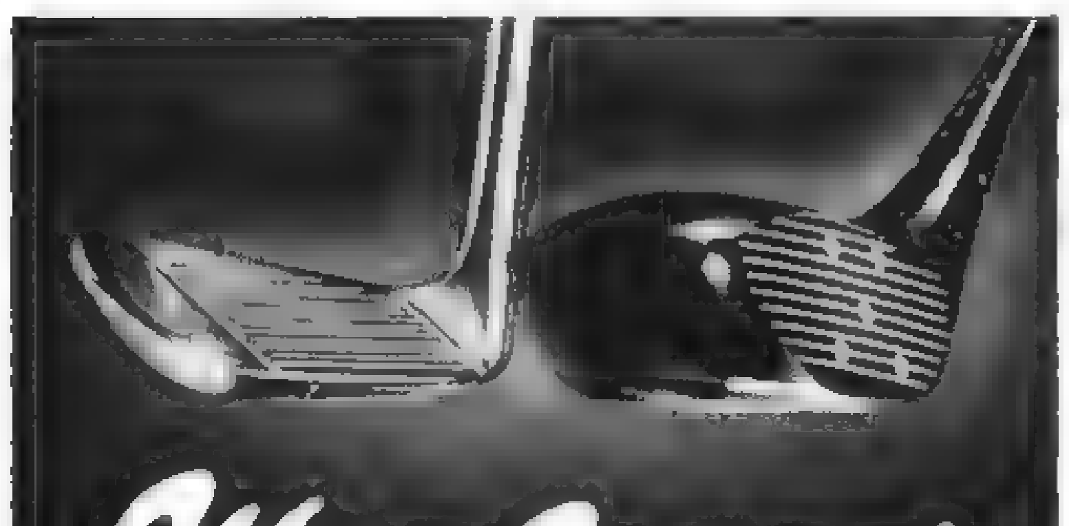

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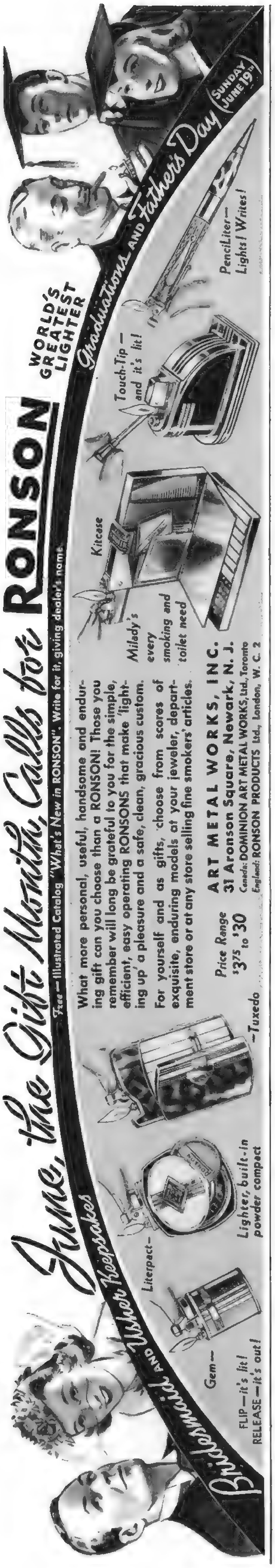

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The Beautiful White Horse

Continued from pages 63-177

it began leaping over vines. The horse leaped over seven vines before I fell. Then it continued running.

My cousin Mourad came running down the road.

I'm not worried about you, he shouted. We've got to get that horse. You go this way and I'll go this way. If you come upon him, be kindly. I'll be near.

I continued down the road and my cousin Mourad went across the field toward the irrigation ditch.

It took him about an hour to find the horse and bring him back.

All right, he said, jump on. The whole world is awake now.

What will we do? I said.

Well, he said, we'll either take him back or hide him till tomorrow morning.

He didn't sound worried and I knew he'd hide him and not take him back. Not for a while, at any rate.

Where will we hide him? I said.

I know a place, he said.

How long ago did you steal this horse? I said.

It suddenly dawned on me that he had been taking these early morning rides for some time and had come for me this morning only because he knew how much I longed to ride.

Who said anything about stealing a horse? he said.

Anyhow, I said, how long ago did you begin riding every morning?

Not until this morning, he said.

Are you telling the truth? I said.

Of course not, he said, but if we are found out, that's what you're to say. I don't want both of us to be liars. All you know is that we started riding this morning.

All right, I said.

He walked the horse quietly to the barn of a deserted farm which at one time had been the pride of a farmer named Fetvajian. There was some feed and hay in the barn.

We began walking home.

It wasn't easy, he said, to get the horse to walk through the streets so quietly early in the morning. At first he wanted to run, but as I've told you I have a way with a horse. I can get him to want to do anything I want him to do. Horses understand me.

How do you do it? I said remembering the horse jumping over grape vines and throwing me.

I have an understanding with a horse, he said.

Yes, but what sort of an understanding? I said.

A simple and honest one, he said.

Well, I said, I wish I knew how to reach an understanding like that with a horse like that.

You're still a small boy, he said. When you get to be thirteen you'll know how to do it.

I went home and ate a hearty breakfast.

That afternoon my uncle Khosrove came to our house for coffee and cigarettes. He sat in the parlor, sipping and smoking and remembering the old country. Then another visitor arrived, a farmer named John Byro, an Assyrian who out of loneliness had learned to speak Armenian. My mother brought the lonely visitor coffee and tobacco and he rolled a cigarette and sipped and smoked, and then at last, sighing sadly, he said, my white horse which was stolen last month is still gone. I cannot understand it.

My uncle Khosrove became very irritated and shouted, It's no harm. What is the loss of a horse? Haven't we all lost the homeland? What is this crying over a horse?

That may be all right for you, a city dweller, to say, John Byro said, but what of my surrey? What good is a surrey without a horse?

Pay no attention to it, my uncle Khosrove roared.

I walked ten miles to get here, John Byro said.

You have legs, my uncle Khosrove shouted.

My left leg pains me, the farmer said.

Pay no attention to it, my uncle Khosrove roared.

That horse cost me sixty dollars, the farmer said.

It's no harm, my uncle Khosrove shouted.

Sixty dollars is a lot of money, the farmer said. Enough, my uncle Khosrove roared.

He got up and stalked out of the house.

My mother explained.

He has a gentle heart, she said. It is simply that he is easily irritated.

The farmer went away and I ran over to my cousin Mourad's house.

He was lying under a peach tree, sleeping.

What is it? he said.

The farmer, John Byro, I said. He visited our house. He wants his horse. You've had it a month. I want you to promise not to take it back until I learn to ride.

It will take you a year to learn to ride, my cousin said.

We could keep the horse a year, I said.

My cousin Mourad leaped to his feet.

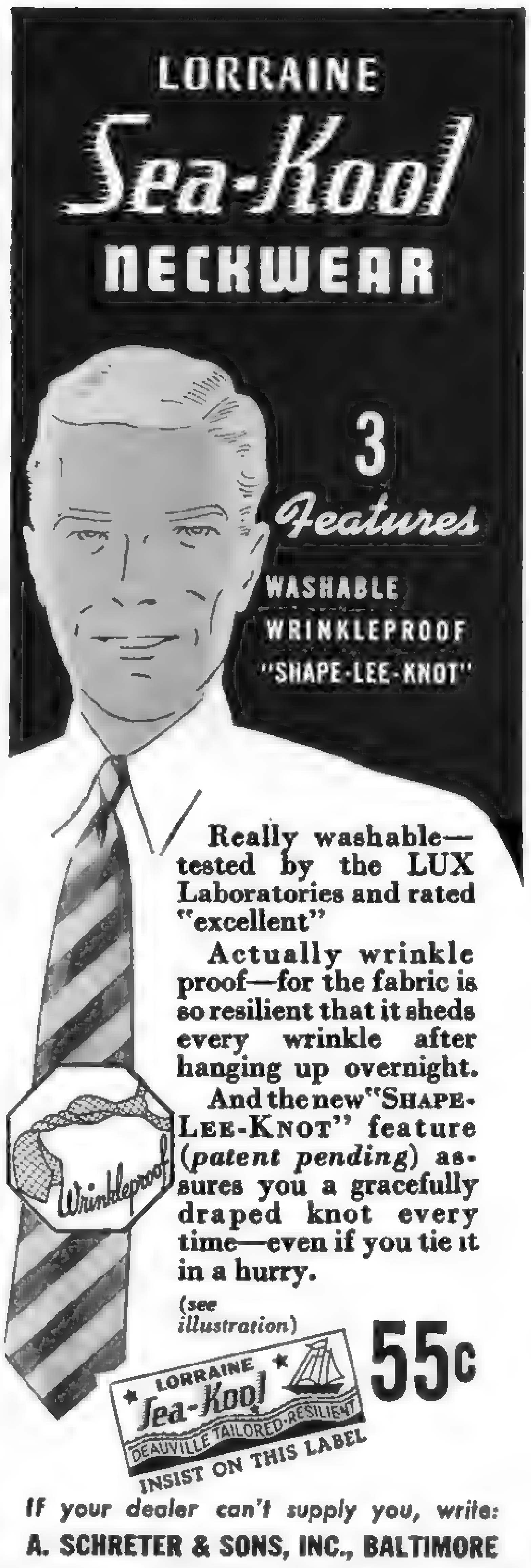
What? he roared almost exactly like our uncle Khosrove. Are you inviting a member of the Garoghlanian family to steal? The horse must go back to its true owner.

When? I said.

In six months at the latest, he said.

Early every morning for two weeks my cousin Mourad and I took the horse out of the barn of the deserted farm where we were hiding it and rode it, and every morning the horse, when it was my turn to ride alone, leaped over grape vines and small trees and threw me and ran away. Nevertheless, I hoped in time to learn

Continued on page 180



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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

THE VOICE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

There's a unique record shop in town which specializes in the sale of *discontinued* vocal and voice recordings by the greatest operatic singers and prominent theatrical and political personages. The man who runs it, started several years ago digging up old records for his friends, then got the idea of doing it on a larger scale. He has regular flat disc records, many originally recorded at the turn of the century, and even old cylinder types. He'll sell you an antiquated Edison, complete with morning glory horn to play them on.

Records are divided into groups, the rare items of the earliest series and later rerecordings or series of the same recordings. One record company had the foresight to keep the original "factory masters," and as a result, repressings can be had of the early rare items, but without the original labels. Rerepressings of such factory masters can now be sold at a fraction of the cost of the original record and label. For example, a collector could get a recording by Giraldoni, great Metropolitan Opera baritone, chosen by Puccini for the role of Scarpia in *Tosca*. A great many vocal students are avid collectors of these old records, they use them to study the technique of the great voices of the past.

Records by such artists as Caruso, Farrar, Melba, Amato, etc., can be had, as well as recordings of the voices of Sarah Bernhardt, Theodore Roosevelt, Warren G. Harding, Rudolph Valentino and others. Shortly, the shop will have two recordings by Enrico Caruso, Jr., son of the great tenor. The release will be limited to 1,000 copies, by subscription only, each record personally autographed to the purchaser by Mr. Caruso.

PIN THE DOG DOWN

When our English brethren train a gun dog, they put him on a leather leash which contains a sturdy steel thong in a sheath. At a stand, the patent pin is slipped out of its sheath and thrust into the ground, firmly holding the dog in position.

PICK THE WINNAH, FOLKS!

How do you bet on the horses ... through tips, hunches, horses' names or dreams? In practical day-by-day handicapping to determine selections for play, it is necessary to use some reasonably expeditious method for grading the entrants in a race. Seems that there's a new book out called "Winners," written by a veteran horse player, in which he expounds a clear, workable method for a betting basis for track wagers. He asserts that accurate use of his figures will reveal the real contention of any predictable race and will show at once and when and whether a race is too close between horses to permit even the logical making of a bet. All this information for one buck.

DID YOU EVER DRINK A BANANA?

You can do it. Fred Waring, big band man has turned out a little invention which is not only an electrical mixer but also a liquifier of solid vegetables, fruits, nuts, etc. Consists of a motor unit chrome covered base on which rests a 2-qt. crystal glass jar. Beaters of the mixture, 2 small stainless steel blades and arms, project up through the bottom of the glass jar. The concentric, circular shape of the walls of the glass jar are such that when the action of the blades throws the carrots, spinach or banana against the jar, they are immediately thrown back against the blades again until they are in a pureed state.

CHIMES ACROSS THE SEA

Of course you've seen Warner Brothers' "Fools for Scandal," starring Carole Lombard and Fernand Gravet. The chimes you hear are those of Sacré Coeur, historic Montmartre cathedral, among the most individual chimes in Europe. A French sound crew recorded the Sacré Coeur chimes at noon. Difficulties were encountered immediately because the chimes are particularly deep and not easily recorded. A new microphone development made possible the faithful recording of the Sacré Coeur chimes, which were "dubbed in" in the proper place in the picture.

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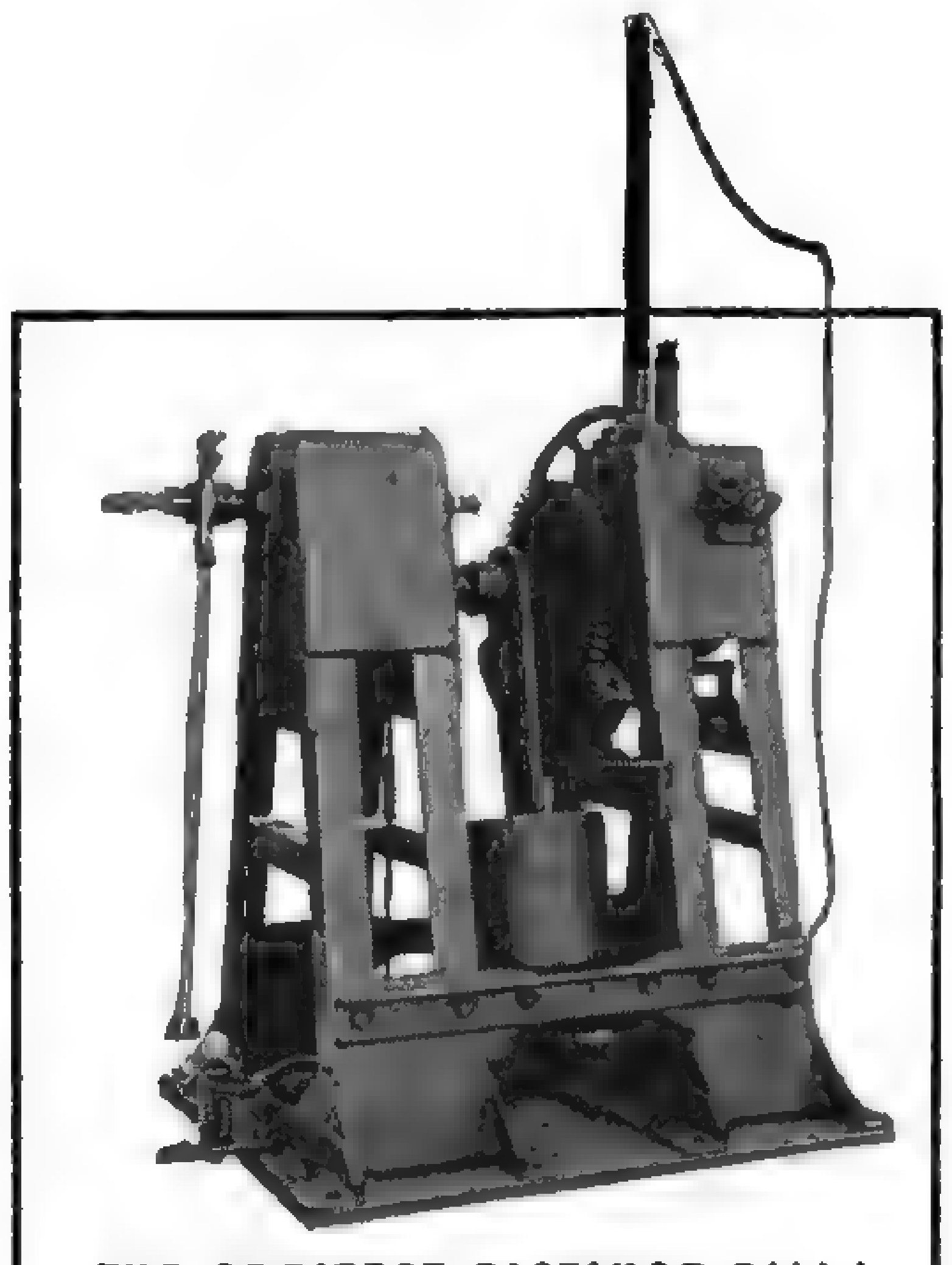

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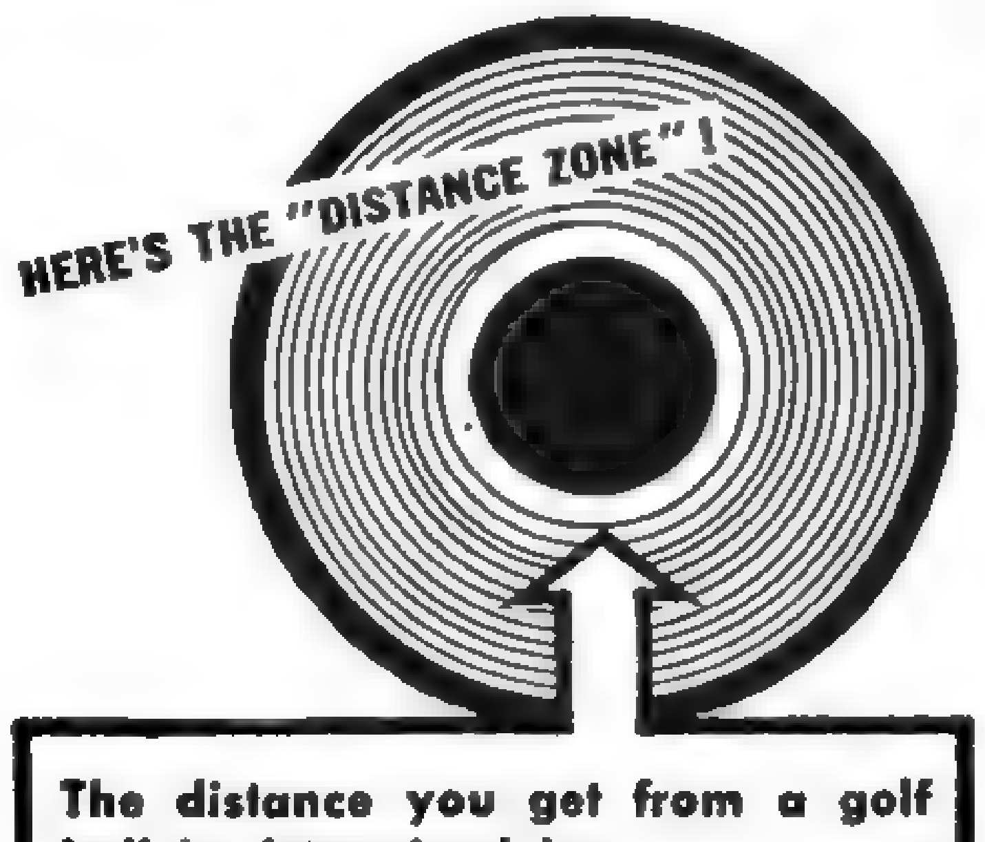

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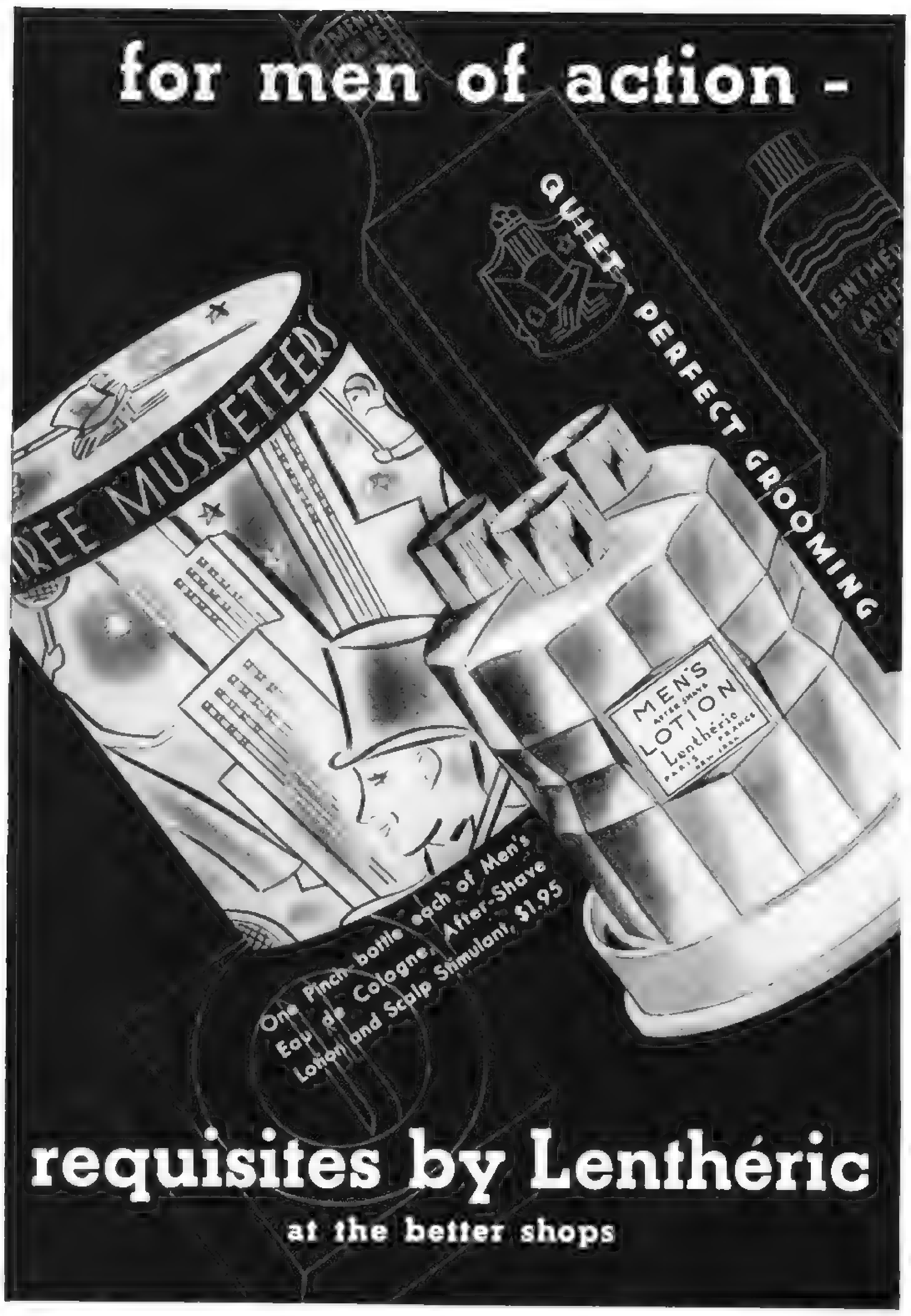

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The Beautiful White Horse

Continued from pages 63-177-178

to ride the way my cousin Mourad rode.

One morning on the way to Fetvajian's deserted farm we ran into the farmer John Byro who was on his way to town.

I became very frightened.

Let me do the talking, my cousin said. I have a way with farmers.

Good morning, John Byro, my cousin said to the farmer.

The farmer studied the horse eagerly.

Good morning, sons of my friends, he said. What is the name of your horse?

My Heart, my cousin said in Armenian.

A lovely name, John Byro said, for a lovely horse. I could swear it is the horse that was stolen from me many weeks ago. May I look into its mouth?

Of course, Mourad said.

The farmer looked into the mouth of the horse.

Tooth for tooth, he said. I would swear it is my horse if I didn't know your parents. The fame of your family for honesty is well known to me. Yet the horse is the twin of my horse. A suspicious man would believe his eyes instead of his heart. Good day, my young friends.

Good day, John Byro, my cousin Mourad said.

Early the following morning we took the horse to John Byro's farm and put it in the barn. The dogs followed us around without making a sound.

The dogs, I said to my cousin Mourad. I thought they would bark.

They would at somebody else, he said. I have a way with dogs.

It was sad leaving the magnificent white horse. My cousin Mourad put his arms around the horse, pressed his nose into the horse's nose, patted it, and then we went away.

That afternoon John Byro came to our house in his surrey and showed my mother the horse that had been stolen and returned.

I do not know what to think, he said. The horse is stronger than ever. Better tempered too. I thank God.

My uncle Khosrove who was in the parlor became irritated and shouted, Quiet, man, quiet. Your horse has been returned. Pay no attention to it.

That summer of the beautiful white horse was the happiest I ever knew, even if I never did learn to ride. #

The Ones That Got Away

Continued from page 75

time, you'd be plowing along, flat sea, not a fish in sight, and wham! Some of the fishermen along the shore used to tell us this time and again. It's the ones you don't see who hit your hook. And they were right, with one exception.

The exception proved to be a hell of a lot of fun even if we did lose six fish within ten minutes. It was a broiling afternoon and we were far off, just Oskie and I. Oskie, lunch-filled, was asleep in one of the fishing-chairs, cradling a rod in his arms, its butt in the chair-socket. I was doing the helm-trick, bracing it against my leg while I stood up to peer over the top of the hunting-cabin forward. We were heading northwest for the shore and home when I saw a huge school of fish roughing the waters. I headed for them, figuring I'd wake Oskie when we reached them. But they were traveling faster than I thought and the first thing we knew, they were around us, under us, ahead and astern. All four lines went at once. Oskie nearly fell overboard. He came out of his sleep, hanging onto a bucking rod. When he saw what had happened, he cussed me liberally. He worked in the fish on his rod quickly, brought it right to the stern. I swung the gaff and missed because the tuna threw the hook and was gone. We each grabbed another rod. Oskie's kinked and broke his leader. Mine broke the nine thread. Meanwhile, the fourth fish had got rid of the lure he'd struck and all four lines were free again. There ensued frantic re-tackling. By the time we were ready to put the lines out again, the school had almost vanished. We went after them, but this time they gave us the cold shoulder and nothing we could do would make them strike. So we went home.

The moral is: don't be a glutton. One at a time and the hell with the others. Two men can't catch four fish and handle a boat at the same time. There was nothing wrong with the tackle in this instance. It was handled too fast and carelessly in the rush to boat them all. If we'd each played a fish apiece, we'd have landed a fish apiece and perhaps more when we located the school again. As it was, we lost a lot of lures *and* the fish too.

In September, we went out to Ambrose Lightship for the grandpappies of school tuna, the big boys. We went out fully expecting to break Francis Low's 705-pound record catch . . . well, hoping to, anyhow. Chumming is dirty work. If you hear of a guy who has chummed and caught a big fish, give him the credit due him. It amounts to this, simply: taking two to five hundred pounds of menhaden out with you in your boat, grinding this menhaden (moss bunker) in a meat grinder, scattering the remains upon the waters, hoping that this bait will bring a giant tuna to your hook which is sunk in a mackerel, floating fifteen feet or so off your stern.

Menhaden is an oily odorous fish and when you grind it up, it is plenty high. You go out and anchor, tossing around on a windy day. That's bad enough. Then you start grinding chum and throwing

Skipper swimwear

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waistline control—that's why these Skipper trunks of a new Lastex fabric, are so popular. They help you achieve the sleek lines of a boxer—and give extra protection for strenuous swimming and beach sports. Brocaded belt with cinch buckle. Built-in supporter. $3.00.

(Continued in column 4)

it overboard. This must be done steadily, since any break in the slick which the oily chum makes upon the sea will stop a tuna. They will not cross a break in the slick. You get nice and oily and bloody and smelly. It goes on until you get a strike. This may take you two weeks. It has taken some people two years.

The bait on your hook is a whole fresh mackerel. The hook should be 12/0 or 14/0 and should be passed through the back of the mackerel and out so that the fish faces away from the stern and the barb of the hook faces toward the stern. You have to tie some cork floats to your leader so that the bait will not hang too deep, but right up in the slick itself. Then you hope.

We had beginner's luck again. We went out in September with two hundred pounds of menhaden and started chumming. We had a fairly decent day for it too. We'd been at it an hour and a half when there was a swirl. We tensed and waited and sure enough, a big boy took the mackerel and started to run with it. Oskie had the rod, it was his turn up, and he socked the fish hard to set the hook. He set it all right because the bluefin started its run. And it ran. The line sang out like the very devil and Oskie was calling for the harness and settling back in the chair with a grin a mile wide on his face. I threw over the white barrel, ran for the harness and then stopped. I could tell by Oskie's expression, the fish was gone.

What had happened was simple, but it would be wise to remember it. We had tied the cork floats to keep the bait up right to the thread itself. The tuna had run so hard that the floats had cut right through the line. The way to do it right, we know now sadly, is to tie your floats to your heavy piano wire leader. Tie them with a frail piece of string. Then when the tuna runs, the leader cuts the string and the floats go free.

We didn't raise another baby like that for the rest of the season. Finally the northeaster blew in, and fishing for the year was over.

If you are going to fish for the big ones, chumming for them in this manner, proper tackle is necessary. You want the kind of tackle which gives the fish a sporting chance to get away and makes you be a smart fisherman to land him. Any other way isn't cricket. We actually saw anglers *handlining* school tuna one day when we were out, and we were so mad about it, we were going to cut across their lines.

For school tuna, a tip from six to twelve ounces is fine and the thread should be number nine. This makes for good sport. If you try and take a school tuna on a six ounce rod, you'll have your hands full but you'll have a lot of fun. Threads up to 18 are permissible, but 9 it seems to me is sporting with these fish. It gives them a chance to get away if you don't handle the drag correctly.

For giant tuna, a tip from 20 to 30 ounces is what you want, and personally, I'll take the 30 ounces without feeling unfair to the bluefin. The waters around Ambrose are deep and this works all to the tuna's benefit. It takes three to sixteen hours to land a big boy and you know you've been working hard when you're through. I can't forget Ding after two hours of that work. And I read recently where Mrs. Kip Farrington spent ten hours and thirty-five minutes catching a 493-pounder. She must have taken a terrific grueling and my hat, amateurish though it is, is off to her.

I think that 39-thread is big enough for any of the tuna around Long Island and Jersey. Tuna up to eight hundred pounds have been caught on it and that would prove the point. A 12/0 reel to take five hundred yards of it is essential. Sometimes the big fish will strip off the thread entirely and keep right on going. A heavy airplane wire leader, eighteen feet long with a 12/0 hook, rolling swivels which will turn with your fish and not kink the line or leader, are necessary.

The tuna is the back-breaker of all the game fishes. He does all his fighting in submarine fashion. There is none of the thrill and spectacular skittering and tail-walking of the sailfish, nor do you get the heart-pounding broach of the marlin. The bluefin tuna is terrifically strong and heavy. He is all head and girth and his body stops abruptly at the tail so that he is one huge chunk without any gradual tapering.

But he is definitely not a chunk in the clumsy sense of the word. His body, like all those of the mackerel family, is utterly streamlined and he is capable of tremendous runs and rushes. His strength is amazing. It often outlasts that of the weary fisherman who begins to wonder why the hell he ever got the damned thing on his line in the first place.

The tuna is like a bulldog. After you have socked the hook into his mouth, he will make a run, long or short, you've no way of telling. Following this, he dives to the bottom and stands on his head, sulking there. It takes dexterity and muscle to bring his head up. You do it by short sharp pumps the moment you can and they say it takes the heart out of him. Someone once told me a tuna rests two minutes for every one you do, and there's sense in it. You have to keep him coming all the time or he'll stay out there forever.

After you finally pump him in close to the boat the first time, he instantly breaks your heart by running out hard again, and you have to do it all over a second time. He hasn't seen the boat before and when he does see it, it scares him and he's gone like the wind.

It's a smart thing, when chumming, to drop your anchor overboard with its other end attached to a small white barrel. Then, when your fish strikes, you have only to throw the barrel over and

Continued at top of page 184

(Continued from column 1)

a novel tuck stitch weave adds character to these briefly cut Skipper trunks (by Wilson Brothers). Side-striped and belted in white. Handy slant pocket with button. Built-in supporter. Preferred colors are grey, maroon, navy and white. $2.00.

dual personality! This Skipper combination can be worn with or without the top—which zips off or on in a moment. Both shirt and trunks are self-figured with a raised ripple weave. Pure wool. Built-in supporter. Cinch-buckle belt. The set, $4.00.

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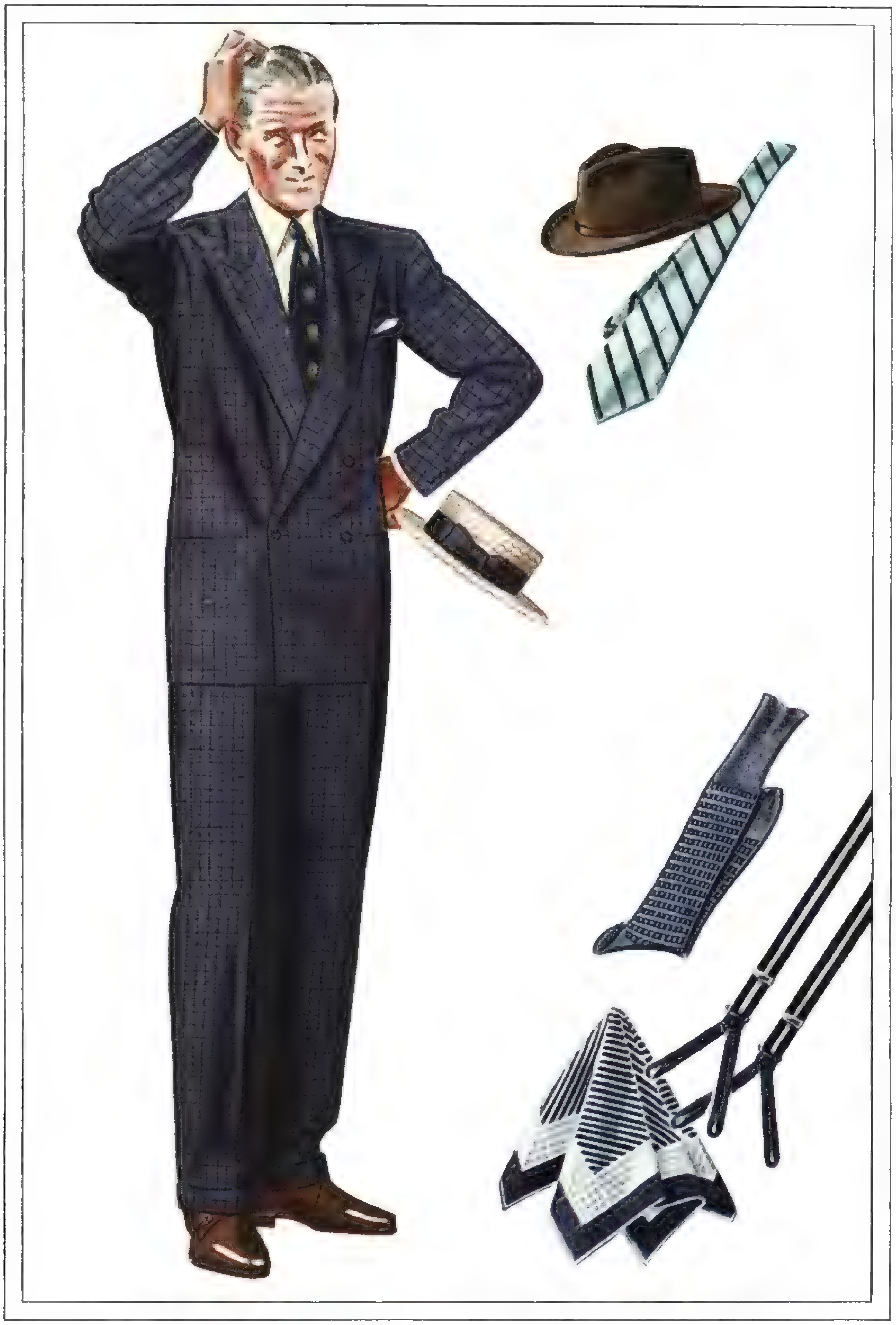
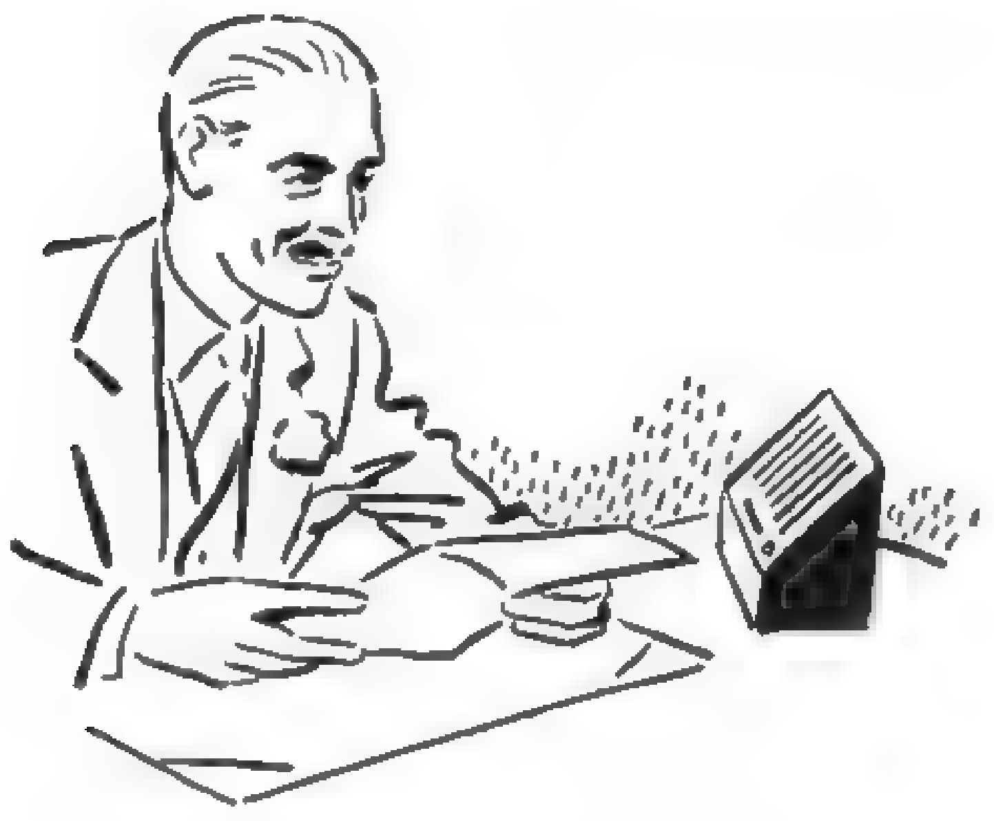


PRESTO CHANGO FOR SUMMER TOWN WEAR

Ensemble is an effeminate word, but there's a knack to the selection of accessories so that by clever juggling of the elements in the ensemble a man can get maximum variety out of a minimum wardrobe. Building around a four-button double breasted tropical worsted suit, one choice of accessories consists of ivory colored silk shirt with soft lounge collar, foulard tie in an unusual checkered coin spot pattern, sennit straw hat and shoes of lightweight calf, unlined, in monk front model. Floating off to the side are several alternatives, equally smart with this suit—lightweight cavalier hat, striped rep tie, lightweight lisle ribbed hose and striped cotton handkerchief. The narrow, striped braces are extra. Either combination makes a practical outfit for any summer town occasion. Needless to say, ample forethought has been accorded throughout to the importance of Keeping Kool.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



OFFICE INTER-COMMUNICATION

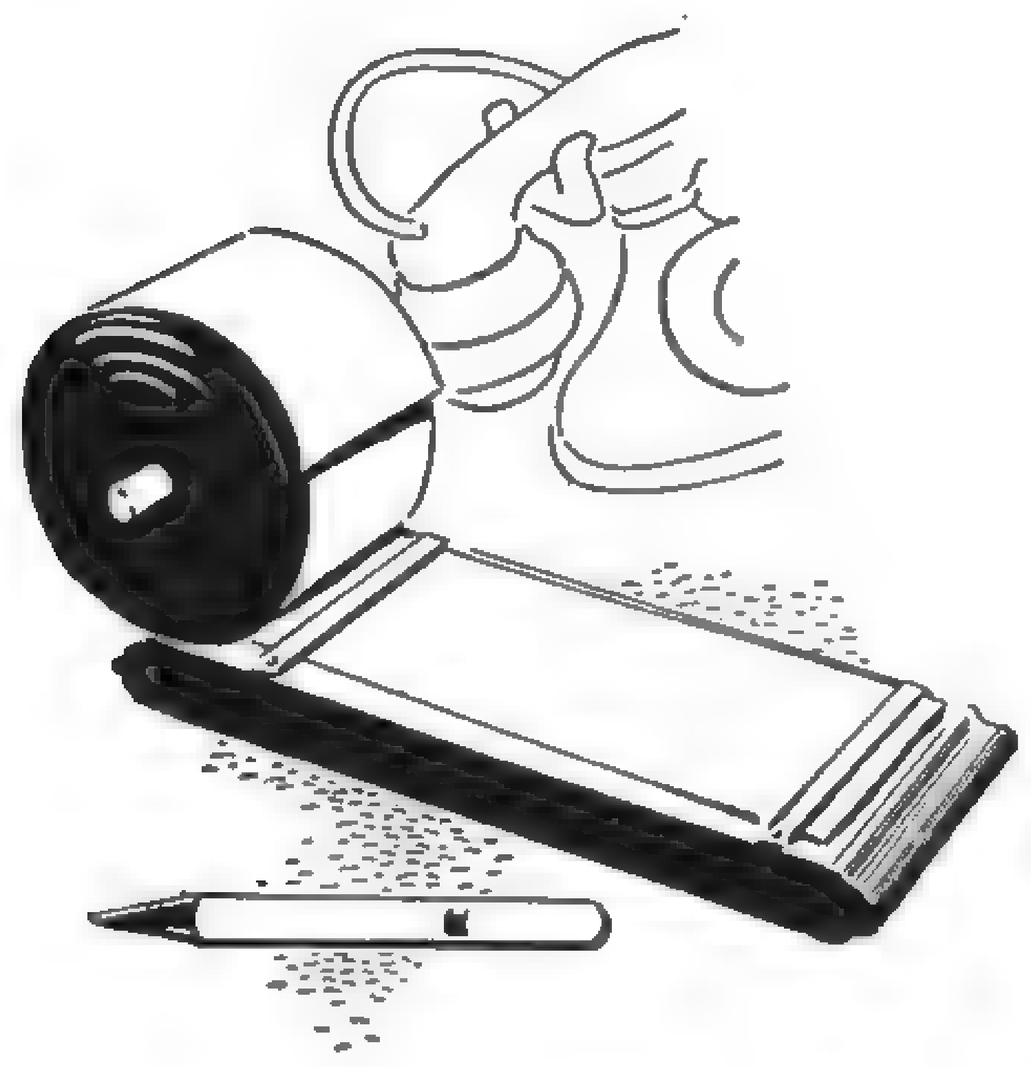
You've probably seen those small boxes that look rather like cash registers on the desks of big execs. These little machines furnish instant and direct 2-way communication between executive and any important department heads. Beauty of them is that they leave telephones free for speedier handling of incoming calls, you don't have to use your hands, just switch on the "talk" key and fire away. You can get confidential and whisper into the machine, or bellow, if the mood strikes you. The executive can control the whole system and need not be disturbed if not convenient.

CLEANSES, POLISHES, PRESERVES

A polish so versatile that you can use it on antique furniture or motor car alike. It's a solvent combined with other ingredients producing an entirely new method of cleansing and polishing at the same time. A lot of antique dealers use the polish to restore and refurbish the patina and lustre of valuable furniture. When you use it on a car, it removes road film, leaving a hard, glossy surface and no greasy smudges, resulting in a film impervious to weather conditions.

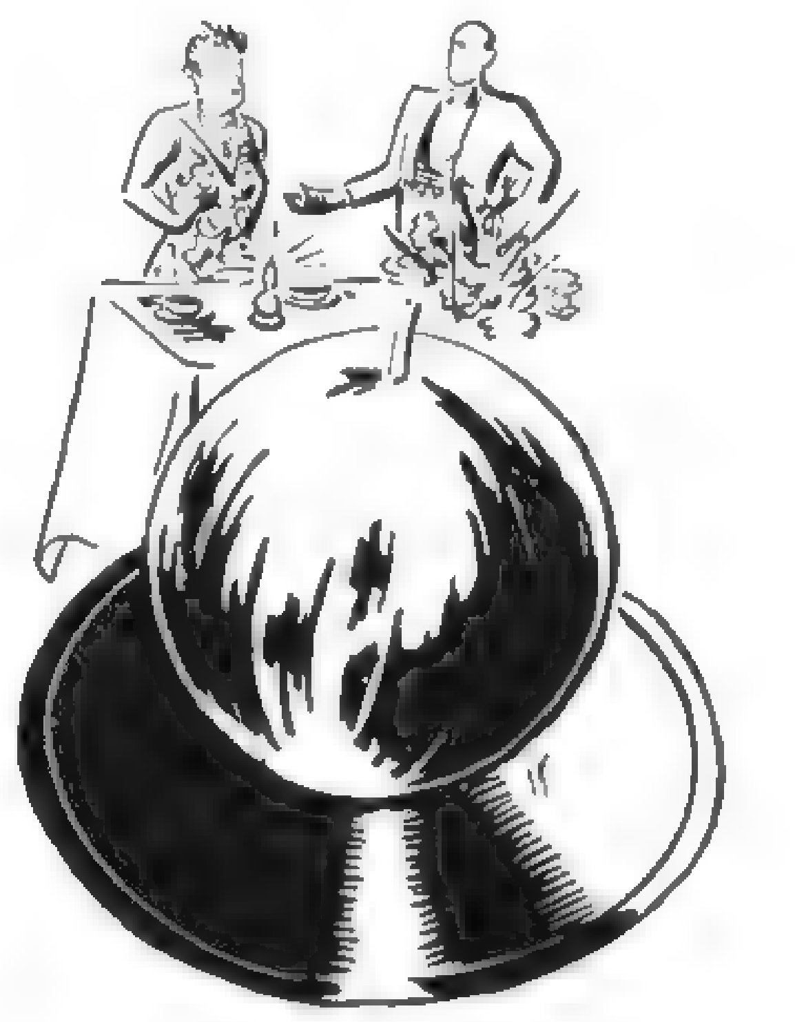
MEMO ROLL

To paraphrase the well known toothbrush slogan . . . the memo roll "comes out like a ribbon and lies flat on the desk." Yards and yards of paper rolled up in a good looking holder of wood and that new non-tarnishable metal that looks like dull finished silver. You just write, pull, tear off . . . and there you are! Uses standard calculator rolls for refills.



AND NOW, THE BIG APPLE CANDLE

Maybe you've been elected chairman of the entertainment committee of your country club. That, my boy, means work, and plenty. You're the bright mind who is supposed to concoct novel parties which will not only be the all time high in entertainment, but also bring the shekels into the club coffers. Of course your club is bound to have its quota of big apple dancers . . . so you can put on a big apple party . . . and on every table have several big apple candles such as we've sketched for you. Size of regular apples, they come in regulation apple red, or in mottled effects or in green. The stem is a wick and the darn things burn beautifully. Makes a nice thing of it. You can buy metal candleholders made to go with the apples.



MORE ABOUT CANDLES

Candles, like everything else in this modern world are becoming increasingly style-conscious. If you have a Chippendale dining room, you can buy Chippendale candles to fit into the décor. Or you can go in for Byzantine, Renaissance or Venetian candles to harmonize with your particular period furniture. Colors run rampant . . . almost every fabric, paper or wall has a candle shade to match . . . you can run the gamut from black through about a half dozen different shades of green, blue, etc. Sometimes one style of candle is available in 16 or 20 different colors

To prevent wax candles of the tall variety from developing unbecoming curves, Lucille Ball, RKO player, paints them with a very thin coating of shellac. This makes the candles stand erect, she claims, and does not interfere with their burning evenly.

"DOIN' THE DOPEY"

On one of our nocturnal rounds recently, we dropped into a dance emporium in order to see the latest terpsichorean developments. Seven couples were stealing the show, each going through a series of weird antics. Seems that this group activity was no less than the new dance "Doin' the Dopey," inspired by Disney's Snow White.

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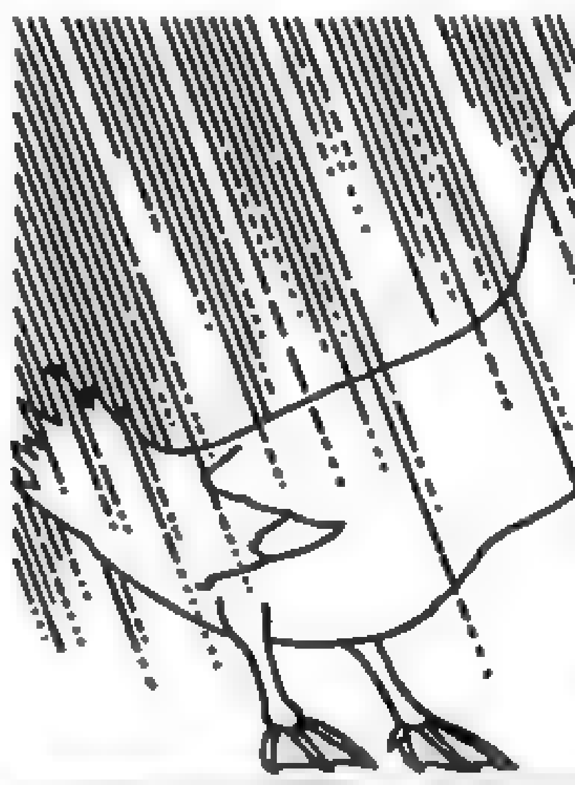

WATER doesn't bother us!

Standard size, showing sweep second hand
Junior size, showing regular second hand

From Bar Harbor to the Golden Gate the cheering news spreads—here's a watch you can take yachting, swimming, golfing in the rain or for a care-free bath in tub or shower, without the slightest danger to its exquisitely timed movement. Moreover—a real **MOVADO** watch, with the extra-fine works and workmanship the name **MOVADO** guarantees to you who know watches. Yet surprisingly moderate in price!

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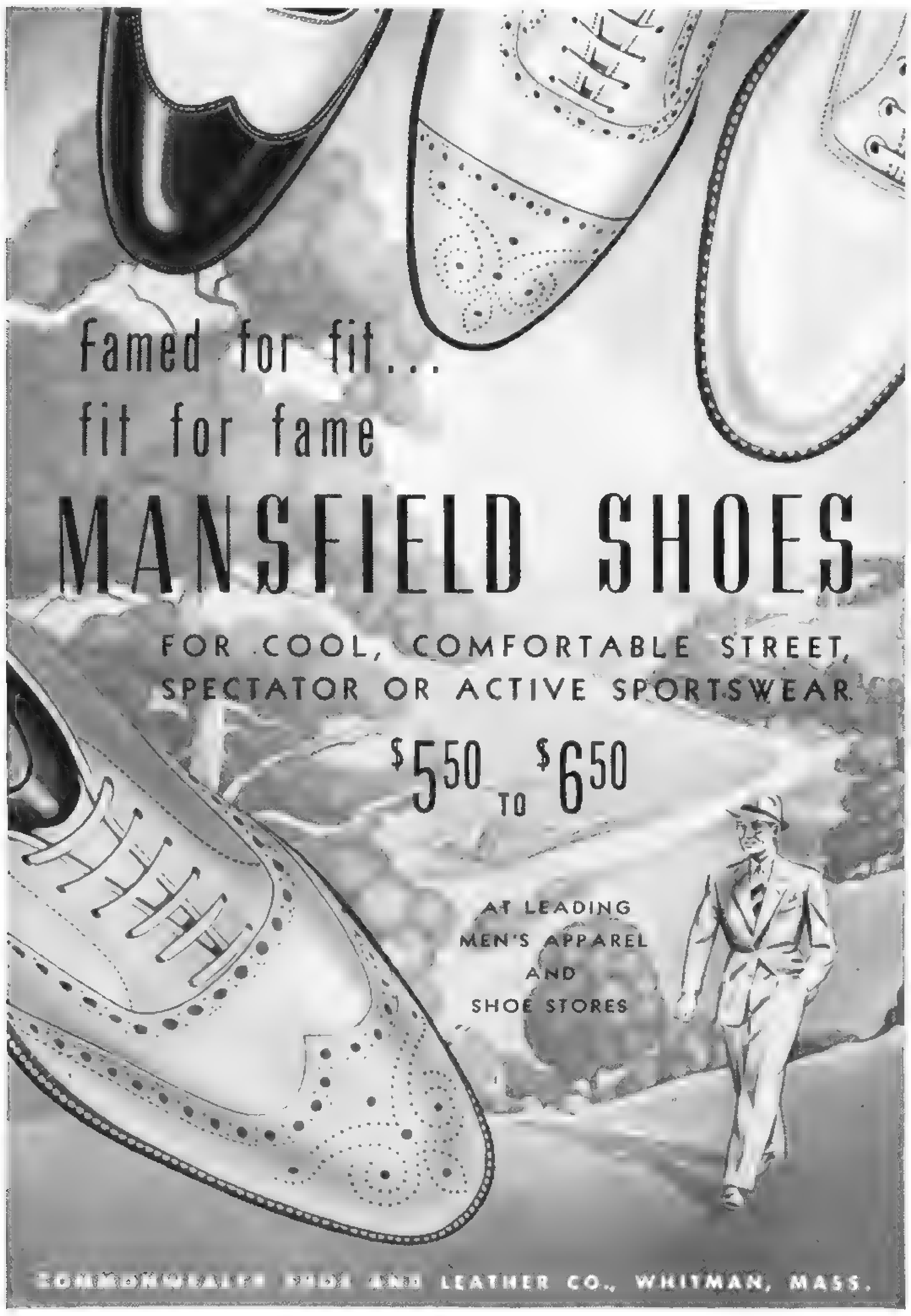

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The Ones That Got Away

Continued from pages 75-181

your boat is instantly free for maneuvering. You can pick up your anchor, by way of spotting the barrel, later when your fish has been boated.

Being a good fisherman is knowing how to use your tackle against a fish whose tactics you are familiar with. It's knowing how much strain you can put on your tackle without breaking a unit. But in the end, being a good fisherman is landing your fish.

Even so, it wouldn't be a sport, if you got them all.

Nowadays they're making the kind of rods you can rest on the stern of your boat without breaking. That's no way to fish. The strain has got to be on you, it's the fish and you, not the fish and the boat. You're a guy with a little soul if you catch a fish with tackle that could kill a whale, and then gloat about it. That's when fishing stops being a sport and becomes a picture to show and impress your friends with, or a nice bluefin to hang in your home on the wall.

You shouldn't forget that after all, the fish has a hook in his mouth, and is fighting you nevertheless. No matter how much he takes out of you, you're still up on him there, and he deserves a square deal. #

The Earliest Americans

Continued from page 84

lands of Yucatan in Mexico.

B. C. 752—Maya Calendar Begins.

A. D. 630—End of First Mayan Empire.

A. D. 630—Metal-Working Introduced into Central America.

A. D. 960—Second Mayan Empire Begins, with Re-occupation of Chichen-Itza, the Capital City.

A. D. 1000—Climax of Mayan Civilization.

A. D. 1000—Lief Ericsson Visits America.

A. D. 1160—Quetzalcoatl's Reign Begins; the Toltecs (the Mayas' Successors) Grow Powerful.

A. D. 1161-1168—League of Mayapan, a Political Alliance of Central American Peoples Managed by Quetzalcoatl.

A. D. 1191—Quetzalcoatl Puts Down a Mayan Rebellion.

A. D. 1208—Quetzalcoatl Dies.

A. D. 1220—Downfall of the Toltec Empire; Rise of the Aztecs in Mexico.

A. D. 1276-1299—Period of the Great Drought in Southwestern North America, Which Wrecked the Pueblo Civilization, Ended the Building of Cliff Dwellings.

A.D. 1350-1450—Period of Civil War Among the Mayas.

A. D. 1492—Columbus Discovers America.

A. D. 1519-1521—Cortez Conquers Mexico.

Of course, some of the earlier dates may be a little off, a decade or so each way, but they are substantially correct. For the most part they are derived from the Maya Calendar, which, open only to minor quibbles of interpretation, is understood in the main.

The period of the Great Drought, which must have been a daisy, has been determined to the year by Dr. A. E. Douglass' Tree Ring Chronology, which gives the dates of Southwest Pueblos and Cliff Dwellings. The tree rings show the 13th century drought, and several others of less severity. There was, for example, a bad one between 1573 and 1593. The earliest so far recorded by this Chronology ended in A. D. 904. Since then there has been a major drought about every 300 years.

But all this gets us no nearer the real problem: the story of Prehistoric Man in America. Our calendar goes back only to about B. C. 1000. There are plenty of good reasons why there must have been men here before that time. Civilizations such as those of the Incas, Mayas and Pueblo Indians could not have sprung from nothing.

The history of such things in the Old World shows that thousands of years of slow growth lie behind every sudden flowering of culture. On the face of things, people had to have been here 10,000 years or so, if for no other reason than the Indians' agriculture. Such widespread taming and cultivation of American plants would have required a major portion of ten millennia.

That, in brief, was the situation just eleven years ago last summer, when a bone hunter from the Colorado Museum of Natural History, Frank Figgins, son of Dr. Jesse Dade Figgins, the Museum's director, struck an exploratory pick into a dust bank near Folsom, New Mexico, and saw the continent's time-locked past gush forth.

Perhaps gush is too strong a word; it was really a trickle, but it had what all the previous discoveries lacked; it was definite. In that cut bank Figgins found bones—the bones of an extinct type of bison, gone these 5,000 years or more.

And among the bones lay a stone blade; a fragment of flint, small and delicately fashioned as a jewel; double-chipped along the edges, fragile as rare china, the point still as sharp as fresh-broken glass.

It was no ordinary Indian arrowhead. Whereas Indian flints are usually triangular, widest at the butt, and notched there for hafting, the point Figgins found at Folsom was rounded; its general shape was similar to a laurel leaf. At the butt a half-moon of stone had been neatly bitten out. Some ancient craftsman had taken that fragile blade, little thicker than a

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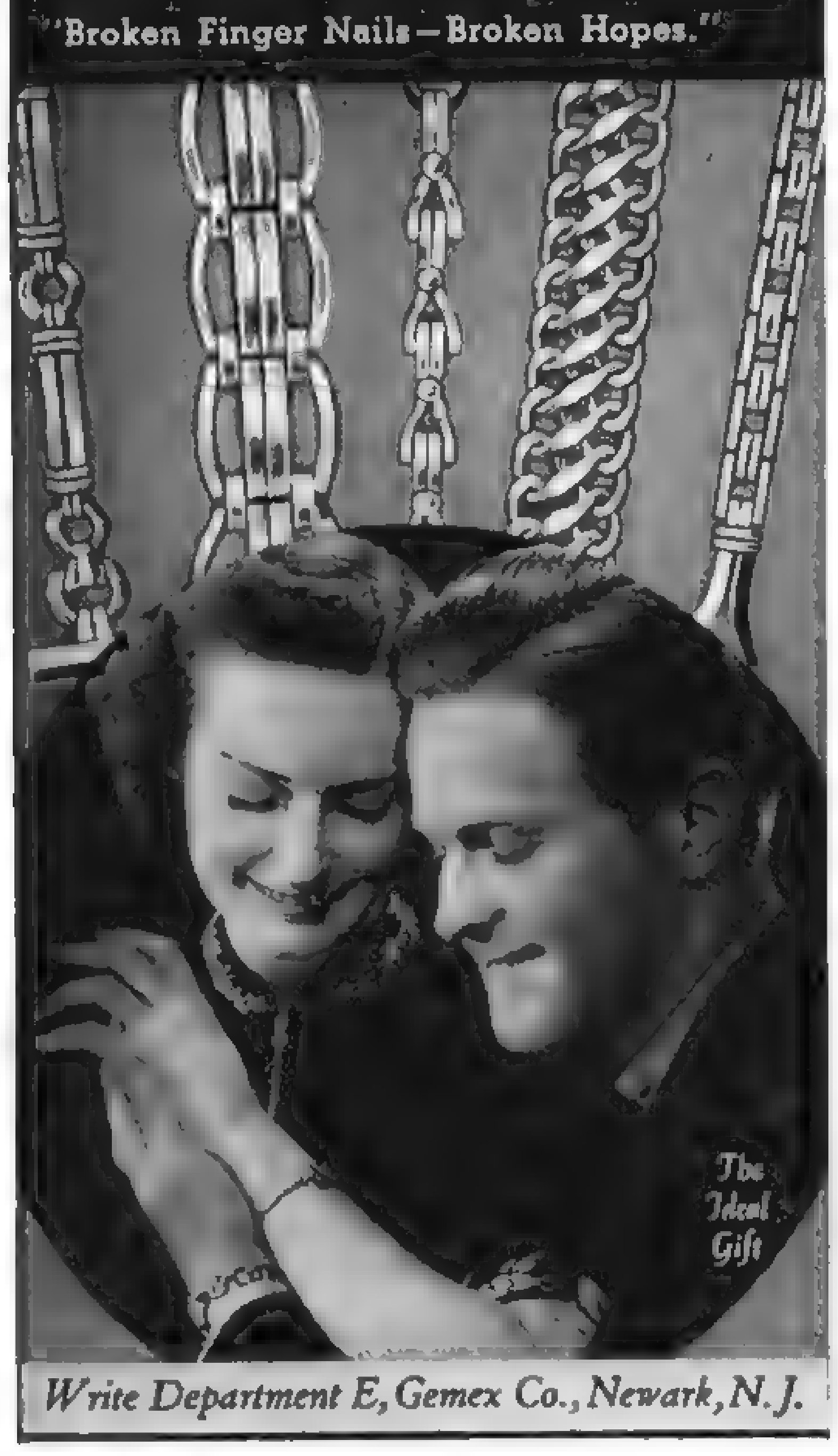

Write Department E, Gemex Co., Newark, N.J.

piece of cardboard, and struck a long flake out of each side, fluting the point along its longitudinal axis.

There hasn't been a man alive for thousands of years who could do it with primitive tools.

All around the edge of the blade ran a little pattern of indentations where a double row of retouching chips, small as grains of sugar, had been removed. The only primitive stonework on any continent that could compare with it was the ancient Solutrean of Europe, dating well back toward the close of the last Ice Age.

Figgins sensed that he had got hold of something too big to handle alone. He filled in the site, marked it, and went back to Denver to confer with his father. Later they talked it over with Barnum Brown, Curator of Fossil Reptiles of the American Museum of Natural History. A joint expedition sponsored by the two museums, headed by Brown and Figgins, set out for Folsom in 1927, manned not by archeologists, who were still too timid to tackle anything really old, but by paleontologists—dinosaur hunters and the like.

With plows and slips they ripped off fifteen feet of layered soil. With dustpans and whisk-brooms they removed another two feet by hand, sifting every particle through screens. They came at last to a veritable bison graveyard. There were more than twenty interlocked skeletons, lying around what was once a waterhole. Some catastrophe had overcome them all at once. The catastrophe was man.

Among the skeletons lay a score or more of the peculiar flint points. At one side were traces of a huge fire. On some long-forgotten occasion, a band of hunters had surrounded a herd of bison at a water hole, stampeded them, killed as many as they could, then camped while the hide and meat were removed and dried. Several days had been passed in the process. Each night the hunters had banked their fire by an expedient known to all campers—kicking dirt over the glowing coals. The hearth when discovered was a stratified pile of ashes, each day's burning covered by a thin layer of earth.

This was the first sure trace of the race now known as the Folsom Men. To make sure there would be no controversy over the site, Brown let the relics and bones lie where they were, while he sent telegrams to every important archeologist in the country. About a dozen, unwilling to believe without seeing, took the next train for Folsom. There was no denying the find; the bones were *in situ;* the flint points lay where Folsom hunters had abandoned them. Around the site ranged the cliffs of dirt that had covered the bones.

How long had it taken for twenty feet of earth to accumulate since that ancient hunting scene? A great deal of time, certainly. Enough so that the entire drainage system of the basin had been changed. Where there was once a creek and a water hole, presumably with surrounding hills, there now was no stream; only a flat plateau criss-crossed with erosion gulleys that had cut through the old levels, exposing part of the bones.

The complex problem of dating the Folsom Man still has the scientists going. Barnum Brown, famous for the dinosaur skeletons he has dragged into museums from all over the world, gave it considerable thought, took measurements, counted layers of dirt, and conferred with geologists. He concluded that Folsom Man hunted bison on the plains of northern New Mexico ten to twenty thousand years ago. If so, he chipped his characteristic flints, lived his nomad life, while the lip of the last great glacier still lay somewhere near the present site of the Great Lakes. He was contemporary not only with extinct types of bison, but with other great postglacial mammals: the mastodon and mammoth, the American camel and horse, and probably the musk ox, which then grazed far to the south of its present Arctic pasturage.

A year or so later came unexpected confirmation of these surmises. Dr. Edgar B. Howard, paleontologist of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science, was poking around caves in New Mexico, near Clovis, and came upon traces of Folsom Man, probably in winter quarters. There were flint points, signs of fire, bones of bison, remains of meals, and the charred horn and bones of a musk ox.

Howard added still another link to the chain. Near Blackwater Draw, between Portales and Clovis, New Mexico, he dug up the skeleton of a mammoth. Under a vertebra lay a Folsom blade; under the shoulder another. At the base of a tusk were javelin points of bone, and a stone scraper, such as might have been used in fleshing a hide. A mammoth was bigger than a modern-day elephant. It had a hide more than an inch thick, and tough in proportion. The only way a crowd of men armed with spears could have killed such a creature would be to stampede it into a bog, and slash its throat while mud held it helpless. That was probably what happened at Blackwater Draw. Howard consulted with geologists, trying to get a better value for the age of the discovery. He finally narrowed the estimate: B. C. 8000.

So far, Folsom Man seems to be the oldest of the Americans—but wait: there is a rival claimant. Four or five years ago a rancher near Yuma, Colorado, found a little collection of flint points, different in style, but equal in quality of workmanship with the Folsom points. Archeologists later found some of these Yuma points mingled with Folsom points in New Mexico. Obviously, they were the handiwork of a different people. Were they contemporary with Folsom Man; did they precede him, or were they representa-

Continued on page 187

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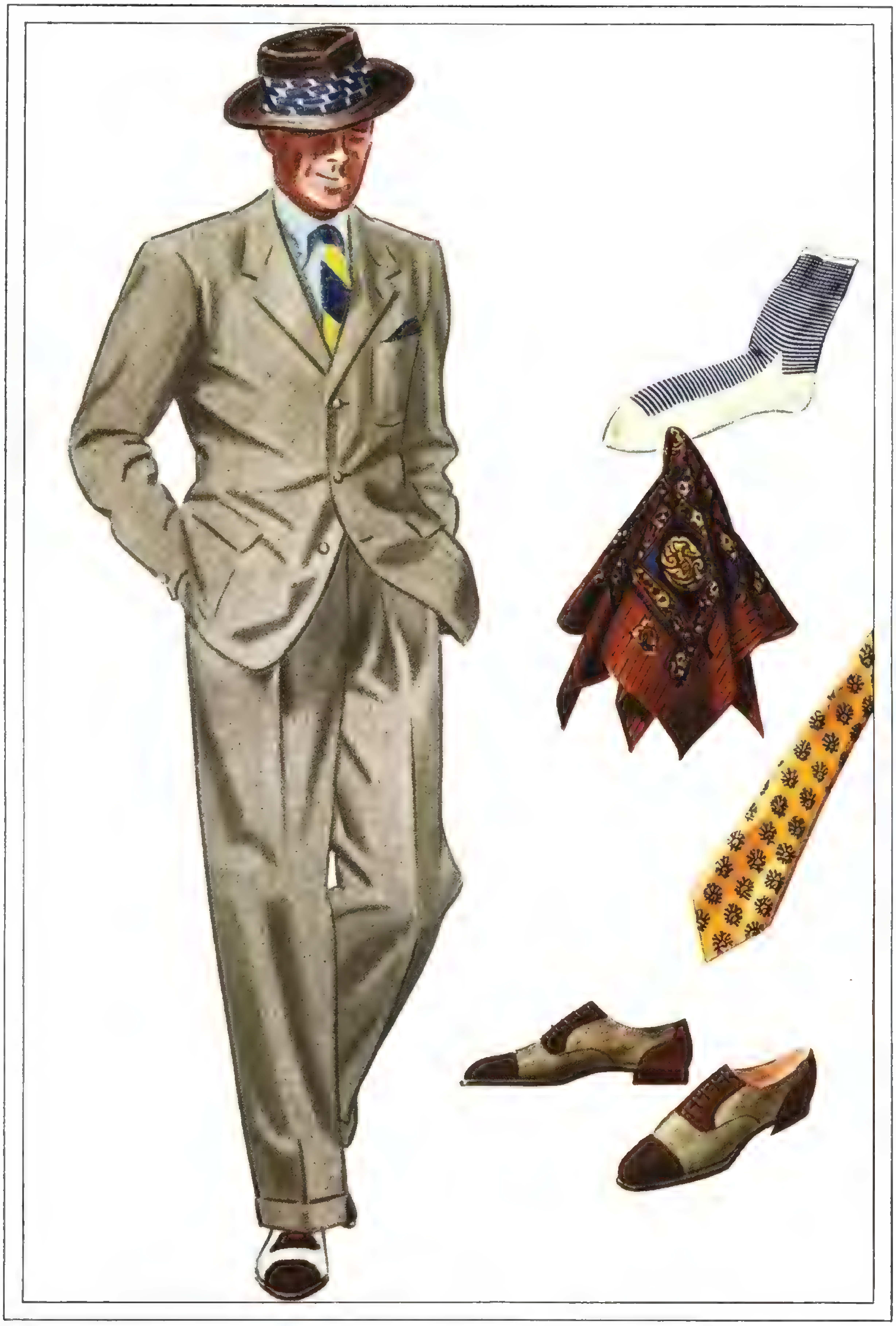

TO PUT YOURSELF IN THE SPIRIT OF THINGS

When you slam that desk drawer shut, pick yourself up and get going in you don't care what direction as long as it leads away, you know it's really true when you first get a mirrored flash of yourself standing more or less nonchalantly inside your new clothes. They are, or should be, a complete change in point of informality, color and just plain differentness. The resort wear appetizers for jaded town palates shown here include a three-button suit of lightweight fabric in the new hemp color, button down collar attached shirt, wide stripe rep tie, cocoanut straw hat with puggree band, and combination shoes. Other bright ideas, in the group at the right, are lightweight ankle-length hose, colorful printed silk handkerchief, all-over pattern foulard tie, and—if you really want to be different about it, though not to the extent of being unique—shoes of reversed calf and natural coarse linen.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Earliest Americans

Continued from pages 84-185

tives of a later wave of immigrants?

There is no definite answer yet. But a year ago, at a digging near Fort Collins, Colorado, Dr. Frank H. H. Roberts of the Smithsonian Institute unearthed a huge Folsom camp site, twenty feet or so below the present prairie surface. And seventeen inches above the Folsom layer, a second, later, camp site was discovered. It contained Yuma points. Doctor Roberts' conclusion—tentative—is that the Yuma people were later than the Folsom Man, possibly by several hundred or a thousand years. On the other hand, they may have been contemporaries, but camped at Fort Collins somewhat later.

It would be a pleasure right here to give a description of one or the other of these peoples, developing a complete race, as the Europeans do, from a fragment of a jawbone and part of a broken shin. But the unfortunate fact is, not even jaw or shin of Folsom Man or Yuma Man has yet been unearthed. From Roberts' digging in Colorado a little of the Folsom story begins to appear, but not much. Naturally, he was a hunter, and a very good one. He had no bows or arrows—they were yet to be invented; his cunningly chipped flints were tips for javelins and knives. Roberts thinks Folsom hunters sneaked up on the bison, possibly by wrapping themselves in wolf-skins. They knew where to strike a crippling blow. A section of a bison's backbone was found in the Colorado site with a Folsom point still sticking between two vertebrae. It would have instantly paralyzed the creature's hind legs, bringing him down at the mercy of the hunters.

Folsom Man made a variety of scrapers, knives and hide-fleshers of flint. He also painted his body with red ochre, made by rubbing ochre-stone on sandstone pallets, mixing the red powder with fat. Pallets still covered with ochre were dug up a year ago.

A little enviously, a man's mind goes out to those First Americans, whoever they were. Four great invasions of ice, advancing and receding successively during more than a million years, had prepared the country for their coming. Ice swept the continent clean of the old animals; the rhinoceros-like titanotheres which are no longer found on any continent; the rhinoceros himself; the saber-tooth tiger, the ugly, moping, evil-smelling ground-sloth.

To take their places a remarkable procession of creatures crossed over the ridge of dry land then connecting Siberia with Alaska. Mostly they were hairy mountains of flesh, like the mammoth and mastodon. Also came the grandparents of the bison, the deer and antelope, and probably the horse. For a few thousand manless years the continent thundered with wild herds. The west coast, from the Gulf of California to Alaska, was ice-free and well-watered.

Elephants made their lumbering way through its jungles. On the Great Plains, wetter than now, bison herds moved northward in summer, back to the south as far as Mexico in winter.

The last ice invasion, known as the Wisconsin, came south of the Great Lakes; reached almost to Cincinnati in the West, to New York in the East. In southern Canada it was at one time more than a mile in thickness. It ground out the basins where the Lakes now lie. Between ten and fifteen thousand years ago, as nearly as can be determined, this sheet began its final retreat. By B. C. 10,000 migration routes from Asia were almost certainly open, and over the often-used land bridge came the strangest creature of them all. We can picture him in silhouette: a stocky, shaggy man, dressed in rough hides; a mop of long, coarse, black hair. In his hand he carried a stone-pointed spear. He knew how to make fire.

Around his unsheltered camp at night his tribe huddled close, against the menace of an unknown continent. Very likely the drums muttered in the darkness; the tribesmen sang some savage Paleolithic rhythm to the whisper of hand-heels on resounding leather.

Waterfalls roared around them. So much water was locked up in continental ice caps the sea level was a mile lower than it is now. At every continental margin the rivers ran over jagged cliffs into the sea, carving giant sluices which now appear on navigators' charts as deep canyons in the ocean bed. Overhead flew a myriad of waterfowl and migratory birds. The continent held more game, and more varieties of game, than it has ever had since.

What happened to that game—and in fact what happened to the old original Folsom Men themselves, archeologists would give a lot to know. Creatures that weathered every storm of a glacial age, and lived on into the milder climates that followed, disappeared apparently without cause. Some, like the mammoths, possibly found it difficult to find food in an increasingly arid continent. But what about the horse? The horse herds were as big as those of the bison at the close of the Ice Age. Yet they died out, and had to be reintroduced by white men after the Conquest.

As for Folsom Man and Yuma Man, they disappeared, too.

From about B. C. 8000 there has been found no trace of man on this continent for seven thousand years—until about B. C. 1000. Then the Basketmakers, a pre-Pueblo people of the Southwest, set up housekeeping in New Mexico and thereabout, starting the culture that led to Pueblo civilization of New Mexico 2,000 years later. ⧺

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Inflation?—So What!

Continued from page 39

cry is not for *more* but *less* taxes! Wholesale spending of what the people refuse to hand over freely is going to be difficult.

What about those economic royalists? How far is capital apt to go in getting the old machine started again?

From the start, capital took issue with the New Deal. The New Deal was intent on reform and regulation. The two champions put on a lively battle. Now they have stopped slugging—they're only sparring. The Administration says it wants to call it quits and shake hands. But capital still has a saddle-sore which will take a long time to heal. We would like to see the two shake hands. The crowd is all for it, but *will* they?

Off in a corner comes a whisper, faint but clear—"The Inflation Ghost Still Walks."* Inflation in some form, we hear, will eventually come and do the trick.

So far as the New Deal is concerned, Inflation would provide an easy method for paying the bills.

Capital, we know, doesn't want Inflation, that is, Inflation of the currency. Credit? That's a different story. As a boy capital learned to sit by the hour and blow up that balloon—five, ten and twenty times its size. He let the air out, then blew it up all over again. He knows all about Inflation—of credit.

We know another thing—that business is not unlike a rubber ball. The bounce is determined by the force put behind it. Stand at an open window on the second floor of a house and let a rubber ball slip from the hand to the concrete below. The ball rebounds only part of the distance to the ground. But throw the ball with all your force to the concrete and watch it bounce not only to the starting level, but above your head, the attic and even the housetop. The terrific force behind this latest crack-up promises a real economic bounce somewhere ahead.

Inflation is not illogical. It might be an out for the Government. It might make capital function once more. It might put business back at the wheel. It might do lots of things depending on how it should come.

Inflation means expansion of activity through artificial or manufactured methods. To many, Inflation spells Germany after the War—wild presses printing money—mad money—paper money that buys less and less until it is worthless. That was a case of rank, unadulterated Currency Inflation. For us, *that* sort of Inflation is out. Inflation, however, can come in other forms, some called perhaps by other names but bearing first rank as Inflation none the less.

Inflation is possible, for example, through Devaluation of the Dollar. We have already tasted Inflation through large scale Government Spending. Schemes for Employment may be another way. Inflation is possible through the Creation of Credit by the Federal Reserve. It has been vividly demonstrated before in what is known as Credit Expansion by private Capital and Industry. And, let no one doubt how potent are these liquors. These five forms of Inflation are something like wine, gin, whiskey, rum and champagne. The alcoholic content is high. Each has a demonstrated kick.

Suppose we devalued the dollar. We did it in 1934, mostly on paper. The Government raised the price of Gold so it could pay out 35 one dollar bills for each ounce formerly bought for a 20 dollar note and 67 cents. This did help to equalize our prices in the world markets. A $700 automobile could be sold in France for 20 ounces of their gold instead of some 34 ounces of gold at the old figure. By lowering the price of our goods abroad we helped to bolster our foreign trade.

Before the price was raised the Government had a huge stock of gold. By boosting the price the Government manufactured a paper profit of some 2 billion 800 million dollars on all the gold it held.† The operation was very simple. Suppose the general country store had 187 cans of peas on the shelf priced at 20c a can, thus making the stock worth $37.40. The store changes hands and the new management raises the price to 35c a can. On the basis of the new price the stock on the shelf is worth $65.45—a paper profit of $28.05.

When we boosted the price of gold, some thought prices here would jump overnight. The reason they didn't is because the New Dealers did not spend all this profit at once. They kept the major portion of it to support the new Stabilization Fund (a fund to stabilize foreign exchange fluctuations), and used the balance gradually to meet expenses.

The Administration could, if it wished, spend all the remaining profit on gold. It could issue dollar notes for all that is left of this profit and pay a lot of bills therewith. The President has authority to boost still further the price of gold to $41 an ounce and an even larger paper profit could be manufactured and spent. Should the Government choose to spend its profit on gold, or further to devalue the dollar, prices would rise and the machine might start to move. But, the best mechanics think that this alone would be like filling the carburetor with gas and leaving the tank empty.

Priming the pump is another alternative. The Government could dress up a gigantic program under the new title of Armaments or Housing. It might be financed through the sale of more Government bonds. Should this come to pass our heavy industries such as munitions, chemicals,

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*(Prof. Chas. J. Bullock in Barron's 11-29-37.)

†(*Wall Street Journal* 2-5-34 fixed the Treasury profit at $2,805,512,061.)

Men, too, has gotta be dainty!

Don Herold Sez:

And when

I sez dainty—

Youse guys can be tough as nails about a lot of things—I believe in that, too.

But there are certain matters about which you've simply gotta be tender and gentle and REEfined.

F'rnstance, every man ought to be kind to babies and kids and dogs and maybe some to women, and no man I knows sez that *that* is sissy.

Another thing about which a man ought to be sensitive is how about he has not the slightest bit of perspiration aura any time, ever. Call it dainty or just call it decent, but right there's an item about which a man—even a gangster—ought to be as careful as any woman.

Baths ain't enough for underarms. You can bathe your hide off, and that's fine, but half an hour later you may be a perspiration panther. The sure way to cinch the sweetenin' effects of a bath is to use MUM.

You won't be alone in this, because hundreds of thousands of hard men now make a daily habit of using dabs of Mum underarm every a.m. and again before steppin' out, evenin's. Some also use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.

Mum is a cream, pleasant to use, soothing to the skin and harmless to clothes, which definitely kills perspiration odor without stopping perspiration itself.

It costs you nuttin to try

If you're bashful or skeptical, try before you buy. Scratch your name on this nearby margin and send it for a free sample, to Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. P-68, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

aviation, steel, machinery, building would get a lot of orders and dollars. Employment would rise and our machine would be certain to go a good ways down the road.

The theory for priming the pump is, of course, that once the ball is started rolling, business will catch hold and carry on. Ultimate effects on the national economy however, will vary. The cost is great and must be paid through taxes. Government Spending can start the machine. If the spending is not stopped, however, once business has taken its hold, taxes and national debt become formidable problems. Another Spending spree, nevertheless, is possible. We should recognize that it *could* come to pass.

Creating Jobs seems more sensible and to the point. Public work projects have often been used to stimulate employment but principally as substitute for a dole. Their dent on unemployment is small while the completed projects are mostly unproductive, serving only to add greater upkeep for the public pocketbook. Created employment, however, under different plans and for different purposes might open a new way for Inflation.

So far the solution of Unemployment has been left principally to the Government but here is where Capital seems better equipped than Government to do the trick. All the brains and machinery of Capital at a round table could do more to create useful jobs than has yet been tried. Remember, Capital can make money with cheap labor. Should it ever decide to harness our huge unemployment into a plan for the production of low-priced goods, we might be amazed at the results. Capital could finance the undertaking itself. With its own funds invested such a plan would promise efficiency in labor, and, products or goods for which a market already existed or could be developed. Picture Lammot du Pont's idea in force—a 25 Billion Dollar Loan by Capital to finance 3 Million real Jobs for a period of years; 3 Million more pay envelopes each week to feed as many families—to pay rent and doctor bills, to buy clothes, shoes, gasoline, radios, toys and cigarettes. The money, the labor, the products would be put in circulation! It would take a lot of capital to put it over. It is a new manner of Inflation worth thinking about.

The Creation of Credit through the Federal Reserve might constitute another method for Inflation. The Federal Reserve Board has more real power than most people realize—raising or lowering the reserve requirements of member banks is a powerful weapon. Any marked reduction in reserve requirements tends to create a genuine measure of credit expansion. Here is the way it works: when the reserve requirements are lowered—the so-called excess reserves of the member banks are automatically increased. It is like lowering margin requirements on a brokerage account and thus releasing funds for investment. The member banks become large buyers of Government bonds in the open market and their purchases afford an opportunity for private banks and individuals to unload. When private banks and individuals sell Government bonds they, in turn, have funds either to loan to industry or to buy other securities. The supply of money in the form of bank deposits increases and purchasing power expands. Should a sharp reduction in reserve requirements be timed with a rising tendency in business the effect might be truly dynamic.

Should the Federal Reserve ever liberalize the collateral made available for re-discount at the Federal Reserve Banks, another vast avenue for credit expansion would be opened. For some time now, regulations have forbidden that unlisted securities be carried as collateral in a brokerage account, no matter how great their actual market value. The Federal Reserve has the power to ignite and create a vast expansion of credit and more than this, levers to govern the speed of our machine with a sort of remote control.

Yet compared to all other forms of Inflation, Credit Expansion by Capital and Industry is like the drink of kings—champagne. It tickles the palate and delights the taste. It goes down so smoothly that at first we are conscious only of that wonderful flavor. Soon, however, it really takes hold. Our tongues are loosened. Our spirits rise. We fairly leap to new heights and revel in our new existence. Do you doubt it? Think for a minute how you fared on that stretch of road from 1923 all the way to 1929. That was a period of the greatest credit expansion by capital and industry we have ever known. You remember what it was like. We spoke and really lived, for a time, in "A New Era." Dangerous? Yes, if we take too much. It's great if only we do not overindulge.

Spending by Government or Industry would appear to be one and the same thing, but the effects are enormously different. Our economic machine travels on radically different roads. Here is the difference: government, by its nature, usually spends for non-productive works, industry—for productive enterprise. If the Government builds a new post office or a battleship, labor and materials are bought, but no more stamps will be sold nor will the public purse be affected save by greater taxes. A manufacturer develops a new product—builds a new factory. Labor and materials are bought. Continued purchases of raw materials are required, goods are created, new markets opened, steady employment added, earnings developed and taxes paid. Credit established for the distribution of goods produces a far different effect than money spent for public works.

Perhaps you ask how, out of this wreck, Credit Expansion could possibly ensue. Let's look at one of our biggest industries—Utilities, second in size only to the railroads. For five years capital and the New

Continued on page 190

"I call this one Botany Tie...'cause he's the smoothest 'necker' I know!"

Even the ladies have learned what every young man should know...namely that a Botany Tie is wrinkle-proof...always smooth and handsome. Every wrinkle hangs out when you hang a Botany up overnight. Ask your favorite men's store to show you the convincing Botany Tie Test...proving that Botany Ties are wrinkle-proof. If you can't locate a Botany dealer...write us...and we will direct you. All the new "Planned Patterns" are ready...at $1.

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THE BOTANY TIE The Botany Robe, Men's and Women's Wear Fabrics. Botany Top-Dyed Knitting Yarns

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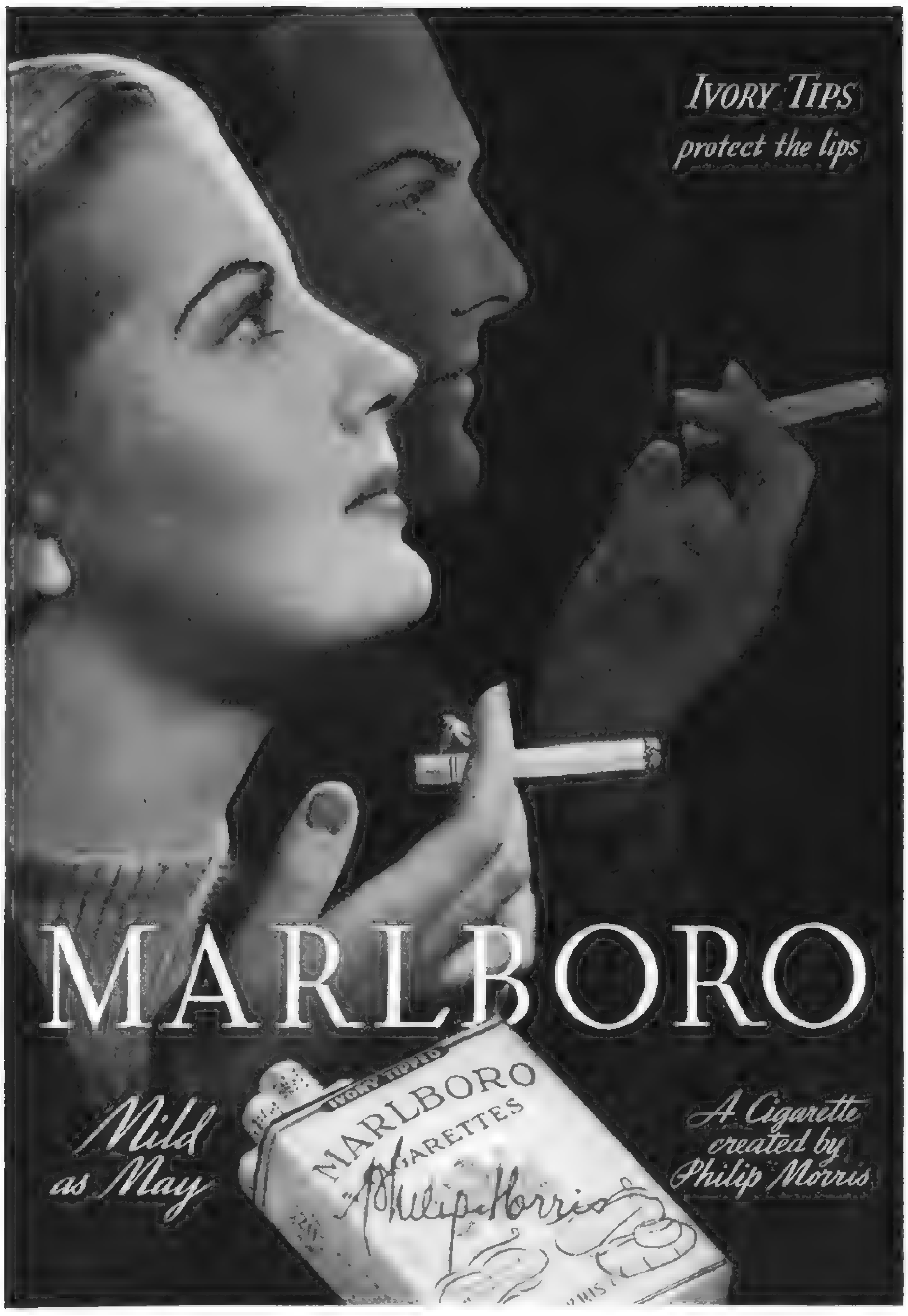

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HAVE ONE ON US! Just send us your name and address and we'll set you up to a generous *FREE* bottle of Aqua Velva. The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.

Inflation?—So What!

Continued from pages 39-189

Deal have fought it out in this field. The New Deal has insisted on certain reforms. Capital has insisted that Government cease to compete in the production and sale of power. Currently both utilities and the New Deal seem to be giving in. They are attempting to meet and understand each other. Now, for several years the utilities have restricted their buying programs. Machinery is needed to replace that worn out. New electrical equipment would cut costs. There is room for much expansion and new construction. If the scrap *is* settled the utilities would be ready to release some huge buying orders. The needs of the industry would create a natural demand for capital. Expansion is readily financed through the avenues of credit. Capital demand, once started, is a powerful influence. Credit Expansion is one of the most potent forms of Inflation.

Finally, will Inflation come? And if it comes, what can we expect?

Eventually, it would seem, Inflation must come, in some form or another. It is difficult, in fact, to see how it can be avoided. An Unbalanced Budget, burdensome Debt and taxation, unemployment and a business collapse combine to bring terrific pressure toward breaking our economic jam. What comes may be given another name, but it promises to be Inflation in fact.

What to expect depends, of course, on the form or forms Inflation may take. Perhaps, however, we can reason a little—even now. For example, Inflation, in any form, under any name, and at any time it might appear, promises to stir up that sensitive watch dog, the stock market.

Our stock market today is quite different from the marketplace of generations ago. Today the stocks of practically all our big corporations are on display in the central marketplace. The market is a veritable mirror of business. It reflects every great change in our national affairs and mirrors our fears, our hopes and our greed as well as our daily work.

What has Inflation done to stocks before?

When the World War began in 1914 the stock exchange was closed for 4 months to stop the flood of liquidation. But, what happened when the market reopened? Stocks sank about ¼th lower than before the War started‡. Then we began to make munitions and furnish materials for the Allies. The War babies were born. Stocks went up for 2 years and didn't stop until prices generally were 50% higher than before the War began.**

Then stocks had another slump and finally we went to France. The outlook was bad but we soon forgot that when we got into the fight. Prices began to skyrocket. Wheat went to $3 a bushel, sugar to 20c a pound, cotton to 35c a pound—the highest prices on record. We experienced a nation-wide Inflation in commodity prices. Stocks staged another 2-year bull market in 1918 and 1919.

In 1920 commodities and stocks hit the skids. By midsummer 1921 stocks were down to almost ½ of the 1919 top.*** The outlook, we were told, was hopeless. Prices, it was said, would have to go back to pre-War levels. Commodity prices by comparison were still too high and would have to go much lower. But, what happened? The big interests decided to hold on. The bears were driven out of the market.

Liquidation ceased and prices steadied. In the face of wholesale defaults on the millions we had loaned abroad, capital and industry put on a drive for recovery in the good old U. S. A. The automobile industry made a bid for public favor with better automobiles and lower prices. The railroads began buying equipment by the carload. The utilities expanded and giant systems were formed. Then we witnessed the greatest period of Inflation in our history. It came via the route of credit expansion by capital and industry. The New Era was pictured vividly in the stock market.

It made many of us rich, at least for quite a while.

After the spill in '29 we slid all the way down the mountain to the spot where the New Deal was waiting. The brain trusters began priming the pump. They spent more money than most of us thought existed. Their efforts plus a lot of natural causes did get the machine started again. Up to March, 1937, the stock market reflected it all.

True, we face a world situation today far removed from past experience.

Our foreign markets hold scant promise of the broad demand from 1923 to 1929. Yet that very demand was largely the result of our vast extension of credit to those abroad. The scenery behind the vast swings of credit constantly changes and that which constitutes Inflation always reappears in a new setting. Now, if Inflation enters, could it fail to show in the mirror?

Should we buy stocks for Inflation ahead?

The time on a clock is exact, but the time of future events most difficult to judge. The wise thing is to watch and weigh the forthcoming moves of capital, Government and business. Coming events always cast their shadows before.

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‡When the stock exchange closed July 30, 1914—D-J Average Industrial Stocks—71.42. When the stock exchange reopened Dec. 12, 1914—D-J Average Industrial Stocks—54.72.

**Nov. 21, 1916—D-J Average Ind. Stocks—110.15—54% higher than when Exchange closed.

***On Nov. 3, 1919, D-J Average Industrial Stocks reached 119.62. On Aug. 24, 1921, D-J Average Industrial Stocks touched 63.90—down 46%.

RAJAH
RUBBER
SOLES

Sportive is the word for footwear, and for that extra touch of swank—that sure style note—be wary, look for the trade-mark RAJAH on the sole—rubber, of course—Crepe, Trim-Rim (as above), or Smooth. Colors to match? Certainly!

ALFRED HALE RUBBER COMPANY
North Quincy Massachusetts

What about Real Estate?

Five years ago, real estate prices hit bottom. The greatest clearance sale in 25 years took place. It looks now like the end of a buyers' market. The situation is seen by all but recognized by few. Thoroughly deflated in the days when our banks were closed, real estate has since been quiet and little noticed. Meanwhile our families have grown. Apartments have become scarce. In the country's biggest village—Oak Park, Illinois (suburb of Chicago, est. population 73,000) a recent survey showed more than 98% of all apartments rented. The number of hotels and office buildings is little changed. Aside from public works, few buildings have gone up and quite a number have been torn down. Activity in real estate has been way below normal for years. Anything which would stir action in business, employment or prices should sooner or later strike root in this fertile field.

A thousand threads are tied to make the cloth. The broad pattern of Inflation has many sides. It touches prices, wages, income and the entire economic welfare. It brings many questions and at least one more we should consider. If Inflation comes, is it apt to run wild? Will it be an uproarious drinking party with the inevitable morning after? The answer is: it is *apt* to run wild, but that doesn't necessarily mean we are going to get drunk. The danger lies in the size of the drinks on an empty stomach. Make them right and there will be no ill effects. There exist certain measures of control. The Federal Reserve, for example, has the means for contracting as well as expanding credit. The Stabilization Fund might possibly become an agency to control Inflation. Like the R. F. C., formed to meet an emergency, its use and power might be enlarged.

One final note of warning: war would *change* the picture. War would make Inflation a truly wild reality. War stimulates the demand and destroys the supply of goods. Even under strict control, Inflation in war time is dangerous. But we trust war will not come. #

Death, the Mirror

Continued from page 77

if it happened yesterday. Big Tim was taking some flowers from the vase on the table.

"I see you're taking a few flowers again, Mr. Fergens. For someone special, who likes them, sir?" Jim had asked, watching Big Tim's face and gripping the gun in his pocket.

"No, nobody special." He looked calculatingly at Jim and laughed, then added, "You wouldn't know her."

"Just one moment, Mr. Fergens"—that was the time to show Big Tim that he, Jim, was smart; that he wasn't small—"just one moment. I've been putting ink spots on those flowers and I found those same spots on the flowers which my wife has been bringing home. You thought I wasn't smart. You've been telling her what a big guy you are and what a sap I am —and—and—"

"Save your breath, waiter. I don't force anybody to go out with me. If your wife wants to—ah, what's the use of talking to you." Big Tim had looked at Jim and started to walk away.

Like a flash, then, Jim had taken the gun from his pocket. He got in front of Fergens. That was the moment he had been planning —to make Big Tim get down on his knees. To make him beg for his life. He was going to make the big shot cringe—whine—plead. He, Jim Manton, was going to laugh and prove that he was the master —but instead the dirty, double-crossing dog sniggered and said, "You'd better put away that toy. Your hand is shaking and you're trembling; that gun might go off and hurt somebody."

He tried to speak harshly then, Jim did—tried to shout, but only a croaking, shrill sound came from his throat. Big Tim actually had laughed in Jim's face when he pointed the gun at him. Instead of apologizing or pleading, he threatened to take the gun away from Jim. Instead of backing away from Jim, it was Jim who began to back away. And the darn gun—the way it began to shake in Jim's hand—. Jeeze, he could even feel a cold sweat this minute remembering that he, Jim Manton, actually began to beg Big Tim to please keep away from his wife—to please not come any nearer to the pointing gun—and all the time Big Tim was calling him a sap, and a runt and—and then the damn fool stuck out his hand to take away the gun and Jim fired and fired and fired until there were no more bullets.

Gee, he'd better sit down and rest a while. Funny, him breathing fast like that—and that damn sweat, all over his head and neck and hands. Better rub his hands on his pants—there, that's better. Hell, the first thing you know they'll begin to think that he's nervous. They're liable to tell Mary that he's getting the jitters. Ha! That's hot—him getting the jitters. He'll calm down and show Mary—.

But say, there. Mary hasn't visited him yet. He had to see her. She must come; it's very important, very. He has just got to tell her about that business at his trial when she became furious and insulted him. She called him a sap for taking the witness stand at the trial. "Grandstand play" she called it. Raised hell with him for not listening to his lawyer when he tried to persuade Jim not to take the stand. Sure, Jim knew he didn't have to testify. Hadn't he read some law books in his spare time?

Well, that was his chance to show her—to show everybody that he, Jim Manton, was smart. She

Continued on page 192

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"INTER-LUDE"
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CLASSIC
ROUNDED LINES . . .
Maiden Form recommends "Inter-Lude." Curved under-breast stitching accomplishes this lovely line and also gives extra-firm uplift support. "Inter-Lude" brassieres may be had in various lengths, $1.00 to $3.50.
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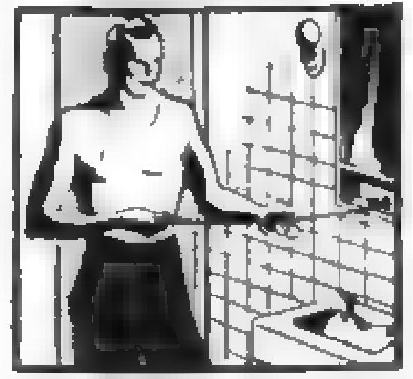
Easy to use! Slip blade into Maximax and slide case up and down cord for 30 seconds. Maximax hones blade *up and down and sideways simultaneously*. No other sharpener can have this action. It's patented.

Get the habit of using Maximax every morning, and your shaving troubles are over. Maximax turns an ordinary scratchy blade into a pair of barber-edges to give you a smooth, skin-line shave.

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Using only one blade a month, this magic Maximax pays for itself in just about six months' time. From then on it's a gift.

But you get far more than economy. You also get the *easiest*, *smoothest* and *cleanest shaves* you have ever known. If you've ever said, "All razor blades are terrible!"—you'll *change your opinion* as soon as you've used Maximax just once.

Give this marvelous Maximax the toughest test you can think of! Take a *used* blade you're ready to *throw away*—or take an *old blade* you've *already discarded*—and give it a 60-second workout in Maximax—and *we'll guarantee you'll say it's even better than any new blade you've ever used!*

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If Maximax does not give you one month of perfect shaves from one blade—any regular double-edge type blade you can lay your hands on—return your Maximax to us in thirty days and your money will be cheerfully refunded without question. Order now. Use the coupon below.

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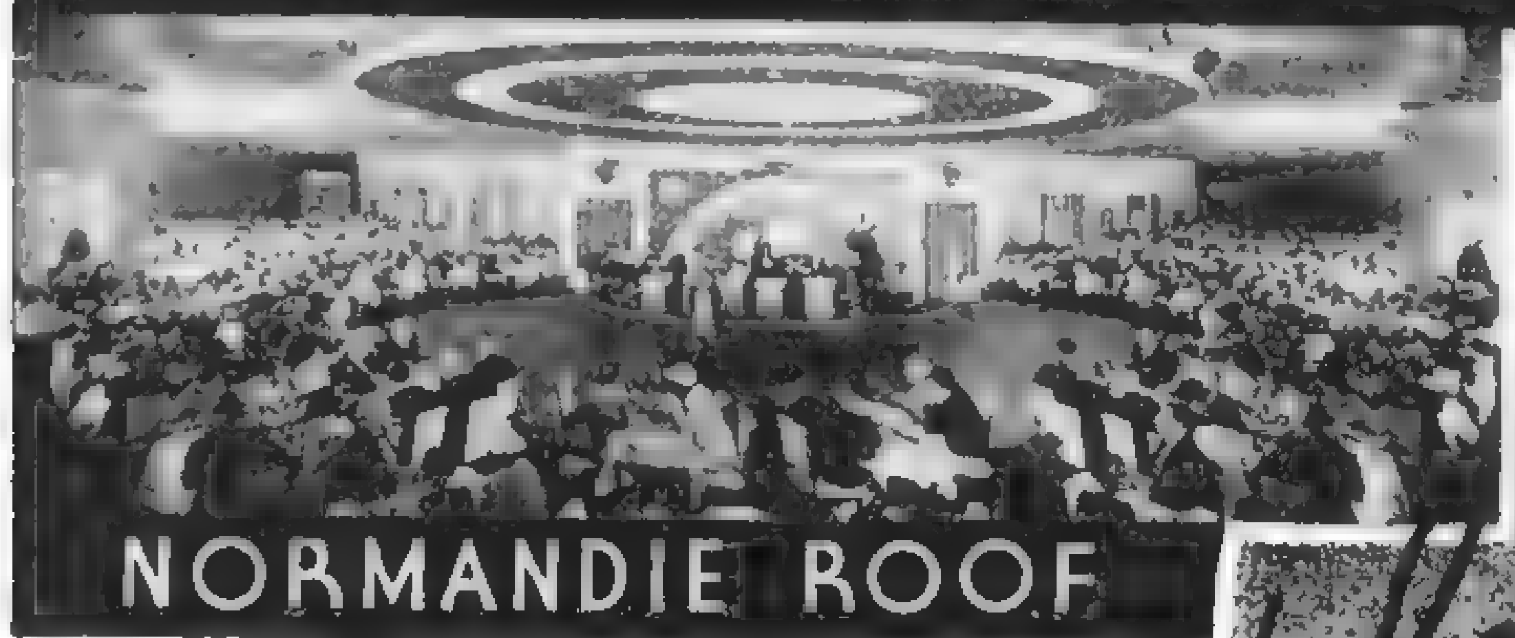

Here the world's cultures—that of old England, ancient France and modern America—meet and blend, radiating around the commercial and social centre of the great French-Canadian metropolis, Montreal. Visit the gay and glamorous Normandie Roof, "America's most beautiful room", atop the Mount Royal Hotel.

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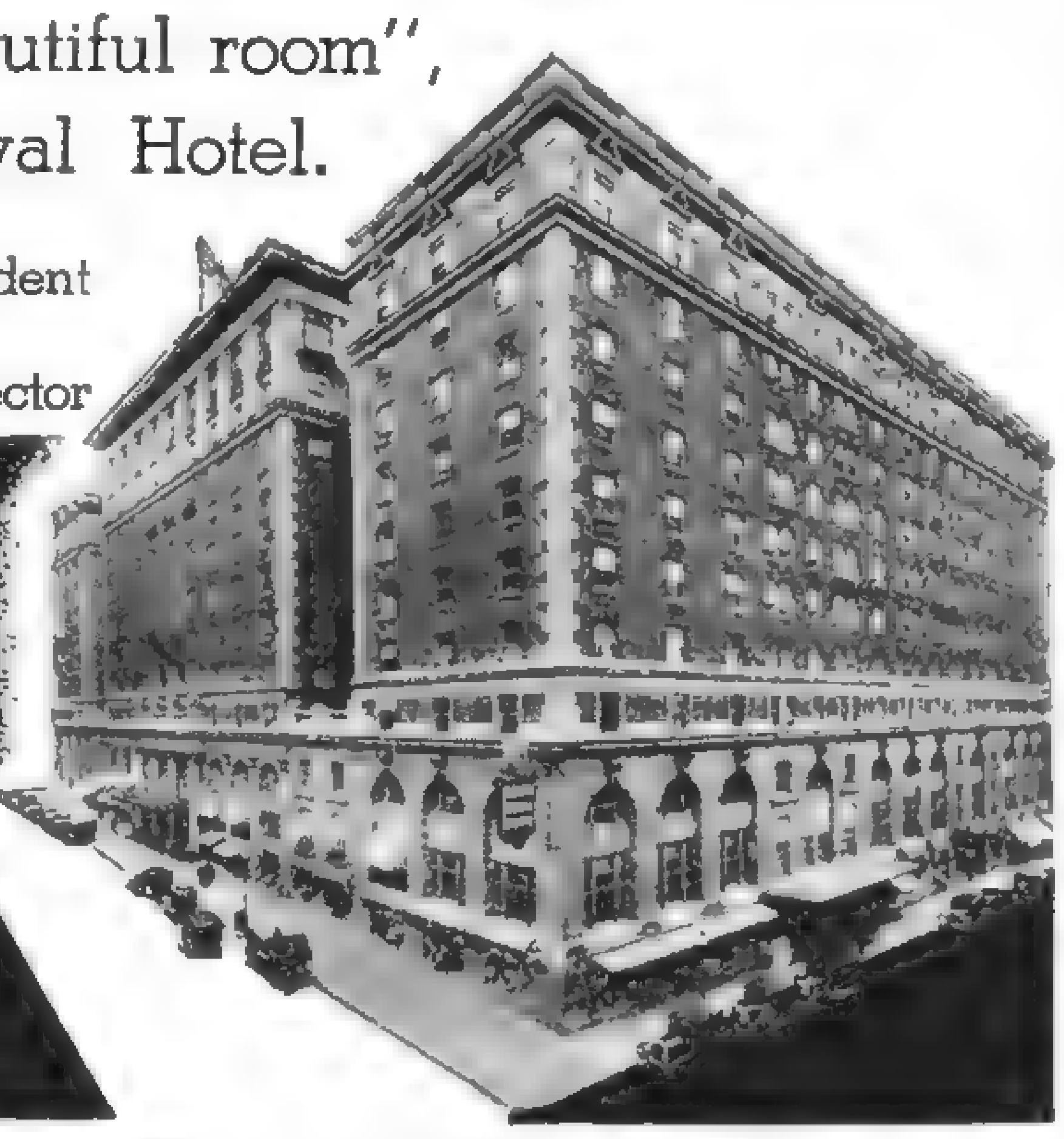

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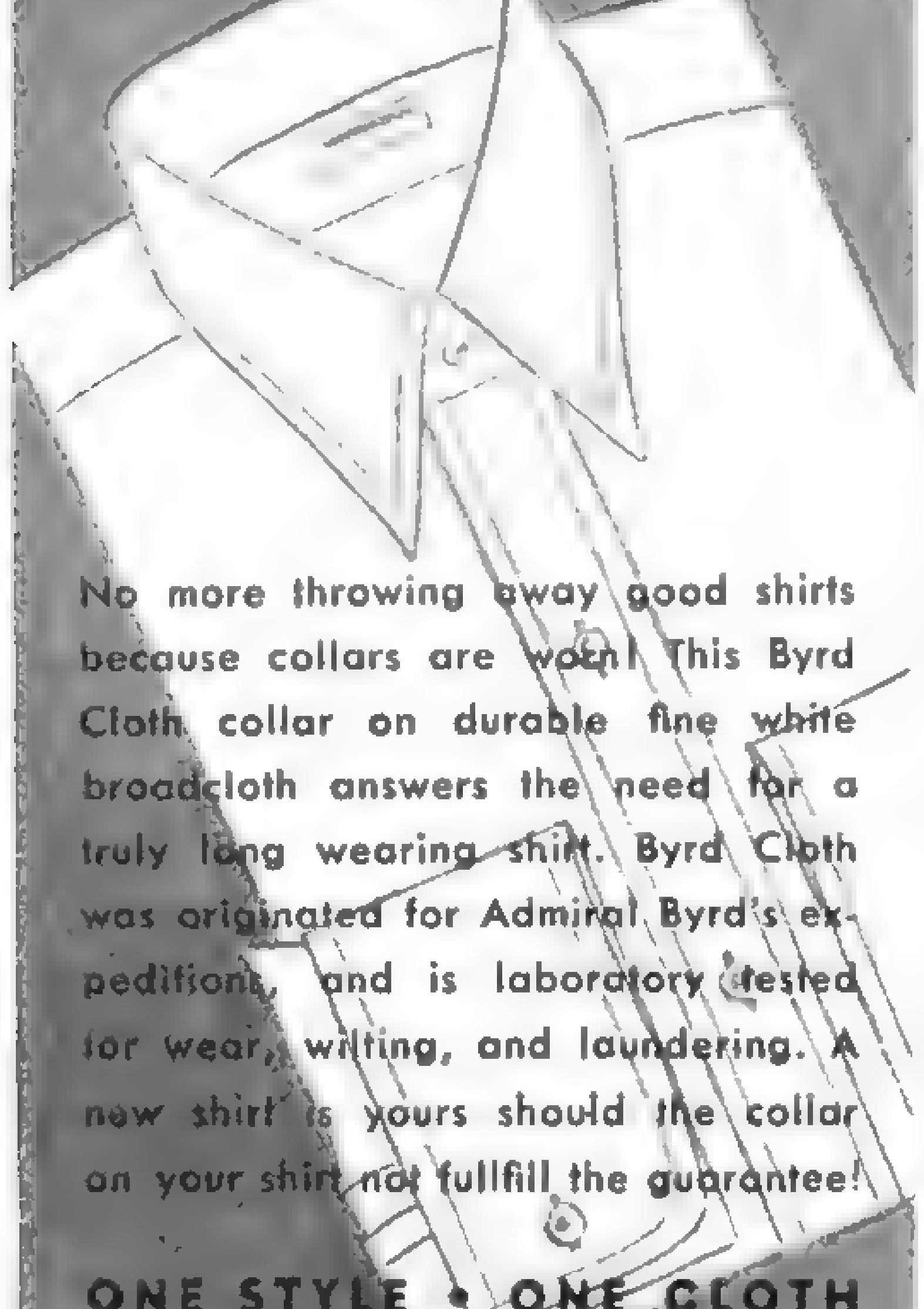

No more throwing away good shirts because collars are worn! This Byrd Cloth collar on durable fine white broadcloth answers the need for a truly long wearing shirt. Byrd Cloth was originated for Admiral Byrd's expeditions, and is laboratory tested for wear, wilting, and laundering. A new shirt is yours should the collar on your shirt not fullfill the guarantee!

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Announced in the "FATHER'S DAY" (JULY) ISSUE OF Esquire

Death, the Mirror

Continued from pages 77-191

was at the trial. Fine! Let her hear from his own lips how smart he was. That damned prosecutor, though. Forcing him to admit that he had the gun with him for several days while waiting for Big Tim to show up at the restaurant. Like a flash, his lawyer objected. Too late, though. The prosecutor said that it showed premeditation. Shot the defense of "temporary emotional insanity" to hell. But the news hawks loved it. Now he must tell Mary about his taking the witness stand. When she comes to visit him, he'll straighten that little matter out. He'll tell her he was no sap. He'll tell her. Where the hell is she?

"Hey, Mike! Mike! Mike! When will my wife be here? The last day, you say? Oh! When do I go? Tomorrow? Hell! What's keeping you? I'm in a hurry. That's it. Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" Tomorrow? Gee, it can't be that soon. Why it can't be a week already since the Pole went. "That's right, Mike, tell them to make it snappy! Ha! Ha! Ha! Hurry! What's that? I'm keeping them awake? Midnight already? Oh, O.K."

Gee, time flies. Midnight already! That's funny. He'd better lie down. Gotta get some sleep or Mary will think he was worried. He'll show her. Him, worried? He's game. Game!

Jesus how hard that damn cot feels. Musta slept a little. But what the hell is all that commotion out there? "Hey, there, who the hell is making all that racket?" Gee, it's light already. Now that's funny—the warden being out there with the guard. Coming into his cell, they are.

"Morning, Warden. Yes, thanks, sure I'll have a cigarette, thanks." What will he have for his last dinner? The last dinner? Is that what the warden said? Now that's strange, asking him that. Nah, he wasn't shocked. No, no! He isn't weak.

Sure he was small, but strong. Why, damn it, he'll show them how strong! Just let them look at his fist. Hard. Harder even than the wall. Much harder! He'll show them how tough. Bang his fist into the wall, that's what he'll do. Like this—and like this. Harder even. Let it bleed. Let it crunch. Smash it! Bleed! They can't hold him back. The fools—.

"Get the hell out of here, Mike! I don't want the doctor. Get out! Don't grab me like that! Sorry, Doc. Go ahead. Ouch! That iodine burns. To kill infection? Oh. A splint? To keep the bones in place? Lord, that's funny. Ha! Ha! Ha! To keep them in place. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

That was sure funny. Them wanting to keep the hand bones in place. And iodine to prevent infection. The damned fools. What the hell does he care if it gets infected? What difference will it make? What difference will it make? The fools.

What will he tell Mary now? He'll tell her he slipped. She'll believe it.

Right. He must calm himself. Got to carry it out just like he planned to do. Make her feel that she was mistaken.

"Hello, Mary. Came to say your last good-bye, eh?"

"Hello, Jim. How're you feeling?"

"Swell. Just swell. Just swell. Swell, Mary. I'm swell."

Hell, she doesn't believe him. She is staring at his bandaged hand.

"Ha, ha. Slipped and fell this morning."

"All right! So what are you jabbering for? You fell down. So what?"

"Listen, Mary. I—I—you—" Jeeze, why doesn't she say she is sorry for him. Why doesn't she say something about how famous the papers made him?

"Aren't you glad to see me, Mary?"

"Aah! What's the difference? You sent for me, so here I am."

Better show her now, that she was wrong. That he isn't a—what was that she called him?—a nincompoop.

"Mary, I'm taking this like a real man. I'm game, Mary. I'll walk straight to the chair and—"

"For Pete's sake, cut the bluff. You're shaking all over. You're just the same as you always were."

Hell, this is not coming off at all like he planned. He was going to be a big guy. He was going to dominate their last meeting. But something is all wrong. SHE is dominating it. She is even contemptuous. Better remind her that all the papers played him up at the time of the trial.

"I guess you cut out all the clippings of the trial, eh Mary? Swell writeups, weren't they?"

"Aah. If it wasn't that Fergens was a big shot, the papers woulda never mentioned your trial at all. Whadaya crowing about?"

"Gee, Mary. You don't think—you don't think—"

Now this was all wrong. She can't be laughing at him. She can't be calling him yellow like she always used to do. She can't be calling him a fool. What about the way the papers said he was smart? What about the brave way he was going to walk to the chair? What about his forgiving her and letting her come to see him? And she is leering at him. She can't. No. No! She can't be laughing at him!

"Why—why—God damn you! You dirty whore! You dirty bum! You bitch! I'll kill you! You—laughing at me—I'll—. Hell, Mike let me alone! Let go of me—Jesus—don't grab me, Mike! Don't squeeze my arms—oh—oh—. Please don't—Mike—I'll behave—Mike—look, Mike. The hell with her—take her away. Take her—"

Now what is the chaplain doing here already? And the warden? And two guards! Hell! It can't be time already. Why they didn't even cut—why they did. They did slit his trouser leg. That's right, he remembered now—he felt faint—he must have passed out for a while then. And this—this round space on his head—it's shaved!

"Yes, Father, I will. Jim Manton, Father." Doesn't the warden know that he didn't have that last meal yet? He had it? Oh. "What's the rush, Warden? What's the rush? No. No! I'm not shouting—I'm just asking; Jesus, I'm just asking you, quietly, what is the rush?" Those guards, now—why are they dragging him like that—it can't be time yet—. "I'll repeat it, Father—" They don't have to drag him—he'll walk straight and upright—they don't have to hold him. "Yes, Father—'though I walk—through—the valley—of the—shadow—of—' " Why are they holding him like that—under the arms— #

Will Swing Be Outlawed?

Continued from page 78

endeavor to convey by their gestures the sentiment of the music they utter. As a consequence of this, devotion, the true end of worship, is little thought of, and wantonness, which ought to be eschewed, increases."

A papal edict carried then far more force than any constitutional amendment of today. It stretched over all Christian countries and overrode the will of kings. "Swing" was outlawed for many years, and the current of musical development completely altered.

The impulse to improvise remained, of course. Eventually certain forms of it were smiled on by the musical swamis. During the periods of Handel and Mozart, for instance, a young musician who aspired to an important post as organist had to prove his ability to take any theme that was given to him on the spur of the moment and extemporize a fuge, following all the rules laid down for that difficult form. That was a tougher job than running a few scales on a clarinet to fit in with *St. Louis Blues*, but there is no record of alligators dancing in the aisles. No one sat up over bonfires to get a seat for a Bach chorale and fuge.

The next really heroic hair-pulling between swing and the swamis took place in the 17th century. By now music was no longer predominantly vocal. Instrumental technique had developed enormously, and with it the cult of the virtuoso had arisen. Orchestras were not the public property that they are today. Without exception they were attached to the royal courts or to the households of the richest nobles. To be able to criticize the performance of a virtuoso meant first of all that you had to hear him, and that meant that you had the entrée to the place where he was on exhibition.

Opera, that newly developed art, was the same sort of musical caviar, and both the musicians and the singers felt free to add their own bright ideas to the written notes. An opera singer expected as a matter of course that every important aria would include a spot for a cadenza, which he was free to fill in with vocal fireworks that he made up himself to show off his voice, technique, and ingenuity. He might not use the rhythms of one of our bub-bub-a-booers, but the idea was the same.

The first composer to object was Lully. This fat, ugly, untidy, short-sighted little Florentine peasant came to Paris, became one of the foremost musicians of his day, married the daughter of Lambert, music-master of the French court, and in time succeeded his father-in-law as musical dictator of all France. What he said was law, and he announced the startling doctrine that his works should be played and sung exactly as written.

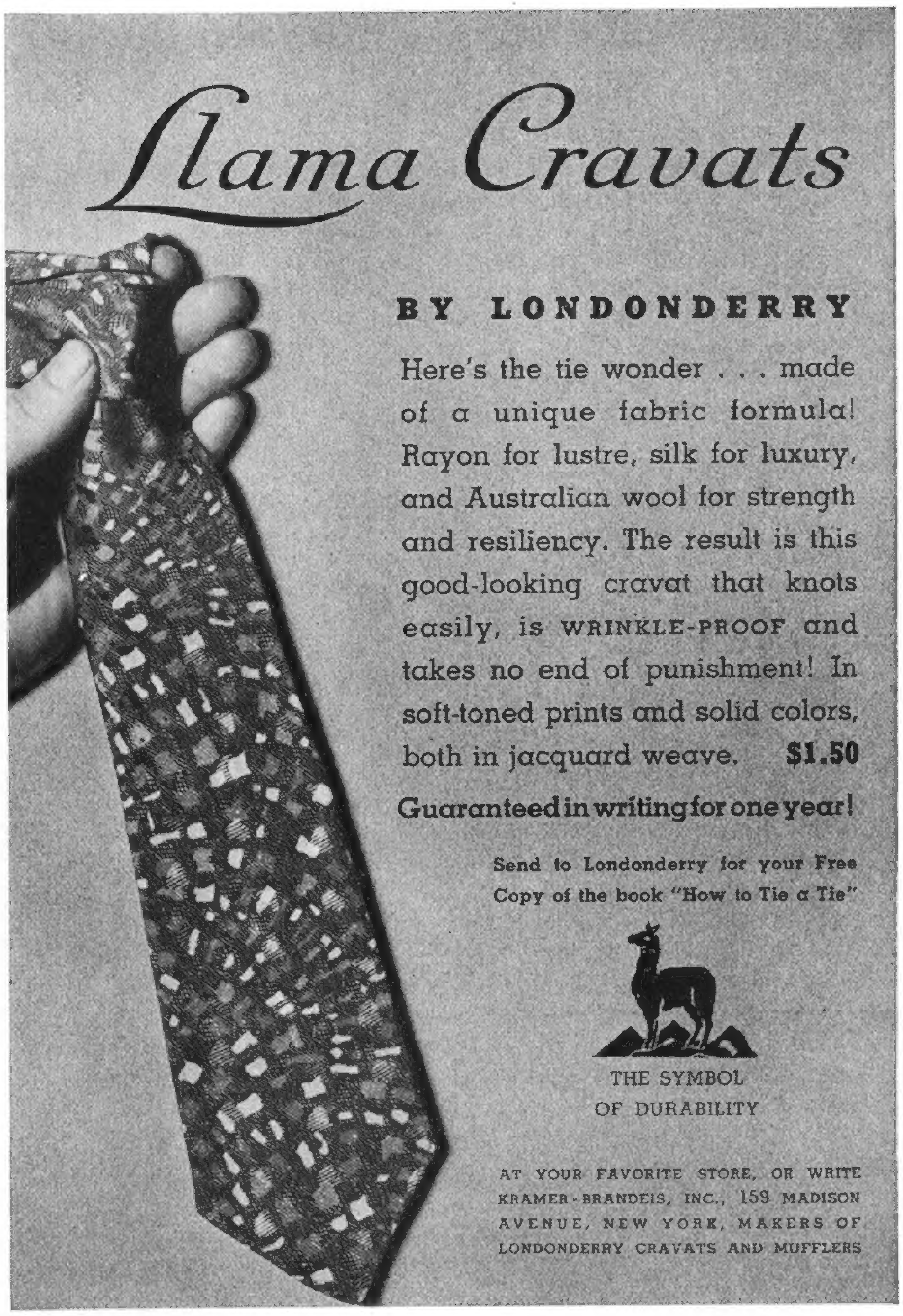
At first there was rebellion. Lully usually sent all his actresses to his father-in-law for preliminary training in their parts, and the girls would cajole old Lambert into letting them slip in a bit of original ornamentation. When they tried it out before Lully, the snuffy, passionate little maestro would fly into a rage. "Where do you find that in the notes, eh? *Cieux!* I'll have no embroidery!" With his fiddlers he was even more drastic. When one of the boys felt that he was in the groove and started to send, Lully snatched his fiddle out of his hands and bashed it across his back. Afterwards he asked the man to dinner, had a glass of wine with him to wash down ill feeling, and gave him three times the price of the violin. But if M. Catgut tried to go to town at the next rehearsal, he took another fiddle-bopping. After Lully had splintered a sufficiency of violins, his men settled down and followed the score like lambs. A new style in music had been set.

Now we have the old catch-as-catch-can, flyspecks-be-damned school of playing raising its head in the current wave of swing. Who knows where it will stop, or whether it will invade and disrupt symphonic music? The likelihood is not great at the moment, but it is interesting to wonder what might be the result of the present uneasiness of mind that besets the world. There might be, for instance, a hysterical outbreak like the Dancing Madness that seized Europe in the 14th century and had whole populations dancing wildly in the roads until they dropped of exhaustion. After all, we needed only a little shove to turn the dance craze of 1913 into something like that. The Shag, the Big Apple—no one knows what spark might set a blaze going.

Then wouldn't we see swing that was Swing! Afterwards, we'd have edicts and prohibitions and professional taboos; and swing would be an outcast for a few centuries.

It isn't impossible.

It has happened before. #



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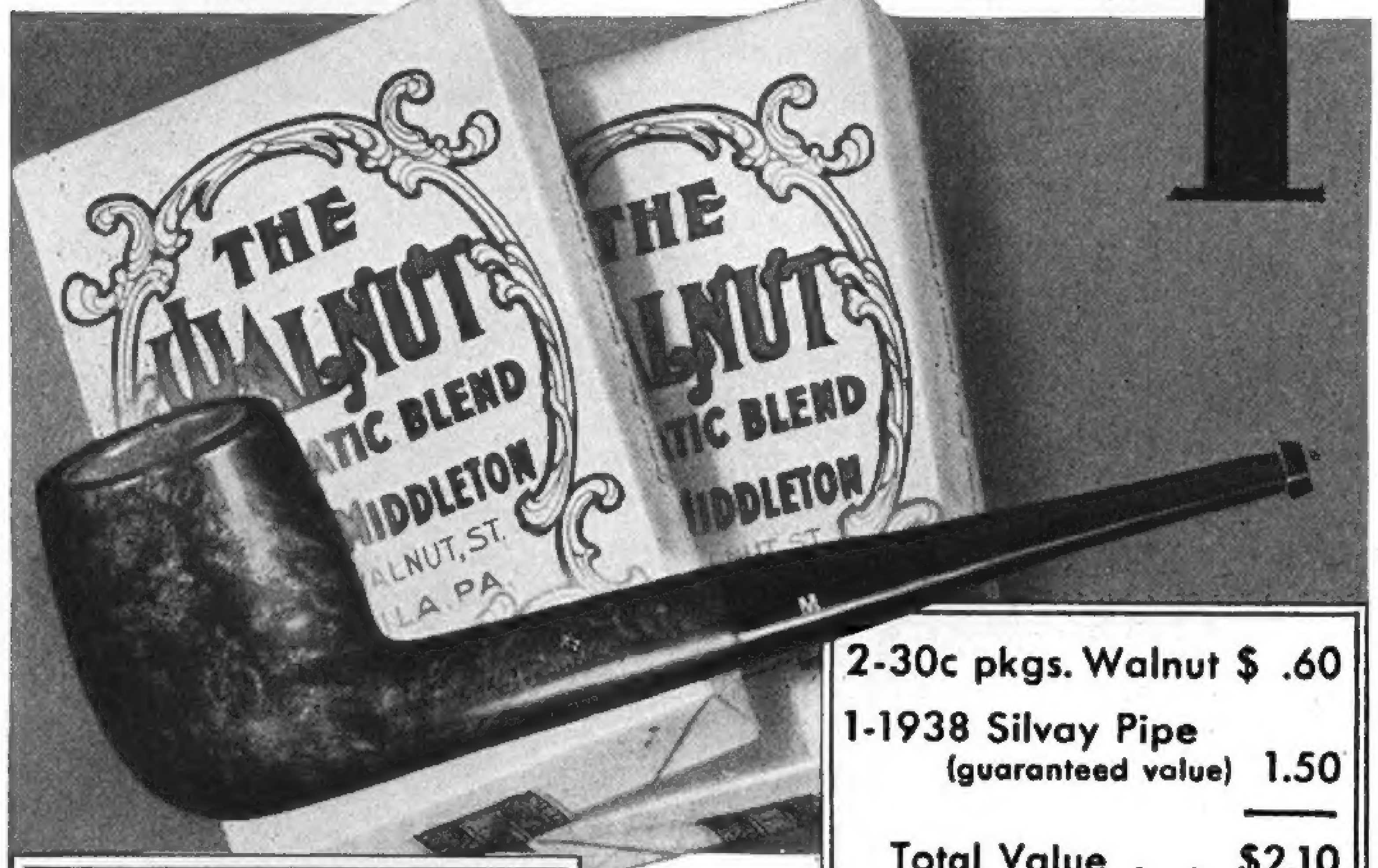

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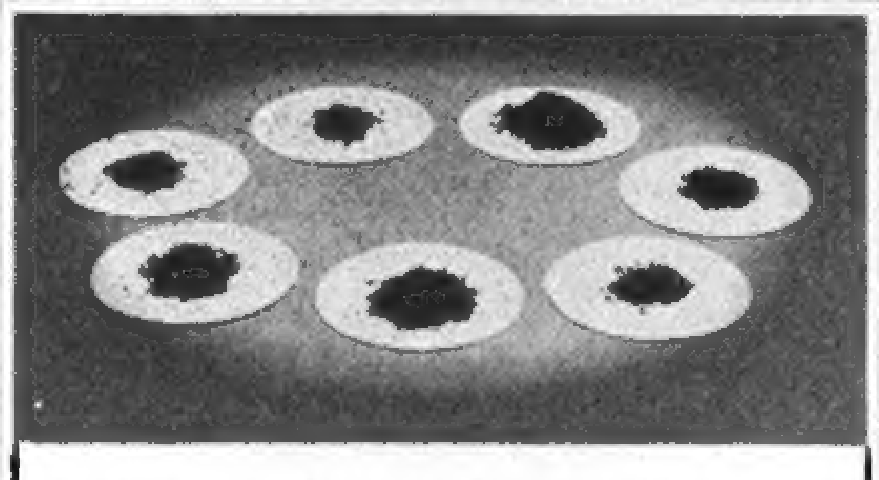

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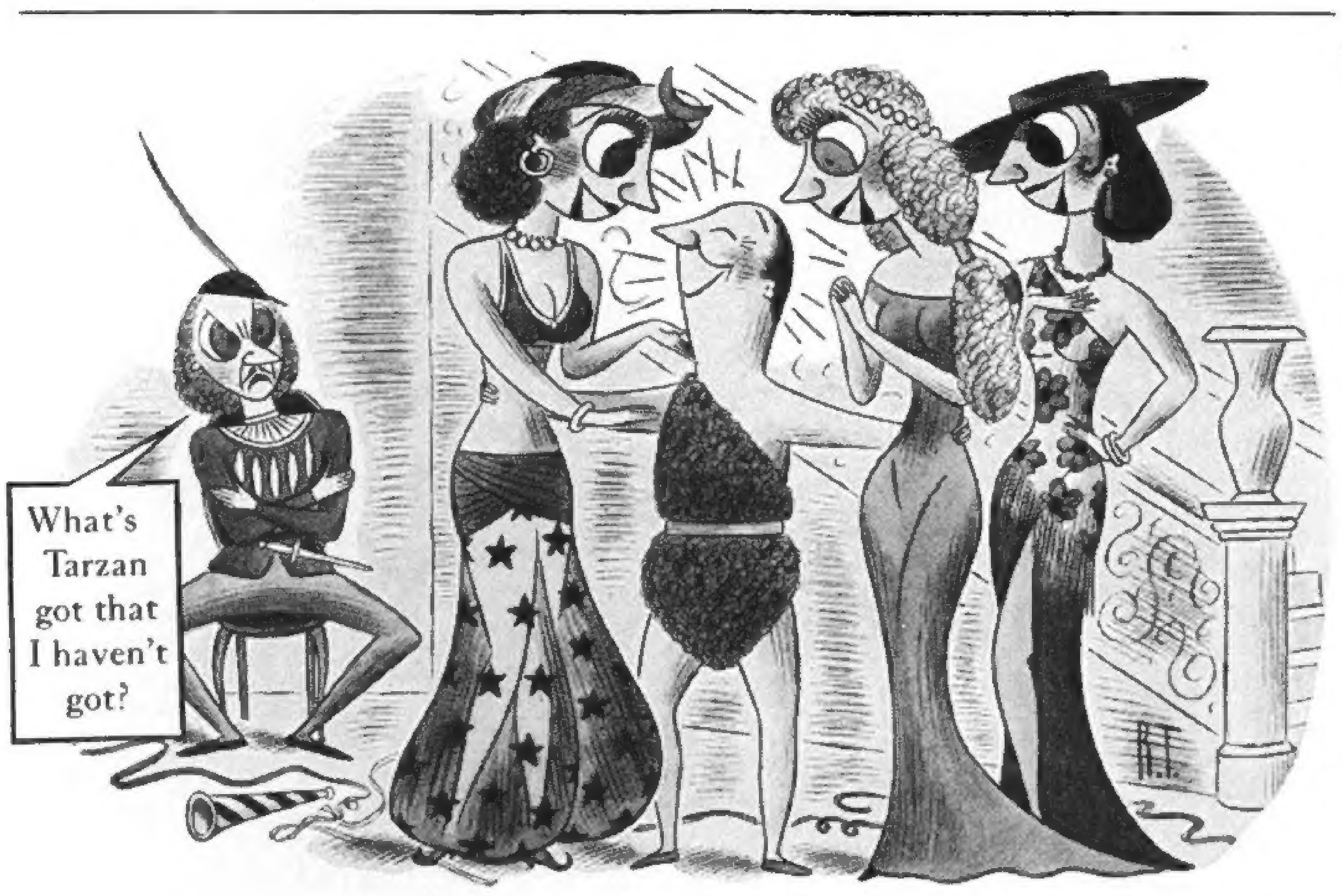
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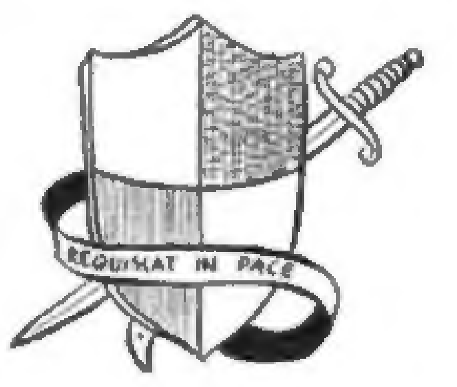
The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-10

OUR SHIELD AND OUR BUCKLER

Sometimes I wonder if I stopped sending these letters, who'd really care? Probably no one. That is, no one living. Posterity alone would ever discover that you'd been harbouring a genius on your back doorstep all these months. But, be that as it may, something drives me on, something inside me, something stronger than I . . . Ahhhh, Art!



My message this month (perhaps my last. What, no protests?) is different.

First of all, what's wrong with a magazine that prints the best fiction published? Fiction which is occasionally faulty, I admit, but as a writer, whose capacity for quickening words with his own breath is superb, recently gave his opinion to me, "Creative art, which is even, is formula, and hence fake." "Yes," I agreed, "perfection is itself a flaw." (Not bad, eh?)

The best fiction in Esquire may appear childishly simple and easy but that's just why it's good. Try to duplicate it yourself, you who "can't but teach." You'll find it's like sleight of hand. You watch ever so carefully but you can't see the trick and even if you do, you find your own hands too clumsy ever to duplicate it, with the same illusion . . . Try it yourself. You'll find that what sounds fresh and compelling and strong inside your head looks trite and stringy and thin on paper . . . You try to improve it. You shift the furniture of your sentences about, ceaselessly; your conscious and subconscious both work on it, sleeping and waking. Till some night when you're tossing in bed, you suddenly get an arrangement that strikes you as perfect. And you're as excited and jumpy as a sophomore with his first box of safes. So excited you can't sleep. But when you get up, tired, in the morning, and write it down and read it over, you see it's *still* thin and dead . . . and you feel quiet-sick all that day. With the fear that maybe you'll *never* be able to get into your words, like Manuel Komroff does, that subtle, intricate, simple something which crystallizes their impact like a string precipitating a saturated solution . . . that you'll *never* learn the eerie magic of John Steinbeck, with his strange accumulative hypnosis . . . that you'll *never* be able to put on paper the very feel and smell of the sweet clean earth, like Jesse Stuart . . . Then you'll be saddened and lenient and have a little more sympathy, perhaps, with artists who, even as you, are beset with that same maddening sense of disparity between conception and performance.

Another point of view, the reading public is itself as capable of suffering as the artists and *someone* must warn them. In Salpeter, you have an honest art critic who writes better than the artists he praises can paint. In George Jean Nathan, of course, you have George Jean Nathan who, like Being, is beyond adjectives. And in Levin, alleged movie critic, you have the best political economist and foreign correspondent that money can buy. "Who could ask for anything more, boop, boop, Who could ask for anything more."

I could. Another *Snows of Kilimanjaro.* And a wreath to lay, in fond remembrance and with hope of resurrection, on Pietro di Donato.

A garland of poison ivy, on the other hand, is indicated for the living dead who get no kick from the cartoons and those who find them disgusting.

You know these last. You know their kind—it's A.B.C. psychology. You know them among the women . . . the secret nymphomaniacs, the thin-lipped shrews, the reputation thieves, Mrs. J. Worthington Featherby-Hough, God bless her diamond stomacher . . . You know them among the men . . . the desiccated who lack guts for a good frank appetite, the over-religious (not the over-Christian, mind you, which is something quite different, but the over-religious), the straitlaced ones who beat their dogs, the Pharisees, the mangy vanguard of sly phonies who keep their professed virtues and their private practises in constant contradiction, the beaming-stagnant-smug ones, ten minutes of whose presence leaves you with starch in your face, a pain in your neck and murder in your heart.

For my part, Esquire's cartoons are just what humanize the magazine, vulgarize more comfortably its high moral (I mean that, seriously, in the best sense of the word) content. They are not over-subtle or satirical or sly or nasty . . . they're not out to teach anything, thank God . . . they're not tied up (except Webb's, perhaps) with "movements" . . . they don't, like print, leave you uncomfortable with doubts . . . they provide a gay and, these days, saving recess from thought . . . They're just good, clean, direct, fun-purgative dirt. Well, what if they *are* about sex? Isn't life about sex? And they're perfectly right in refusing to regard with the conventional mixture of mystery, tenderness, ga-ga, and shame, a human experience which is really as natural as rain and, in the last analysis, essentially comic. In re. disgust, what I want to know is, do people or don't they? Well then.

If you still insist the cartoons are vulgar, let me tell you that I wouldn't trust anyone who lacks a *little* vulgarity, the length of my nose—and add that whoever has in him the vulgarity to appreciate these cartoons has in him, mark my words, nothing worse. The wide-open humor of Esquire is exactly what we need in the modern world where, God knows, the bond of belly-laughter is sadly lacking. Where, just now, there is so much subtlety that is only meanness, so much refinement that is only hypocrisy and so much tidiness that is only fear, that one feels like going out on a good plain noisy drunk and getting sick all over one's clothes.

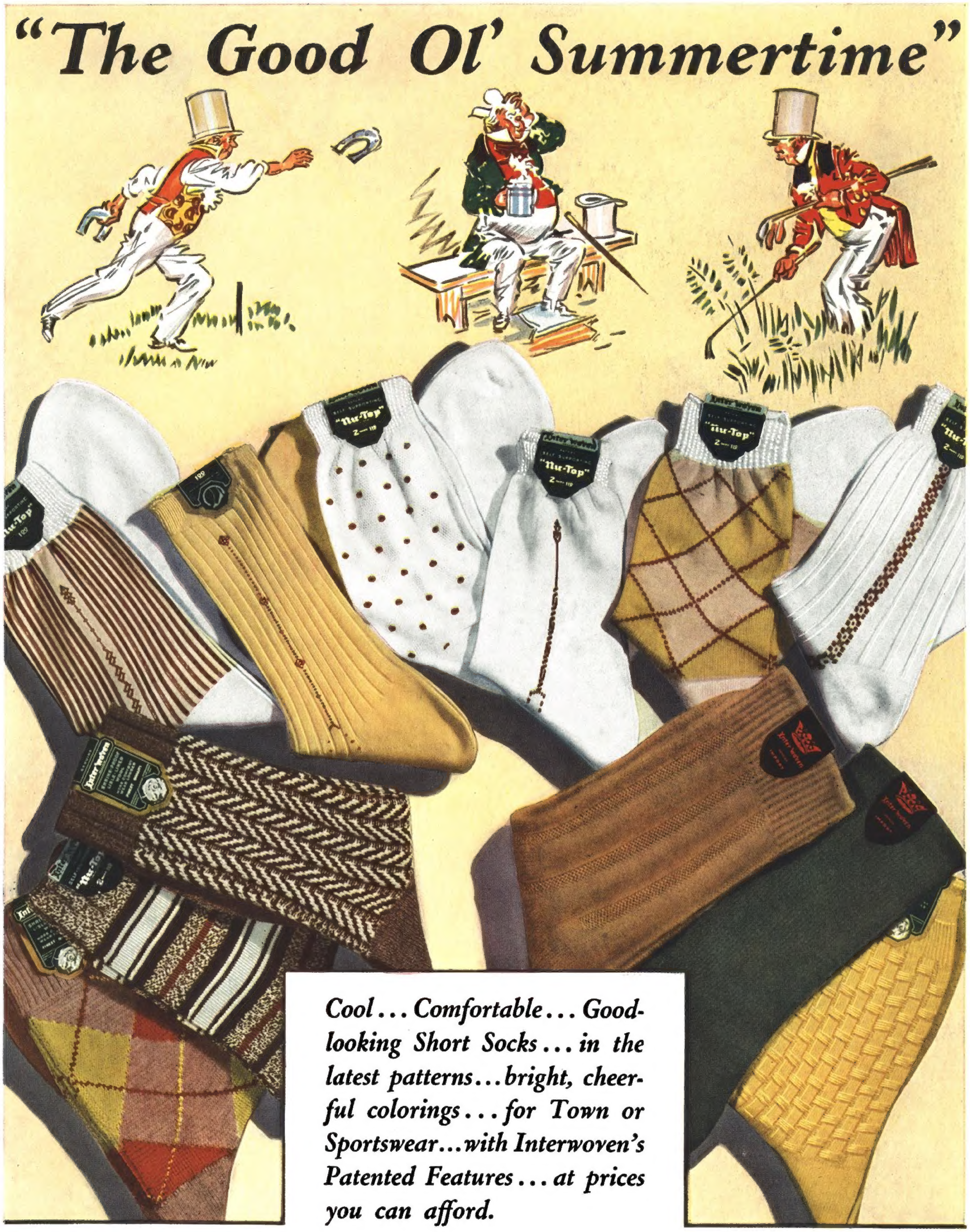
When one thinks, for instance, about war. *There's* something a damned site more serious than vulgarity to lay at the hands of the humorless, the solemn, the pompous, the sly . . .

You couldn't make them see what George Grosz sees when he draws a soldier all crinkly with blood and intestines. You couldn't make them see that a thousand murders are just a thousand times more horrible than one . . . you couldn't make them see how monstrously stupid it all is, how needless, how mean-vicious-childish, how colossally outrageous . . . Aw, pipe down, Savonarola . . . Yeah, I know, but it's like when you were a child and you were right about something and some grown-up was wrong. And you yelled at him and kicked and cursed and bit him to make him see . . . but you couldn't startle his attention, he just kept grinning and shaking his head and pushing you away in a good-natured mimicry of battle . . . Remember? Well, it's like that . . . You can't attract their attention to the truth . . . they must be cosy . . . they want chocolate sundaes right up until the blow strikes . . . They . . Oh, Hell, pass the aspirin.

Thanks. Yeah, it's all over. I'm calmer now. Just a few Hot Flashes now and then. FLASH. The freedom, the ventilation, the uncoyness of Esquire permeate even its editorial page, which corresponding page in any other magazine is a tabernacle of smugness about as spontaneous as a frozen yeast cake. FLASH. Your poetry is firm and strong and not, as poetry often is, a mere by-product of unhappy endocrines. FLASH. The work of Eric Lundgren illustrates superbly how the fingers can draw what the heart feels, for the eyes to see.

But I must cut this short. Just let me add that in the above inventory of Esquire's charm, I neglected to mention (they'll kill me for this, they'll kill me . . .) that incomparable *Sound and Fury* correspondent you have in:

Ernest Redmond Buckler
Bridgetown, Nova Scotia.



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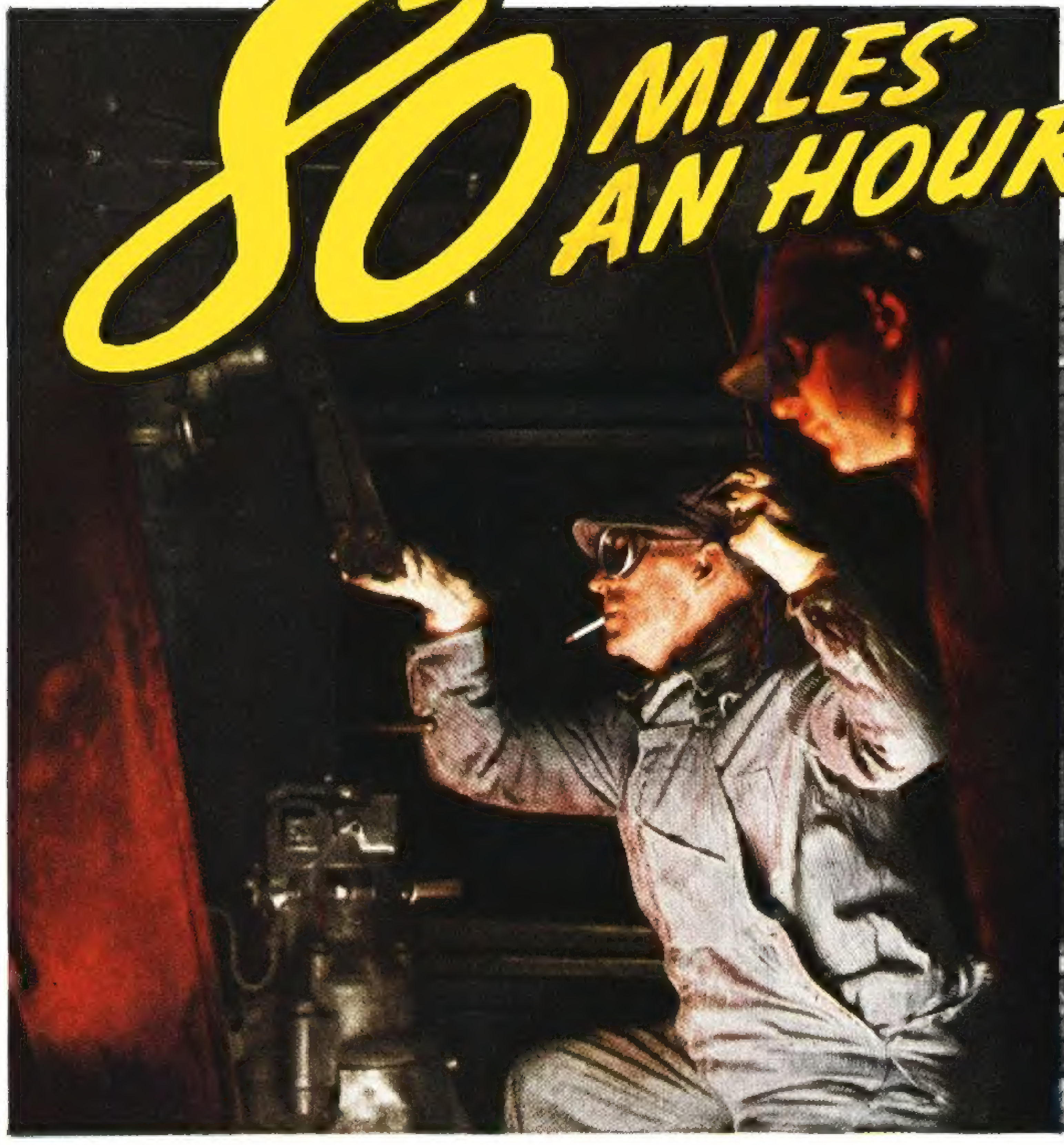

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(*above, left*) **IN THE CAB** of the big "J-3" on the New York Central's 20th Century Limited. (*above, right*) Mr. Russell Thompson, a passenger, asks Bob Sharpe, the engineer, what he thinks about the difference in cigarettes. Bob Sharpe says just what one smoker tells another today: "Camels *agree* with me!" Experienced smokers know what finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—mean in smoking.

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B. F. Bivins, another experienced tobacco grower, knows what cigarette pays more for the choice leaf tobacco. "Camel sure gets the best," he says. "Take my own crop last year. Camel bought the best lots. Other planters will tell you the same. You bet, I smoke Camels."

Henderson Carroll has been growing tobacco for 18 years. "For my smoking," he says, "I like Camels. I know the Camel buyers bought just about every top-grade lot of tobacco at the sales I went to last year. My crop was a dandy, and as usual, Camel got the best of it."